

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DIII.

SEPTEMBER 1857.

VOL. LXXXII.

CONTENTS.

MILITARY EDUCATION,	265
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CANTON.— PART IV.,	291
THE BOOK AND THE ROCKS,	312
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—No. III. JANET'S REPENTANCE.— PART III.,	329
NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.—No. IV. JERSEY,	345
MEMORANDA FROM THE MANZANARES,	358
THE BENGAL MUTINY,	372

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 15 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON;

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Lately published.

INDEX

TO

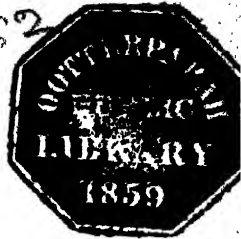
THE FIRST FIFTY VOLUMES

OF

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

In Octavo. pp 588. Price 15s.

BLATE
Vol. 82
1857



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DIII.

SEPTEMBER 1857.

VOL. LXXXII.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

THIS is an extremely interesting, and, on the whole, a very valuable State paper. That it is not even more interesting and more valuable than we have found it, cannot, we think, be attributed with fairness to any lack of ability on the part of the Commissioners. It is attributable, in a great degree, to the defective nature of the instructions under which they seem to have acted. They were not desired to inquire and to consider whether any and what improvements might be necessary in the military education of this country, regarded as a whole. Their commission extended no farther than to ascertain the best mode of reorganising the system of training officers for the scientific corps; and, as if with a view to cramp them in the exercise of their judgment within even these narrow limits, they were informed that, on certain points, the mind of the authority under which they acted was made up.

"The Secretary of State," says Mr Monsell's official memorandum, "has already determined that patronage should be altogether abolished, and that admission to the scientific corps should be obtained only by a competing examination, and that that

examination should be an open one." And again: "His Lordship has determined also, that the candidate for this competing examination should be from seventeen to twenty years of age; and that the education for the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers should be common for the first year: the Commission will start from this point."

Now we do not object—probably no sensible man will—to the abolition of patronage, in the sense usually applied to that term when used in connection with appointments, to what are called the scientific, or any other corps in the British army. If it be not the object of all that is now doing and talked about, to prevent the army from being officered hereafter by the untested protégés of ministers of state and other influential persons, then the sooner public attention is withdrawn from the subject the better. But, for the sake of the army itself, as well as for that of the country, which is of greater importance still, we venture to express a hope that the time will never come when the honour of holding her Majesty's Commission shall be regarded as a prize for which every clever vagabond may compete, and which

Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the best Mode of Reorganising the System for training Officers for the Scientific Corps.

VOL. LXXXII.—NO. DIII.

Warrington Jackson Public Library
Acq. No. 11190 Date 28.9.76

the sharpest rogue of the lot may count upon carrying off as a matter of right. Again, it is very possible that the proper age for beginning the special studies necessary to qualify for the artillery and engineers may range between seventeen and twenty; and future experience may show that it is better for both branches of the service that the "education for the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers should be common for the first year." But, with all possible respect for the high authority which settles these conditions, we would suggest that the points involved in them are still under discussion. Many competent judges happen to be of opinion that, to begin the special studies of either the artillerist or the engineer under eighteen or nineteen, would be to begin them too early. Many believe that, from the outset of their special careers, the artillerist and engineer should study in different seminaries. Many hold that, if thrown together at all as students, they should meet not in the first, but in the last year of their pupillage: while some suggest an interchange of studies after they shall have respectively obtained their commissions, and entered upon the practical duties of their profession. On these several heads, however, the Commissioners are allowed no right of deliberation. The Secretary of State has decided the case according to his own view of the matter, and they have nothing to do but to shape their inquiries so as that they shall fall in with his decision.

Again, the Commissioners, though not positively prohibited from looking beyond the requirements of the scientific corps, receive little encouragement to do so, and that only by implication. Indeed, the use of the term scientific, as applicable exclusively to the regiments of artillery and engineers, indicates pretty plainly the channel in which the mind of their employer was running. It would almost seem as if the War Office, having absorbed the patronage and taken the place of the old Board of Ordnance, had adopted at the same time some of the worst of the old board's prejudices. Is no science necessary in military educa-

tion except at Woolwich and Chatham? Or did the minister who issued these instructions shrink from extending his views beyond the two limbs of the service, to the special management of which he had succeeded? We give the Commissioners credit for the boldness with which they overstepped the strict line of their duty—they were undoubtedly wiser in their generation than their master. They looked farther than Woolwich, and Chatham, and Metz, and Olmutz, and Berlin. Their descriptions of the special school at St Cyr, of the school of application for the staff in Paris, of the war-school and division-schools of Prussia, of the military academies of Austria, and of the seminaries at Ivrea and Pinerol in Sardinia—are among the most interesting and instructive portions of their Report. It would seem, indeed, as if, while writing, they felt that they were travelling out of the record, for they apologise as they write. But we readily accept the apology, and thank them for the fault which they have committed.

But while we thus account for some of what might otherwise be regarded as the shortcomings of this able paper, we cannot shut our eyes to other mistakes into which the Commissioners have fallen, and on which, before proceeding to deal more fully with the substance of their Report, we think it right to touch. For one of these, Lieutenant-Colonel Smythe, R. A., seems indeed not to be responsible. He has guarded himself against being supposed to assent to more than "the History and Description of the Foreign Military Schools." In the other he so far participates, that whatever observations we may feel ourselves called upon to make, will apply as much to him as to his coadjutors. Yet, in sober earnestness, the mistake into which the Commissioners, as a body, have fallen, is so common—we had almost said so universal—among military men, that it would have been a matter of surprise to us had it been avoided on the present occasion. We shall advert to it, therefore, by-and-by,—not so much as if it supplied us with ground of censure, as because it is suggestive

of grave thought to all who may hereafter be invited to take a practical part in the adjustment of what cannot now be much longer deferred—a general plan of military education for this country.

We gather from Colonel Smythe's protest that he takes exception to the result at which his fellow-commissioners arrive regarding the advisability or otherwise of separating the education of the engineers from that of the artillery. Lieutenant-Colonel Yolland, R.E., and the Rev. W. C. Lake, are of opinion that it would not be desirable to establish one place of education for the artillery and another for the engineers, and they assign this among other reasons, that the small number of candidates for the engineers, not amounting to more than fifteen annually, would neither warrant the expense of training them apart by themselves, nor sufficiently stimulate the students in the prosecution of their studies. We by no means undervalue the force of this objection. If it be the fact that an average of no more than fifteen young men present themselves year by year for service in the engineers, the proposal to keep up a separate school for their instruction could hardly be received with favour, either by the House of Commons or the Treasury. But we cannot help thinking that there must be some error in this calculation, which, if the wants of the Indian army be taken into account, might, it is believed, be safely doubled. And as no scheme of military education would be complete which should fail to bring Queen's and Company's aspirants under the same system of training, so in considering the fitness of establishing a separate college of engineers, we must remember that the Company's engineers, as well as the Queen's, are to be educated. Nor is this all. We agree with Colonel Symmonds, whose evidence is quoted in the report, that Government could not do either a wiser or more economical thing than execute all its public works, such as drainage, the construction of docks, breakwaters, &c. &c. at home and abroad, under the direction of officers of the Royal Engineers. We believe that the works,

besides being better accomplished, would cost the country less; and we are satisfied that they would call into existence such a body of military engineers as would render us better prepared for war than we have on any previous occasion been, should it unfortunately be forced upon us. In this case the propriety of a separate college for engineers could not be doubted. For however pleasantly the artillerist and the engineer might travel together over the common ground of military surveying, fortification, and the theory of projectiles, their courses must inevitably diverge as soon as the one began to inquire how railways, dockyards, and public buildings, might most conveniently be constructed, while the attention of the other was turned to that long list of requirements which the reader will find enumerated and discussed in the "*Aide Mémoire à l'Usage des Officiers d'Artillerie*."

Even in an economical point of view, therefore, we cannot allow that it is inexpedient to establish one place of special training for the artillery and another for the engineers. On the other hand, all the weight of authority, both at home and in foreign countries, is in favour of such separation. And here we must be pardoned if we charge the two Commissioners who differ from us with having, doubtless from inadvertence, or possibly under the restraining influence of their instructions, made but imperfect use of the evidence which they had collected when coming to their conclusions. They quote largely, in the body of their report, from General Chesney, but they omit all reference to the opinions of Colonel Wilford, R.A., of Lieutenant-Colonel Fardley Wilnot, R.A., of Lieutenant-Colonel W. N. Dixon, R.A., and Captain Boxer, and slur over the views taken by Captain Younghusband, R.A., by Colonel Barker, R.A., and by Lieutenant-Colonel Larcom, R.E., all of which are against them. So also their treatment of the information collected abroad, is, to say the least of it, extremely one-sided. In the first place, the digested account given in the body of their report, makes little or no use of it from beginning to end. In the next

place, it is used in that section which discusses the point now under consideration somewhat disingenuously. Austria, for example, is represented as alone favouring the establishment of separate schools for artillery and engineers. Prussia and France are stated to be opposed to such separation. Now, though they have elsewhere admitted that military education is conducted in Austria on a better principle than in any other Continental nation, the two Commissioners, strangely enough, report in favour of the French and Prussian practice; and they make this report, keeping out of view two facts, which seem to us directly to contradict the inferences which they draw. They do not state that, previously to their admission into the United School of Artillery and Engineers at Berlin, Prussian officers have already done duty with their respective corps, besides attending separate schools, which correspond in their nature and management with the Division Schools, which are attended by officers, aspirants of the line. In the same spirit of unfairness they slur over the acknowledgment of the highest French authorities, that the course of instruction at Metz is so extremely theoretical, that "for all the artillery and engineer officers learn there, they might as well join their regiments at once from the Polytechnic." And they are quite silent as to the inconveniences which are felt at Metz and Berlin, when the separation of studies, which sooner or later becomes necessary, takes place in both seminaries. Finally, they forget to inform the Secretary of State for War, that wherever they went upon the Continent the service of the artillery was held to require even higher attainments, more especially in mathematics, than the service of the engineers. In a word, the report, so far as it touches upon the question of separate instruction for artillery and engineers, seems to us to be open to strong objection. It agrees neither with the body of evidence on which it is assumed to rest, nor in some sort with itself.

From a participation in this error, Colonel Smythe, by a modest protest, has guarded himself. We do

not see that he stands quite clear from the second of the charges which we have undertaken to bring against this report. Like almost every other body of men who have given their attention to the subject, the Commissioners appear practically to forget, that the military institutions of a country must, of necessity, take their tone from the civil institutions under which the people live. We say practically, because, to do them justice, they more than once make a verbal admission of the fact. But we can discover no trace of any indwelling principle of such belief in the terms of unqualified admiration in which they speak of the Polytechnic in France, of the Cadet Houses in Prussia, and still more of the establishments for military education in Austria. Now it must not be forgotten that France, Austria, and Prussia, have very little in common, so far as their civil institutions are concerned, with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. They may enjoy a less or a greater amount of physical prosperity than ourselves—they may be quite as enlightened, quite as civilised—as far advanced, or farther, in knowledge of the sciences and in practice of the arts; but there is this marked distinction between us and them, that whereas we live under a limited and constitutional government, they are despotically governed. The objects of their rulers and of ours must, therefore, be different in many essential points—and in none more so than in the sort of education which they promote and encourage among the people. The Governments of France, Prussia, and Austria, desire indeed to have enlightened subjects, but they can desire no more. The Government of England aims, or ought to aim, at bringing forward successive generations of enlightened citizens. The one seeks to be served ably and faithfully, the other encourages the people to think for themselves, to make their own laws, and to strengthen the hands of the Executive, only so far as that it may be able to enforce obedience to these laws when the Legislature has enacted them. And if this principle of action hold good elsewhere, it is especially operative on both sides, or

ought to be, in dealing with the army.

In this country, an officer never ceases to be a citizen. He relinquishes neither his civil rights nor his civil liabilities when he girds on the sword. He is still eligible to a seat in the people's House of Parliament—and if chosen to represent a constituency there, he takes part year by year in passing the laws and voting the supplies that are necessary to keep the army from dissolving itself. In France, in Austria, and in Prussia, the army is a body distinct and apart from the nation at large. Its officers not only wear the sovereign's uniform, but they receive the sovereign's pay; and hold themselves bound to execute the sovereign's will under every conceivable emergency. It must be obvious to the least farsighted inquirer, that in preparing their young men for military service, countries so circumstanced ought to follow, if they be consistent, courses in many respects dissimilar. The despotic Governments will, as much as possible, take the education of candidates for commissions absolutely into their own hands. The constitutional Government may give encouragement, under certain circumstances, to special studies. It may appoint tests of fitness for military service, and afford ready means of mastering such tests; but it can go no further. The despotic governments will foster from the outset the exclusive study of mathematics and of the physical sciences—not only because an extensive acquaintance with these is essential to the practice of the art of war, but because addiction to such studies has a direct tendency to withdraw men's minds from the consideration of political questions. The constitutional Government, not undervaluing the importance of scientific knowledge, will be desirous of superadding it to other acquirements which may be more interwoven, perhaps, with its civil than with its military institutions, but which are not, on that account, the less important in its eyes. And for converse reasons—viz. because the great writers of Greece and Rome open the minds of the young to a perception of the value of civil liberty, the

study of the classics will, by despotic Governments, be little countenanced, especially in military circles. They may not be able, nor perhaps may they desire, to exclude the classics from their courses of civil training; but they will take little or no account of them in preparing young men for service in their armies. The constitutional Government, on the contrary, starting from an opposite point, will desire to see the foundation of its special military training laid in such a course of early study as shall render its officers something more than accomplished soldiers. For it thinks of the army not as an instrument of repression over the people, but as a national institution, and is therefore disinclined to encourage such an excessive *esprit de corps* among its officers, as would separate them in feeling and in social habits from the rest of the community. Hence the encouragement heretofore given to lads intended for the army, to seek their early education in the great public schools of this country, where the literature of Greece and Rome is extensively cultivated, and the seeds are sown of that strongly-marked national character, any change in which would, we are free to confess, be looked upon by us with regret. But this is not all.

Despotic Governments so arrange the frame of general society, as that it shall either consist, as in Austria, of two classes—the Plebeian and the Noble—differing in personal privileges the one from the other, yet both equally subject to the Crown—or, as in France, it recognises two orders only—the absolute Monarch and the subject population. In either case, noble and peasant are, for military purposes, equally at the disposal of the Crown. France, Austria, and Prussia, alike recruit their armies by conscription, and alike require that candidates for commissions shall either pass through a military seminary, or serve for a while in the ranks. England, on the other hand, while she recognises the legislative privileges of a peerage, metes out to peer and peasant, in all that lies beyond these privileges, a very evenhanded justice. In civil life, the same law which secures to the titled landed

proprietor the peaceful usufruct of his estate, protects the artisan in the exercise of his skill, and the ditcher in the application of his labour. And because the whole people is free, the same Government which recruits for its army by voluntary enlistment, selects its officers, as a general rule, from among the higher and upper-middle classes of society. It is a remarkable fact, too, that in proportion to the extent to which the constitutional principle is carried in civil life, advancement to the higher grades in military life is both infrequent and unpopular. Every French conscript—as soon as he has overcome the horrors of enlistment, begins to calculate, as a matter of course, on his chances of promotion; and every French soldier promoted from the ranks to a commission becomes an object—not of envy, but—of respect and pride to his former comrades. The case is entirely different among ourselves. In spite of all that has been done of late to rouse the personal ambition of our soldiers, they are still, as a class, not only indifferent but averse to promotion from the ranks. They look with no favour, but its opposite, on an officer who began his career as one of themselves—they infinitely prefer being commanded by what they call gentlemen.

Again, the highest ambition of the youth of all countries despotically governed, is to obtain employment, civil as well as military, under the Government; and it is the obvious policy of the Government to encourage this feeling. Hence in Austria, in Prussia, and still more in France, education, which is the peculiar care of the State, points through all its stages steadily in one direction. The Polytechnic trains its pupils, not for the army alone, but for every occupation in life, where science and skill in the arts can be useful—and the Lycæums all train their alumni for the Polytechnic. Why is this? Because the highways in France are made and kept in repair by workmen superintended by Government officials. Because mines are dug, and railways laid down under the superintendence of government officers. Because docks are constructed, ships built, the machinery required to

propel them constructed and put together by Government artisans, under Government supervision. And it is to fit themselves for situations of this sort, and for many others like them, that the youth of France seek their instruction in schools, all of which are, to the most minute particulars, directed and controlled by the nominees of Government.

How diametrically opposed to this is the system of early training which prevails in England, as well as the principle on which it rests! We desire as much as possible to encourage freedom of choice among our youth, as well as liberty of action in our up-grown men. We are, therefore, not only averse to fixing before-hand what the business of individuals shall be; but we abstain from giving such a character to our great seminaries of education, as shall bias the minds of lads reared in them to one species of occupation rather than another. Accordingly our public schools and universities, from which the best of our private schools take their tone, establish curricula, which are more or less calculated to prepare for all conditions of busy life. They do not profess to manipulate accomplished mechanics, or to turn out skilled engineers, scientific miners, or able shipwrights; indeed the amount of physical science taught in them may perhaps be smaller than could be wished. But they give us what is of more moment;—wave after wave of young men, able and willing to rely on their own energies in the battle of life; and ambitious, first of winning an independence by commerce, or the prosecution of some liberal profession, and then, if the opportunity offer, of serving the State gratuitously as magistrates or members of Parliament. We must enter our protest against any scheme, or proposal of a scheme, which shall have ever so remote a tendency to interfere with this healthy state of things. We do not wish to see our national character changed, and it would ill assort with that character to encourage the general growth of bureaucratic tastes among us. Finally, as the army, considered by itself, must always be an object of secondary consideration in this country—as the whole body of

its officers taken together would weigh but as dust in the balance, against the civilian members of the classes from which they are chiefly taken, so any attempt to operate on the public schools with a view to modify the course of education pursued there in order to meet the requirements of our military service, must of necessity be made under great disadvantages, and result in failure. We do not charge Lord Panmure's Commissioners with being neglectful of this particular truth—quite otherwise—but they cast into the shade others quite as important, and to us, at least, even more obvious. While bent upon improving the military education of this country, they overlook the necessity of well considering the social and political state of the country itself—and, commending to our approval the systems of France, of Prussia, and of Austria, they seem to forget, that however admirably suited these may be to the condition of France, Austria, and Prussia respectively, they would either not work at all, or would work mischievously if transported wholesale into England. The history of the Commission of which we have undertaken to speak, seems to be this :

For a good while back, for a space of time which may date from about the year 1843 or 1844, the necessity of doing something to raise the standard of military education in this country appears to have been felt. Private persons spoke and wrote about it. Articles discussing it appeared in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, and by a process which usually takes place in like cases among us, the public mind became impregnated with an idea on which it still felt itself unable to act. In military circles alone the notion was scouted—and it proved particularly distasteful at the Horse Guards—as the Horse Guards were then managed. But the tide once fairly set in motion could not be stayed. To Sir R. Peel's government generally, while yet it could claim to be Conservative, and to Mr Sidney Herbert in particular, belongs the merit of having placed themselves on the crest of the wave, and given to it a direction. A beginning was made by that reform in the

Military Asylum at Chelsea and in the regimental schools, of which the good effect is now universally acknowledged ; and, by little and little, points were taken up, urged, and carried, which cleared the way for that still more important scheme, which is, we trust, about at length to be inaugurated.

The first victory achieved by common sense over prejudice, was much less important in itself, than because of its inevitable consequences. We may smile if we please at the Duke of Wellington's celebrated order of 1846. We may criticise its diction, and wonder how such an intellect as his could have consented, even in its decay, to so ridiculous a device ; but the order was of vast consequence nevertheless. It announced that, after a given date, candidates for commissions would be required to pass an examination at Sandhurst, in certain books, and portions of books, which were carefully particularised ; and that more knowledge of geography, of military drawing, and of orthography, would be expected of them. Moreover, ensigns were warned that, previously to becoming lieutenants—and lieutenants, that, previously to becoming captains, they must be passed in a few very simple professional subjects by a board of the senior officers. Honouring as we do the memory of the illustrious commander from whom the curious order proceeded, we abstain from entering further into its details, or offering any criticism upon it ; for with all its shortcomings, it established a principle from which there was no escaping. It affirmed the great truth, not previously recognised, that education of some sort is necessary to qualify for command in the British army, and narrowed thereby the ground of difference between sticklers for things as they used to be and the advocates of improvement. Accordingly, from the day when the Duke's order made its appearance, statesmen were invited to consider, not whether there should be a system of military education in this country, but in what manner it should be carried on. And if they took longer time to determine this point than the more impatient advocates of change considered to be

necessary, it by no means follows that they acted unwisely. At all events Mr Herbert's speech in the House of Commons on the 5th of June 1856, shows that he at least had never lost sight of the subject, and that even amid the pressure of the Russian war, he found leisure to mature a plan, and was prepared to act upon it.

There is no evidence before the public to show whether the successors of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr Herbert did or did not adopt the views of these statesmen, either wholly or in part. Two Commissions were, indeed, appointed after Lord Panmure came into office, but the objects of both, as far as we have been able to trace them, were limited. One, which has made no report, seems to have been occupied chiefly in examining the details of artillery, and the arrangement of arsenals in France, Austria, and Prussia. The other, instructed as we have elsewhere shown, thus describes its own purpose, and the means adopted to accomplish it :—

"It appeared necessary in the first instance, previous to any inspection of foreign schools, to make ourselves acquainted with the instruction given at those establishments for military education, to which our attention was especially directed. With this view we immediately visited the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Engineer establishment at Chatham, at both of which every assistance was given us by the authorities; and since our return from abroad, we have repeated our visit to Woolwich, with a view of comparing some points in the system of education there pursued, with the principal features of teaching in foreign schools.

"Immediately after our inspection of these establishments, we thought it desirable to examine the French system of training artillery and engineer officers as followed in the Polytechnic School, and in the School of Application at Metz; to both of which our attention was more particularly called by the nature of our instructions.

"Having thus had an opportunity of comparing the teaching in these institutions with that given in our

own, our next duty appeared to be to circulate questions, soliciting the opinions and suggestions of officers in the two special corps, with regard to the manner in which our own system of education has worked; and the expediency of making certain alterations. In adopting this course, it was our wish to obtain extensively the opinions of officers of different ranks and experience. We therefore selected nearly an equal number in each corps, regard being had, in the first place, to officers of high rank; secondly, to those who had directed or had been closely connected with the education at Woolwich and Chatham; thirdly, to officers on service who had had recent opportunities of testing the merits of the training at the academies; and lastly, from junior officers who were comparatively fresh from their instructions. Some of our questions were intentionally of a very general nature, in order to give room for the expression of such variety of opinion on the education of the two corps as we understood to exist.

"The number of officers to whom we applied, was limited by the employment of a large portion on active service in the Crimea or in foreign stations, and by the full occupation of many others in England. But though this fact may have somewhat diminished the amount of the evidence sent us, full information has been given respecting the Royal Military Academy and the establishment at Chatham, and we have received many valuable suggestions upon points of general military education.

"We endeavoured also to obtain the opinion of foreign officers on the working of education in their own country. Thus, in the case of the Polytechnic School, having been struck both by its excellent teaching, and by the points of difference it exhibited to our own system, we requested the opinions of several scientific officers, and other persons connected with the School, with regard to the effect of its high scientific studies on the special army in France. The answers, which were most willingly sent to our questions, we have placed in immediate connection with our account of the instruction given

in the Polytechnic itself, and the School of Application at Metz. We also followed a similar course in Prussia, where we were able to obtain a full and valuable account of the history and working of some parts of the Prussian educational system from Colonel Von Holleben, who is now, and has been for many years, Adjutant to the General Inspector of Military Education.

"Our principal object, however, has been an examination of the chief military schools in France, Austria, Prussia, and, although less minutely, in Sardinia."

The first foreign country visited by the Commissioners was France, and of the schools connected with the French army, the following list is given:—1. The Polytechnic, preparatory to; 2. The Artillery and Engineer School at Metz; 3. The school at St Cyr, for infantry and cavalry; 4. The Staff School at Paris; 5. The Military Orphan School at La Flèche; 6. The Military School in connection with the hospital at Val-de-Grâce; 7. The School of Musketry at Vincennes; 8. The Gymnastic School near Vincennes; 9. The Music School; 10. The schools of regiments. All these are under the charge of the Minister of War, with whom the authorities of each communicate directly; and the total expense of their maintenance to the State is given at £72,000 a-year. This, however, seems to be the estimated expenditure during a season of peace only. In war the expenses are much heavier; and it is worthy of remark that no portion of the amount is devoted to the maintenance of regimental schools, the whole being applied to the education of officers, of the children of officers, and of candidates for commissions.

It is generally known that, in the French army, one-third of the officers in the line, two-thirds of those in the special corps, and the whole of the staff, receive a careful professional education. The remainder are appointed from the ranks by the Emperor, on the recommendation of their commanding officers. It is equally well understood, that of the officers

so appointed, few attain to a higher grade than that of captain—an arrangement from which we draw this natural inference, that, in the French service, though courage and good conduct are considered sufficient qualifications for inferior commands, scientific study and professional knowledge are essential to commands of higher importance.

Again, the plan of taking mere boys into military schools, and so training them to become officers, has long been abandoned in France. The first Revolution, which swept away other seminaries of learning, put an end to the cadet houses, in which the sons of the aristocracy used to be educated at the public expense for military service. And Carnot, to whom the merit belongs of having restored education to his country, took care that this abuse of it should not revive. With the assistance of a few eminent men—Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Lagrange—all, like himself, ardent republicans, yet all ardent lovers of science too, he founded the Polytechnic, on the model of which every public school subsequently erected in France has been formed. Its chief characteristics are these:—

Candidates for admission to the Polytechnic must have reached the age of sixteen years complete, and not have passed their twentieth year, except in the cases of soldiers already in the service, who are eligible at any time between twenty and twenty-five years of age. The right of competing is open to all young men, Frenchmen by birth, or naturalised in France, who have passed through one or other of the common schools of the country, and received their Baccalauréat;* and candidates furnishing proof that they are too poor to maintain themselves, are entitled, if they pass the preliminary examination, to assistance from the State. This is given either in full or in half *bourse*; that is to say, the youth is allowed either the whole or a moiety of the annual sum required to support him at school; and in order that poverty may not stand in his way, the State gives him, at the same time, a sum

* The Baccalauréat, or Bachelor's Degree, in France, is given at the end of a boy's school career, and certifies that he has completed it to the satisfaction of the masters.

of money wherewith to provide an outfit.

There are two examinations preliminary to admission into the Polytechnic, conducted by two sets of examiners. The first is intended to satisfy the Minister of War that candidates are really worth examining. The second settles the places which the lads are respectively to take on being admitted into the school. The first is conducted partly on paper, partly by *viva voce* question and answer, and occupies in the former process twenty-four hours, spread over twenty-two days and a half. The second employs each examiner, with each candidate, one hour and a half in oral discussion. The subjects discussed seem to be Arithmetic, Geometry, Latin (optional); Algebra, History, Geography; the French language; Descriptive Geography and Diagram; Mechanics, Physics, Applied Analysis; German; Solution of a triangle by Logarithms; Drawing. A scale of merit is employed to express the value of the answers given; and the reports of the examiners, conveying this scale in each case, are made to the Minister of War. Of the relative importance attached to the sciences and to language, an idea may be formed when we state that, while out of 86 marks, the German exercise counts for only 1, and French composition for 5; 20 marks are given to Analytical Mathematics; 16 to Physics and Mechanics; and 14 to Geometry.

The individuals employed to conduct these examinations constitute a board, and hold their sittings once in every year, not in Paris only, but in each of the chief towns of France. They report to the Minister of War, who, having settled beforehand the number of vacancies to be filled up, supplies them in strict accordance with the scale of merit as it comes in. The course at the Polytechnic extends over two years, with periodical examinations, of which the last is of course the most severe, and according to the manner in which he may have acquitted himself at this, the student is permitted to select the line in which he shall serve the State. There are open to him employment, 1st, Under the Minister of War; 2d, Under the Minister of Marine; 3d, Under the

Minister of Public Works; 4th, Under the Minister of the Interior; 5th, Under the Minister of Finance; and, 6th, In any other department, the duties of which require an extensive knowledge of Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry.

As we have already taken occasion to point out, the ablest youths select, for the most part, civil employment. It is better paid than the army, and, except in times of public calamity, it opens a wider door to ambition. Such as either prefer military service, or are thrown back upon it, pass out of the Polytechnic into the School of Application for Artillery and Engineers at Metz, or else, to the number of three, claim admission into the School of Application for the Staff. There are about 140 or 150 appointments, civil and military, made from the Polytechnic every year.

The staff employed to manage and instruct the pupils at the Polytechnic is very large. The military establishment consists of a commandant, a general officer, usually of the artillery or engineers; a second in command, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel, chosen from among the former pupils of the school; three captains of artillery, and three of engineers, inspectors of study; and six adjutants (non-commissioned officers, to whose rank we have no parallel in our service), generally under recommendation for promotion. Besides these, there are thirty-nine professors and teachers, four boards of management, and ten scientific men, unconnected with the school, to conduct the examinations.

The mode of teaching is peculiar. It combines the professorial system with the tutorial, Professors being employed to lecture on the various sciences, and Répétiteurs, or private tutors, to examine and work up the students to profit by their lectures. The professors are fifteen in number, and the répétiteurs twenty-four, who proceed thus: Each professor assembles his class in one of the theatres, and, beginning with a few questions on the subject of the lecture last delivered, goes on with a fresh subject. The students take notes, and, retiring into smaller rooms, find themselves in knots under the hands of répétiteurs, who tax their memories, lead

them on to draw inferences, and so impress upon their minds more than the mere words of the discourse to which they have listened. It is worthy of remark, that, out of the sixteen professors, six are military men, and that the whole number of students, for whom this extensive staff is provided, never exceeds three hundred and fifty persons.

The Polytechnic has grown, by little and little, to become what it now is, the heart of education for France. It came into existence at a time when the dissolution of the country seemed to be inevitable—when the Revolution had swept away all places of instruction, including the University; and the very soil itself was in possession of foreigners. It attracted towards itself a large share, both of the natural ability and of the ambition of the Republic, and it struck its roots into the soil of Republicanism by the adoption of a system of rigid competition. Considered as a place of instruction, it possesses at once great merits and great defects. The moral tone which pervades it is not good; and its influence in this, as well as in other respects, is felt throughout France. It quickens the intellect of its pupils, without rousing within them a healthy, or even a manly spirit. It rears mathematicians, but sends out few men liberally educated. There has never yet been a revolution, or an attempt at a revolution, in France, in which the pupils of the Polytechnic have failed to bear a part; though one great object of its existence is, to rear up bands of clever men, interested as well as pledged to support the powers that be. Religious teaching is, of course, ignored entirely, and of classics, or even of history, little or no account is taken. Nor is it in these respects alone that the system of instruction at the Polytechnic produces unsatisfactory results. "The system of education," say the Commissioners, "excellent as it is in its stimulating power, has one or two marked defects—such as the attempt to give exactly the same teaching to a class of a hundred and sixty pupils, with no reference to their varieties of ability or powers of application. This practice has a tendency either to

make many of the pupils superficial, or to exhaust them. Now, it must be remembered, that the majority of these pupils enter the army, and hence probably the numerous complaints on both points from the military authorities at Metz, who possess the best opportunities of testing the effects of the Polytechnic." We perfectly agree in all this, and, deprecating any attempt to establish a Polytechnic among ourselves, pass on to a consideration of the school of artillery and engineers, to which the Polytechnic is the great feeder.

The first artillery school founded in France owed its existence to Louis XIV., and was placed, in 1679, at Douai. In 1720, under the Regency, the regiment of artillery received a new organisation, and in each of the seven towns which were garrisoned by portions of the corps, a school of theoretical instruction was set up. In 1756, D'Argenson, Minister of War, founded an academy at La Fère, with a staff of four professors, two for mathematics, and two for drawing, which, after a temporary transfer to Bapaume, whence, in 1756, it returned again to La Fère, was, with other schools, suppressed at the Revolution.

The same minister who established an academy for the service of the artillery at La Fère, set up a school of instruction for engineers at Mezières. It achieved a high reputation, numbering Monge among its professors; but it suffered the same fate with the academy, and, with the rest of the educational establishments of France, the Revolution swept it away.

When the wars consequent on that moral earthquake broke out, provisional schools were established at Metz and at Chalons-sur-Marne, the former for the instruction of engineers, the latter to educate officers for the artillery. They laboured under many disadvantages, and produced but little fruit; whereupon the Polytechnic was called into being, originally with a view to supply the army with engineers; but, after brief experience, to serve as a school preparatory to those of special application. And so matters remained from 1795 to 1802, when the school at Chalons was broken up, and its staff

and establishment transferred to Metz. Metz then became, what it has ever since continued to be, the seat of the United School of Application for artillery and engineers.

Metz, as our readers are probably aware, is a fortified town on the Prussian frontier. It is situated upon the confluence of the Moselle and the Seille, and is usually garrisoned by about ten thousand men. It possesses an arsenal and a school of pyrotechny for the construction of rockets, with two great regimental schools, one of artillery, the other of engineers. But the establishment with which we are chiefly concerned, is the United School of Application, which occupies the site, and is, in part, lodged in the apartments of a suppressed convent of the Benedictine order. The old church of the convent has been converted into a Salle de Manœuvre, and is sufficiently capacious, not only to contain artillery of various descriptions—mortars, field and siege guns, placed as in battery—but to allow of the pieces being moved, and exercises performed, when the state of the weather is unfavourable to out-of-doors drill. The amphitheatres or lecture-rooms are two in number; one for the use of each of the two divisions into which the school is told off. And there are three halls of study, to which, after the lectures come to an end, the students repair, that they may fill up their notes, and consider and digest the subjects discussed in them. Besides this, there are galleries filled with models of every kind—of fortifications, bridges, and so forth—as well as with arms and portions of arms, and specimens of carpentry, of roofing, &c. &c.; while an excellent library, with a reading-room adjoining, offer at once the means and the inducement to private study.

Young men enter this school, after passing through the Polytechnic, at an average age of about twenty-one, with the rank, pay, and social status, of sub or second lieutenant. Their treatment is that of officers under instruction, and except that they are obliged to be present at all lectures, as well as drills, their discipline is not more rigid than that to which

regimental officers are subjected. Apart from drill and lecture, they spend their time as they please; living, often studying, in their own rooms, and taking their meals at restaurants in the town.

The course of instruction in the School of Application extends, like that at the Polytechnic, over two years; and the students are allowed to count these years, as well as the time spent in preparing for them, as years of actual service. During the first year the instruction communicated is common to both artillery and engineers. Taking account of it by days, and reckoning the year at two hundred and eighty-four days of study, we find the time thus appropriated:—

	Days.
Military art and legislation occupy	33
Topography and geodesy,	47
Field fortification,	39
Permanent fortification,	88
Theory and practice of construction,	77
Total,	284

In the second year the instruction for artillery and engineers diverges a little, and is managed thus through two hundred and sixty-five days:

	Art. Days.	Eng. Days.
Military art and legislation, . . .	2	2
Topography and geodesy,	28	28
Attack and defence of places, . . .	44	44
Permanent fortification,	41	119
Artillery and machines,	61	0
Theory and practice of construction,	46	42
	265	265

There is, besides, a short course in the veterinary art through which all pass; and drill and military exercises are of daily occurrence.

At Metz, as at the Polytechnic, there are periodical examinations, of which the last is the most formidable, and to prepare for it, six weeks of free or voluntary study are allowed. A jury of examiners test the abilities of the students as well orally as through their plans, mémoires, and papers; and the place of each, in the service which he has selected, is fixed by taking the aggregate number of the marks which he may have earned.

The staff of instruction and of government of the School of Application at Metz is, like the staffs of other military schools in France, very large. To instruct one hundred and forty sub-lieutenants, there are not fewer than nine professors, four assistant professors, and one drawing-master—of whom all, except three—viz. the professor of German, the assistant professor of the veterinary art, and the teacher of drawing—are military men. The staff of government consists of a commandant, a general either of artillery or engineers, a second in command, also a director of studies, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel of one or other of these corps, a major of artillery, a major of engineers, five captains of artillery, five captains of engineers, and a surgeon-major. There is, besides, a large administrative staff, comprising treasurer, librarian, assistant do., principal clerk, two storekeepers, one skilled mechanic, a skilled lithographer and fencing-master; and thirty-three horses kept in the stables are used in teaching the students to ride, and in carrying them abroad when employed in making surveys of the surrounding country.

The instruction of the officers of artillery and engineers does not, however, in the French service, come to an end when they pass out of the School of Application at Metz. A second lieutenant of the former arm, on joining his regiment, is employed on all duties that tend to make him master of the drill, practice, and manœuvres of artillery, as well as of the internal economy and discipline of his corps. He continues to attend to these matters till he arrive at the rank of second captain, when he is detached, and sent in succession to all the chief arsenals, cannon-foundries, powder-mills, and small-arm factories of France. Sometimes he is employed as an assistant in one of these factories; and if he distinguish himself by his ability there, he is appointed an inspector of regimental arms. On advancement to the rank of first captain, he rejoins his regiment.

In time of war the officers of artillery, in the French service, are re-

quired to construct their own batteries, and to direct the ordnance in sieges as well as in battles. The pontoon-train also is attached to their arm, and on them devolves the duty of forming movable bridges and passages by boats. Nor is the fact unworthy of notice, that both artillery and engineers manufacture their own tools—field-officers acting as superintendents, and captains as sub-directors, in such manufactures.

Acting on the same principle, the sub-lieutenant of engineers, on joining his regiment, works beside his men, and passes with them through courses of practical instruction in sapping, mining, field-fortification, sham sieges, bridge-making, castrametation, &c. Indeed, it is not till he attain the rank of second captain that he ceases to do regimental duty, or is employed at all upon the *état major* of his corps, either in keeping up such public works as may already exist, or in helping to design and execute others.

We come now to the special military school at St Cyr, where young men intended for the infantry and cavalry of France are educated together. Like the rest of the military schools of the country, it is of comparatively recent formation, and takes, in some sort, the place of the "Ecole Royale Militaire," which, with other seminaries superintended, under the ancient régime, by priests, and frequented exclusively by the children of the noblesse, was overthrown at the Revolution. Students or cadets enter here as they enter at the Polytechnic, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, unless they be soldiers already in the service, when they are received up to twenty-five. The civilian class must produce their Baccalauréat, and are entitled, if poor, to claim bourses or demi-bourses, as well as whole or half outfits. The course comprises two years, and lads are permitted to enter upon it only after examinations conducted on the plan which we have elsewhere described. These are not so severe as the entrance examinations to the Polytechnic, but they embrace a good many subjects, such as arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions; algebra to

quadratic equations with one unknown quantity ; geometry plane and solid ; plane trigonometry ; geometrical representations of bodies by projections ; French composition ; German exercises ; drawing ; physical science purely descriptive ; chemistry, history, and geography. The number of students during peace averages six hundred, for whom are provided thirty-one professors and teachers, all military men : besides a general as commandant ; a colonel of infantry second in command ; a major, four captains, twelve lieutenants, and five second-lieutenants of infantry ; a major, one captain, thirty-four lieutenants, and one second-lieutenant of cavalry ; a director of studies, two assistant directors, and six examiners. When it is remembered that every one of these, except the commandant, takes a part, more or less active, in the business of instruction, it will be seen that, with whatever shortcomings the French government may be chargeable, it certainly does not starve this or any other military college in the important matter of an educational staff.

The course of study extends, as we have said, over two years, and follows in almost every essential particular the plan adopted in the Polytechnic. Professors give lectures in the theatres, and répétiteurs enforce and improve upon them in private classes ; but whereas in the Polytechnic each répétiteur withdraws with his six or eight pupils into a small apartment, at St Cyr the process of repetition goes on in three large rooms, each capable of accommodating two hundred cadets. The conveniences provided for the students are also, in other respects, inferior to those at the Polytechnic. The young men sleep like private soldiers in barrack-rooms and on barrack-beds, and their garments resemble those of privates of infantry, except that the fabric of the cloth is a little less coarse. A great deal of time also is devoted to military exercises, to squad, company, and battalion drill, as well as to manœuvres of cavalry and artillery, insomuch that, throughout the first year, only one hundred and seventy-four lectures are delivered, and in the second no more than one hundred

and twenty-one. The first year's curriculum embraces Descriptive Geometry—Physical Science applied to military arts—History entirely military, and that of France—Geography and Statistical Memoirs—French Literature—German, and Drawing. The second carries the school through Topography—Fortification—Artillery and the Ballistic Pendulum—Military Legislation—Military Administration—Military History and Art—German, and Drawing. Besides these, there is special instruction in riding—in the veterinary art—and in artillery practice. From all that we have ever heard of the school of St Cyr, we should not augur very highly of its tone either in morals or manners. We should say also, that the intellectual training is scarcely of the first order ; yet from the school of St Cyr is mainly fed a seminary, on the excellence of which France especially prides herself—we mean the School of Application for the Staff, of which it now remains to give some account.

For the information of our civilian readers, it may be well to state that the staff of the French army is constituted on a principle entirely different from our own. It is not only a corps separate in itself, but the officers appointed to it come in much larger numbers directly from military schools, than from regiments. It is divided into chiefs of the staff, sub-chiefs, staff-officers, and aides-de-camp. There are comprehended under these titles, thirty-five colonels, thirty-five lieutenant colonels, one hundred and ten majors, three hundred and thirty captains, one hundred lieutenants. Colonels and lieutenant-colonels are usually employed as chiefs of the staff in the several military districts of France. Majors, captains, and lieutenants act, for the most part, as aides-de-camp. In large armies the chief of the staff assumes the title of Major-General. His duties are as onerous as his responsibility is great, for he is the organ through which orders on all subjects pass from the commander-in-chief to every department of the army. To him also reports are made from artillery, engineers, and commissariat, as well as from infantry

and cavalry; and purveyors, and doctors, and nurses, and priests, equally communicate with him, and receive from him their instructions. Nor is there any severance, as with us, into the staff of the adjutant's and of the quartermaster-general's departments. In France the staff officer is liable to be employed on all manner of duties; for he who is engaged as a clerk in the War Dépôt to-day may be sent to-morrow to take charge of a division of an active army in the field. It is worthy of remark, too, that everything that bears upon the science and history of the art of war is taken charge of by the officers of the staff corps. The War Dépôt at Paris, one of the most important branches of the War Office, is under their special charge, where they collect and arrange papers relating to the records of military operations, reconnaissances, and plans of battles. It is their business also to make search for such manuscript maps as seem to them useful for military purposes, and to get them copied and published. They undertake the trigonometrical survey of countries and provinces, compile and catalogue the War Office library, and are thus ready at any moment, should war threaten, or actually break out, to supply the Government with whatever information may be needed. We venture to say, that at this moment the military features of Great Britain are more perfectly delineated in the maps of the War Dépôt at Paris than in any of which our own War Office in Pall-Mall can boast: though it is but fair to the latter to acknowledge, that a topographical department has at last been formed therein, which promises to remove from us one of the heaviest reproaches under which, as a military nation, we had previously lain.

There are three channels through which young Frenchmen may win their way into the staff-school. There is only one—viz. the school itself—through which officers can pass into the staff. The School of Application, situated in the Rue Granelle, not far from the Invalids in Paris, is presided over by a commandant, a general of brigade; by a second in command, and director of studies, himself a

colonel or lieutenant-colonel of the staff-corps; by a major of the staff-corps, three captains, and a medical officer. There are thirteen military and three civilian professors to carry on the details of education, which embrace the following subjects:

1. Applied descriptive Geometry.
2. Astronomy, Physical Geography, and Statics.
3. Geodesy and Topography.
4. Fortification.
5. Artillery.
6. Military Legislation and Administration.
7. The Art of War.
8. Descriptive Geography.
9. Equitation.
10. Drawing.
11. German.
12. Fencing.

One hundred and forty-five horses are kept in the stable for the use of the military students, and eighty-two cavalry soldiers look after them.

The number of students under instruction ranges from fifty to one hundred—fifty being the establishment in time of peace. There are apartments for sixty within the walls, and the remainder, if the school be on a war establishment, find lodgings for themselves in the neighbourhood. All obtain the rank of second-lieutenant on joining the school; and after passing their first examination they are promoted to be first-lieutenants. They take their meals at cafés and restaurants, and are waited upon by servants provided at the public expense—one servant being allowed for eight students.

Admission into the Staff-school is obtained by competition, except in the cases of three lads from the Polytechnic, who are privileged to claim the three first places, and obtain them. About twenty-five vacancies occur every year, of which twenty-two are filled up either out of the thirty most forward students at St Cyr, or by candidates from the active army. These latter must be sub-lieutenants, and not more than twenty-five years of age. In point of fact, however, it seldom happens that candidates from the active army are numerous, and out of such as present themselves very few win the prize. The main recruitment of the

staff-school is, therefore, from the special military school at St Cyr.

The entrance examinations, which take place before a board appointed by the Minister of War, deal strictly with professional subjects, and the studies, which range over two years, partake generally of the same character. They receive considerable relief, however, from out-of-door employment—three months in every year being devoted to reconnaissances, sometimes of the country round Paris, sometimes of the scenes of military operation elsewhere. All instruction is given by the professors in their lectures, the contents of which the young men work up out of their notes, groups of twelve or fifteen sitting together in separate halls for that purpose. But they are not, as in the Polytechnic, assisted by *répétiteurs*, nor is any encouragement given to what we should call private study. Indeed, it seems to be a settled opinion in France, that whatever military students endeavour to do in private, they do carelessly.

There are eight examinations in all, two in each year, which become more strict and comprehensive as the termination of the course approaches. The fourth of these passes the officer from the first or lower school into the higher, provided he obtain four out of twenty marks in each branch of study. To qualify for the staff itself, not fewer than one-half of the maximum of numerical credits (1200) is indispensable.

If a young man fail at the final examination, he goes off as a lieutenant to some regiment of infantry or cavalry; and it is worthy of remark, that, though direct admission into the staff-corps can be obtained only through the school of application, there is no objection to exchanges between officers of the staff-corps and officers of the line. In this case, however, the staff-officer's rank must not exceed that of captain, while the officer from the line undergoes precisely the same examination to which he would have been subjected had he passed two years at the school.

It will be seen from this statement that the staff of the French army constitutes a corps of itself; that on the members of that corps devolve

all the duties of general administration and detail; that the departments of statistics, topography, military history, and surveying, are especially in their charge; that the war-office trusts to them for the accumulation of useful military knowledge during peace, and that generals in command of armies, and of divisions, depend upon them for intelligence, the maintenance of discipline, and the ordering of marches during war. To qualify for these high trusts, staff-officers serve, so to speak, an apprenticeship. The *aide-de-camp* rises, if found qualified, to become, first, a sub-chief, and then a chief of the staff to a division or *corps d'armée*. He is just as ready to undertake one description of routine duties as another, having prepared himself for all alike by four years of severe study. Nor does he enter upon his staff-duties as soon as he quits the school. In order that he may become master of the whole machine, of which he is to be a prime mover, he is attached successively to the various arms of the service, and does regimental duty for two years in the infantry, for an equal space of time in the cavalry, and for one year in the artillery, and sometimes in the engineers also.

"This routine," says the report, "cannot be interrupted except in time of war, and even then the lieutenant cannot be employed on the staff until he has completed his two years in the infantry. However, officers who have an especial aptitude for the science of geodesy or topography, may even earlier be employed on the map of France, and other similar duties; and further, two of the lieutenants, immediately on quitting the staff-school of application, are sent to the War Depot (*dépôt de la guerre*) to gain a familiarity with trigonometrical operations. The general officers, at their inspections, are required to report specially to the Minister of War on the captains and lieutenants of the staff-corps doing duty with the regiments in their districts, both as to their knowledge of drill and manœuvres, and their acquaintance with the duties of the staff. They are to require these officers to execute a military recon-

naissance, never allowing more than forty-eight hours for the field-sketch and its accompanying report."

Treading in the footsteps of the Commissioners, we come now to Prussia, where equal care is bestowed as in France on military education, though the details of management differ in the two countries, as much as in other respects their civil and military institutions stand apart. In France the entire male population, from the age of eighteen to thirty-five, is liable to military service—the army being recruited by conscription, with leave given to individuals to provide substitutes for themselves. There is no reserve or militia of any kind except the national guard, every member of which, so long as he is within the limits of military age, is liable to be drawn as a conscript. The army of France is therefore the same in peace as in war, except that in war its numbers become increased. It is always, and in all its parts, movable, the term of service for each soldier being fixed at seven years. In Prussia every man not incapacitated by bodily infirmity, or engaged in the duties of the ministry, or in tuition, is obliged to serve in person. But service in the regular army never exceeds, in time of peace, three years: and when the recruit is a man of education and able to provide his own clothing and appointments, it terminates at the end of one year. Nominally, however, all are enlisted for a term of five years—from the age of twenty to twenty-five: the last two, or four, as the case may be, they spend at home without pay, being enrolled in the reserve, and liable in case of need to be called back to their standards at a moment's notice.

Having completed their five years' service in the regular army, the young men of Prussia enter the *Landwehr*—a peculiar militia, of which there are two bands or classes. The first band includes all within the ages of twenty-five and thirty-two; the second, all within the ages of thirty-two and thirty-nine. After thirty-nine, men fall into the *Landsturm*, a force somewhat akin to our *Posse Comitatus*, which can be summoned to arms only at a general rising of the people, to put down a rebellion, or repel a foreign invasion.

VOL. LXXXII.—NO. DIII.

The *Landwehr*, like the regular army, consists of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the regiments of which maintain a close connection with their kindred regiments in the active force. The *landwehr* of the first band turn out every year to be brigaded with the regiments of the line, and take their part in the autumnal manœuvres. They are liable also, in the event of war, to be called up and marched out of the country against the enemy. The *landwehr* of the second band meet for only a brief annual service, but they are not brigaded with the first band, or with the line, nor are they required under any circumstances to march out of the country. It does not appear that the military service is more generally popular in Prussia than elsewhere; very few young men remain with their colours beyond the space of time appointed by law; and though immense efforts are made to educate and bring forward non-commissioned officers, there seems to be considerable difficulty in keeping up a sufficient supply of that invaluable order of men.

Everybody knows that the system of which we are now speaking was elaborated in the hour of Prussia's deepest humiliation by the genius of Stein and of Scharnhorst. It proved very effective during the wars of 1813, '14, and '15, and is still, so far as regards the principle from which it starts, highly thought of by the Prussians themselves. It unquestionably led to great improvements in the manner of providing officers for a force which, being made up in no inconsiderable proportion of the intelligence of the country, looked for at least a fair share of intelligence in those by whom it should be commanded. Not that the democratic element has at all entered into the military institutions of Prussia—quite otherwise. A Prussian officer is always a gentleman, and the Prussian people desire that he should be one. But then a Prussian gentleman must qualify for a commission, and satisfy examiners appointed by the Crown that he has done so, before he can receive it. The process is this:—

In Prussia, as in other Continental countries not shaken up by the events

of 1793, there are schools wherein young gentlemen are educated, the poorer sort at the public expense, and all in a military spirit. These seminaries—Cadet Houses, as they are called—are five in number, of which four in the provinces receive boys from the age of twelve to sixteen, and then pass them on, if their relatives desire it, to the fifth—the cadet-house in Berlin. Though the teachers in these schools are all military men, and the dress of the boys, and the habits of the schools themselves, are formed upon a military model, the education is by no means professional. Neither is it exacted of the pupils as a condition that they shall enter the army; on the contrary, till the youth reach the highest class in the cadet house at Berlin, the education which he receives is of the most liberal kind, and he is perfectly free either to apply it to the business of civil life, or to seek employment, as is more generally done, in the profession of arms.

All young gentlemen, ambitious of obtaining commissions in the Prussian army, must, with the exception of 30 per annum, the cream or *selecta* of the class of which we are speaking, serve for at least nine months in the ranks. They apply, personally or through their relatives, to colonels of regiments, who nominate them to become ensigns; a rank just above that of corporal, and inferior to that of sergeant; to which, however, they cannot be admitted, unless they satisfy a royal board of Commissioners that they have received a good general education. Having passed this examination, they take the ordinary duties of a soldier, though associating, off parade, with the officers, and wearing a peculiar sword-knot; and if, at the end of nine months, the officers of the regiment approve of them, they pass into one of what are called the Division Schools, and there study for their second examination. This right of veto, if we may so call it, operates very powerfully in keeping up the aristocratic spirit of the Prussian army, and it is just to add, that it seems to be exercised on all occasions in a spirit of perfect fairness. Habits and manners at variance with those of good society,—any approach, however remote, to

untruth or dishonourable dealing—as surely exclude from advancement as a plebeian lineage. Indeed, they are much more effectual in barring the ensign from his lieutenantancy, for, though such promotions occur very rarely, there is no rule in the Prussian service to hinder the advancement of a meritorious soldier from the ranks to a commission.

At present there are in Prussia nine division-schools, corresponding to the number of army corps into which the standing force of the country is distributed. Admitted into these, the candidates for lieutenantancies devote themselves entirely to military subjects—to fortification, artillery, tactics, military surveying (the theory), military literature, instruction in military duties, plan-drawing, gymnastics, riding, fencing. They are under the charge of officers taken chiefly from the staff-school, of whom the numbers are so great as to give to each aspirant well-nigh the benefit of special tuition. It is said that the division-schools are found to be too numerous, and that the Government proposes to reduce them to three. This is not improbable, nor can the arrangement be regretted, if it be the intention of the Prussian Government to keep these schools on their present footing. But should it be found advisable to expand the system, and to require further study, and an examination preparatory to the attainment of the rank of captain, then we cannot but think that, for an army so well organised as that of Prussia, nine division-schools will not be found too many. It appears that the average attendance of pupils in each does not, at the present moment, exceed ten or twelve. The course embraces nine months, and the young men repair, at the close of it, to Berlin, where they are examined, passed, or sent back again by a board appointed by the Crown.

Meanwhile, of the cadets educated at the cadet-house in Berlin, all except the *selecta* receive direct appointments, and join their regiments as ensigns, without being subjected to any other examination than that of the board which has passed them through. These must, however, like ensigns appointed by colonels, attend the division-schools, and be examined

for lieutenancies; whereas the selecta—the most distinguished youths of their standing—are kept one year more at the cadet-house, and acquire all the knowledge, and pass all the examinations there, which are required to secure a lieutenancy. If appointed to the infantry or cavalry, they go at once to their duty. If commissions be given them in the artillery or engineers, it is prefaced by a period more or less extensive of active service at the head-quarters of a regiment, so that, when they enter the school of united instruction, they apply themselves to subjects of which they have already acquired some practical knowledge. In point of fact, therefore, the early portion of the training required for the special arms in Prussia takes place in separate schools. It is only after they have become practical engineers and artillerymen that the officers of these arms pursue together studies that are common to both.

The United Artillery and Engineer School stands in the principal street in Berlin—the Unterderlinden—and is under the management of an officer of artillery or engineers, with a captain, who acts as his adjutant. Three officers of artillery, and one of engineers, assist in maintaining discipline. And there are, for educational purposes, twenty-three professors, of whom twelve are military men. The number of students ranges from 216 to 240—they all come from service with troops, except a few members of the selecta, and have all undergone, like the aspirants for other arms, a preliminary examination. Indeed, the only difference, in this respect, between them and other officers, lies here—that a more intimate acquaintance with mathematics is expected of candidates for the artillery and engineers than from youths desirous of serving either in the infantry or the cavalry.

The School of Artillery and Engineers is united so far as regards local situation. Neither the curricula of study, nor the results to which they lead, are exactly the same. The whole course covers three years, during the first of which only, the officers study together. In the second year a partial separation takes place, which becomes complete in the third year. Three

months in every year are given up to examinations, and to out-of-doors practical exercises,—only about three weeks, the last in the month of September, are allowed for vacation.

The examinations in this school are conducted by boards; that of the first year by the same which examines for commissions in the line—the Supreme Military Examinations Board; those of the two last by boards specially appointed from the two services. The whole establishment is controlled by a curatorium, consisting of the general inspectors of the corps of artillery and engineers, which, like every other body engaged in the military education of the country, reports to one head—the General Inspector of Military Education.

Artillery officers, having passed through the school, join their battalions as lieutenants, where their promotion goes on regimentally. But they are subjected to a further examination before they can obtain the rank of captain. Lieutenants of engineers, before becoming eligible for promotion, must serve seven years at least, of which three must be spent with a division of their corps, and three in some fortress to superintend the buildings. Both artillery and engineers are eligible, if they desire it, for service on the general staff to which they with others attain after a course of special training in what is called the War-School.

The war-school of Prussia stands, like the one of which we have been speaking, in Berlin, and is open to officers of every corps who shall have served three years at least with their regiments. The annual vacancies amount to 40, for which an average of 60 or 70 officers compete. The total number of pupils is 120, and the course comprises three years.

There are examinations preliminary to admission, which take place in the chief towns of the provinces where the competitors happen to be quartered. These are conducted entirely in writing, questions being sent by the board of examiners from Berlin, and answered in the presence of a staff officer, who sees that the candidates have only pens, ink, and paper wherewith to work. The ques-

tions being returned with their answers to Berlin, the latter are scrutinised, and the candidates accepted or rejected according to the decision at which the Examinations Board may arrive.

The subjects taught in the Staff-School are either obligatory or optional. Under the former head are included Tactics—Artillery—Field Fortification—Military and Political Administration and Economy—Mathematics, pure and mixed—during the first year. In the second the list comprises Tactics again—Permanent Fortification—Special Geography and Geology—History of War—Staff Duty—Art of Sieges—Military Jurisprudence.

The voluntary studies embrace Universal History—Universal Geography—Physical Geography—for the first year.

Universal History—Mathematics—Logic—Physics—The Horse—General History of Literature—Higher Geodesy—Chemistry—for the second year.

It is worthy of remark, that though the study of these latter subjects be considered as voluntary, they are not overlooked when an estimate of the merits of individuals is taken, and that, in point of fact, the students never entirely neglect them.

In the War-School, as well as elsewhere throughout Prussia, the professorial system of instruction is followed—the students being encouraged not only to take notes while the lectures are delivered, but to fill up and supplement their notes in their own apartments. With this view, examinations of particular papers take place very frequently, which are followed by examinations on a more extended scale once in three months, and again by examinations still more searching at the end of every year; according to the results of which young men are classified.

The staff in Prussia does not, like that in France, form a distinct corps. On the contrary, all officers from all branches of the service may qualify, and are all eligible to staff employment; of which the great advantage is, that, at the end of three years, lieutenants so employed are promoted to be captains. But no man

can serve for more than five consecutive years on the staff, without returning for three years at least to regimental duty. It is said that the staff prizes in Prussia are of little value, and that lists of merit being neither published nor preserved, there is no positive security against the exercise of favouritism. This is very possible; but when we remember that not only is the topographical department manned exclusively from the staff school, but that officers educated there are employed as professors in all the military seminaries of the country, we shall scarcely come to the conclusion that, on the whole, the staff in the Prussian army is not fostered.

We cannot, within the limits at our disposal, touch at all upon the schools which are maintained in Prussia for the education of non-commissioned officers and of soldiers. It must suffice to state that they are both numerous and admirably managed, and that they all, equally with the schools for officers, carry on their operations under one management—that of the General Inspector of Military Education. To him all the examination boards report; and though the Minister of War regulates every question of finance, on all points relating to instruction and examination, the General Inspector communicates directly with the Sovereign. It is necessary to add, that he is assisted in his operations by a council or supreme board of military studies, which is made up of field officers of the staff, and of special arms, and of consultative assessors appointed by the minister of worship, and of professors chosen for the purpose.

If there be one institution in Austria which, before all others, deserves to be called national, it is the army. To perfect that in all its branches, and to draw towards it the talent and devotion of every one of the heterogeneous fragments of which the empire is composed, seems to be a leading object of the Government. One of the four co-ordinate branches of the War Office is especially intrusted with this duty. It has the management of not less than from three to four hundred thousand pounds annually, and educates free

from expense, or very nearly so, 5000 pupils. Nor is this all. The munificence of the emperor, grants from different provinces, and the gifts and legacies of generous individuals, have founded in Austria numerous exhibitions or bourses, by means of which almost as many more youths receive a gratuitous education, which is conducted throughout on a uniform plan, and seems admirably to effect its purpose. Hence we find that 5700 boys, ranging between the ages of seven and fifteen years, are always under training in military schools, in order to fit them for becoming non-commissioned officers; and that four cadet-houses, each containing 200 lads, act as feeders to the greater military academies, wherein young men are educated to supply officers to the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, and the engineers. And not the least striking feature in the case is this:—that whereas a large proportion of these young men are unable to defray the expense of their own education, they are educated and maintained either wholly or in part by the State.

The Commissioners seem to think, and we are disposed to agree with them, that the educational department of the Austrian army is the most perfect thing of its kind in Europe. Looking at the purpose which the Government seeks mainly to accomplish, it would be difficult to conceive a machine more skillfully put together, or better fitted to achieve its end. We find it working, always on the side of order, in companies, in battalions, in regiments, in divisions, and always working well. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a force of 400,000 men, raised by conscription out of many nations differing among themselves in language, in manners, and often in religion—is almost more completely welded into one by its school system than by anything else. And this admirable system seems to have been devised and perfected within a space of seven or eight years. We do not mean to say that, previously to the confusion of 1848, there was no such thing as special education in the Austrian army. Since the reign of Maria Theresa, Austria has never been with-

out her military schools, which received from time to time such modifications and additions as to successive monarchs appeared to be desirable. But the changes effected since 1848 amount well-nigh to a revolution, of which the results already show themselves in the practical improvement which is perceptible in every branch of the service.

Austria, like France, raises her army by conscription. Instead, however, of accepting substitutes provided by individuals, she permits individuals to purchase themselves off, and applies the smart-money, £150, to the exclusive use of the recruit whom she brings in for herself. She gives him the interest of this money, additional to his pay, so long as he serves, and hands over to him the principal, wherewith to set up in civil life when he claims his discharge. The Austrian, like the English soldier, used formerly to be taken for unlimited service; he is now drawn for eight years only, with two years more of liability in the reserve. But if there be no war, or any prospect of a war, he may apply for leave to return home at the end of six years, and the boon is seldom refused him.

Promotion from the ranks is not absolutely against the customs of the Austrian army, but it is of rare occurrence except in the artillery, and even in that arm it is much less common than it used to be. It is not, however, impracticable in any branch of the service, and arrangements are in progress with the view, as it would appear, of rendering the custom more frequent. As a general rule, about 19 out of 20 of the officers of infantry and cavalry make their way into the service as cadets. They are appointed on the nomination of the colonels or proprietors of regiments, though not till after an official inquiry into their previous character and circumstances, and an examination before a board of officers appointed by the general commanding the district within which they reside. So long as they remain in the grade of cadet, these young gentlemen live like private soldiers, and are required to attend a regimental school, into which the most promising of the non-commissioned

officers are also admitted. The subjects taught there are, during the first year—1. The language spoken in the regiment—2. Arithmetic—3. Calligraphy and writing from dictation—4. Composition on military subjects—5. Geography and history—6. Military drawing—7. Rules and regulations—8. Fencing, gymnastics, swimming. During the second year, which completes the course, are taught—1. The language of the regiment—2. Elementary geometry and practical surveying—3. Calligraphy—4. Military composition—5. Geography and history—6. Arms and ammunitions—7. Military law—8. Military drawing on the ground—9. Pioncering—10. General rules for campaigning—11. Fencing, gymnastics, swimming.

A youth must be at least sixteen years of age before he can become a cadet. He may be promoted to a lieutenancy next day, should a vacancy occur; and he may never be promoted at all if there be anything about him which indisposes his brother officers to look upon him with favour. He is not, however, relieved from study when he becomes a lieutenant, but passes into another regimental school, which all subalterns are required to attend, and which holds its sittings for one hour and a half, three days in every week, from the beginning of November to the end of April. Instruction is communicated in this school chiefly by oral lectures, one of which, on language, may be taken by the regimental chaplain. It includes—1st, the duties of an officer in every situation; with his regiment and detached—such as the keeping of accounts, making reports, &c. &c.; 2d, the rules of drill, exercise, and manœuvre; 3d, the details of arms; 4th, the language spoken in the regiment; 5th, fencing and practice with fire-arms. In cavalry regiments all this instruction goes forward in the School of Equitation; and, to test the proficiency of the pupils, themes are set, on which captains, equally with subalterns, are required to write. The subjects of these themes are strictly professional—such as the mode of handling detachments of troops, composed sometimes of one

arm, sometimes of two, and sometimes of more than two arms, under given circumstances, in a campaign. The papers, when completed, are examined by the commanding officer, and by him sent on, through the Brigadier and General of Division, to head-quarters; and the professional prospects of the writer are very much settled according as his essays command the approbation or the censure of his superiors.

We have dwelt somewhat at length on this feature in the Austrian plan, partly because it is peculiar, and partly because it helps us, in combination with the Division Schools of Prussia, to arrive at a possible issue even richer in promise than either can separately hold out. We must compress what remains to be said of the greater military schools of the Empire into the shortest possible compass. They are, as we have already stated, four in number—one in which candidates for commissions in the infantry and cavalry are educated together—one in which candidates for the artillery are educated—one in which candidates for the engineers are trained—and a staff or war school. We believe that the want of a separate cavalry school has been admitted, and that preparations are making to create one; and that a sort of senior department is in contemplation, where, after completing their separate courses, artillery and engineer officers may prosecute more advanced studies in common. But our present business is only with the establishments which exist; and the narrowing limits at our command warn us to render our account of these as concise as shall be consistent with any degree of perspicuity.

The School of Candidates for Commissions in the Infantry and Cavalry has its seat at Wiener-Neustadt, a small but famous town on the line of railway to Trieste, about thirty miles from Vienna. It accommodates four hundred lads, who enter one hundred every year, between the ages of fifteen and sixteen, either from the cadet-houses, of which there are four—at Hamburg, Marburg, Cracow, and Strass—or from civil life, after a pretty sharp examination, which is not, however, strictly speaking,

competitive. The subjects chiefly taught are—Analytical Geometry and Higher Analysis—Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry—Mathematical Geography and Triangulation—Descriptive Geometry and Surveying—Natural Philosophy and Chemistry—French, Italian, Hungarian, and Bohemian languages—History and Geography—Logic and Psychology—Military Writing—Military Law and Procedure—International Law—Fortification—Architecture—Arms and Munitions—Knowledge of Ground and Position, and Military Drawing. There are the usual accompaniments of drill, equitation, fencing, gymnastics, swimming, &c.; and to the honour of Austria be it added, that religious instruction is not overlooked, from the beginning to the end of the course.

The course itself comprehends four years, during the two first of which theoretical instruction, such as pure mathematics, is completed. The two last years are devoted entirely to professional study, and there are periodical examinations. The staff of instructors, of government, and of attendance, is enormous—amounting to not fewer than three hundred and eight persons; and sixty-four horses are kept for the use of the students. Of the munificence of the Government we have elsewhere spoken, which, not content to defray, wholly or in part, the cost of maintaining and educating the larger portion of these young men, supplies every officer, when he goes to join an infantry regiment, with a complete outfit. Service in the cavalry appears to be reserved for the sons of men of wealth; they are accordingly supplied only with their horses, and their relatives are required to guarantee to them a certain annual allowance over and above their pay.

The Artillery Academy, situated at Olmutz, is fed partly from the cadet-houses, and partly from school companies, of which four belong exclusively to this arm. It is in the school companies, of which, over and above these four, the Austrian army can boast of not fewer than sixteen, that meritorious soldiers receive such an education as fits them for becoming non-commissioned officers. And

it is the cream of the artillery school companies which send as many as forty pupils into the academy, where, with a hundred and sixty passed on from the cadet-houses, they are trained to become officers. The course of study at Olmutz, like that at Wiener-Neustadt, extends over four years, and the staff is very large. Not fewer than a hundred and ninety-two persons are engaged in the government, and care, and instruction of two hundred students, who receive, in consequence, such an education as is probably not bestowed on any other similar body of young men in the world. We are old enough to remember the time when the Austrian artillery was considered the worst in Europe. It is said now to be making extraordinary strides upwards, and will doubtless, when the new system has had time to develop its energies, take its place in the foremost rank of excellence.

The Engineer Academy at Gnaix is recruited from the same sources, which send their annual shoals of aspirants to Olmutz. Forty young men come from the school companies of engineers and pioneers, and a hundred and sixty from civil life. There is a preliminary examination for the latter class of candidates, similar, in all respects, to that adopted at Olmutz; and the course extends, as elsewhere, over four years. Examinations seem to be very frequent, and the curriculum is wisely managed—term after term rendering the instruction more practical, till, in the end, it becomes exactly such as seems best calculated to supply the army with an accomplished body of engineers.

Though the Staff School at Vienna dates no farther back than four years ago, staff employment has, for more than a century, been the prize in the Austrian army of superior attainments, tested by a severe, if not exactly a competitive, examination. The custom was this: Any officer desirous of serving on the staff, applied for a recommendation to the colonel of his regiment, and was sent, when so recommended, to some large garrison-town, where, in company with other candidates, he began a course of staff-study. For two years he was employed in drawing, survey-

ing, writing military memoirs, mapping the country, &c.; and for two years more he served with troops of the several arms on active staff-duty. An examination then took place of all the candidates within the district, before the chief of the staff, and a board of officers nominated to assist him. There is nothing to show that a very accurate record of the results of these examinations was kept, but public opinion justifies the conclusion that the best of the candidates, in almost every instance, carried off the prize.

There is a distinct Staff Corps in Austria, as in France, consisting of a chief, twelve colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels, twenty-four majors, eighty captains. Besides these, it is settled that there shall be eighty attachés, who shall serve with their respective regiments till vacancies in the staff corps occur. The attachés may be subalterns, but, immediately on acceding to the staff corps, they receive the rank of captain; and if second-lieutenants when taken into the class of attachés, they are at once promoted to be first-lieutenants.

The staff corps discharges in the Austrian army all the duties which with us devolve on what is called the general staff, and a great many more, which we, very unfairly, expect our officers of engineers to perform. There is a separate corps of adjutants, or aides-de-camp, who are charged with administrative duties only, for admission into which no examination is required. It consists of eleven generals, eighteen lieutenant-colonels, eighteen majors, ten second-captains, ten first-lieutenants. Generals commanding army corps and divisions are, it appears, allowed to appoint their own adjutants; but if some loophole be left open by this arrangement for the entrance of patronage, nepotism is at all events excluded, for the only restriction placed upon the general is that he shall not on any account select a relative to be his adjutant or aide-de-camp.

Attached to the staff corps, and in some measure growing out of it, is the corps of geographical engineers—a small band of officers charged with the special duty of reducing maps and plans which staff officers

may have drawn. The members of this corps are usually employed on the great surveys of the empire; and having had the opportunity of inspecting many of the maps which owe to them their existence, we can vouch for the accuracy, as well as for the extreme beauty, of their execution.

Preliminary to joining the staff corps, either as an officer or as an attaché, the candidate must pass two years in the staff school, to which he is admitted after two years' service with his regiment, provided he be unmarried, and between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-six. The school is small, containing not more than thirty students, of whom fifteen pass out every year. The studies are directed by seven professors, of whom all, except the teacher of French, are military men. The subjects taught do not appear to be numerous; but they are such as it behoves a staff officer thoroughly to understand. In the first year candidates study—1. Military drawing and the study of ground; 2. Higher tactics; 3. Staff duties; 4. French language and literature; 5. Riding. The second year is devoted to—1. Military drawing and the study of ground; 2. Military geography; 3. Principles of strategy as taught by reviews of campaigns; 4. French language and literature; 5. Riding. The entrance examination is strictly competitive, and the place of the officer in the corps is assigned to him on quitting the school according to the estimate which has been formed of his fitness in all respects to serve the State usefully. "We try," said the correspondent of the *Commissioners*, "to estimate the whole man, whether he will make a good 'Colonnen Führer' (or leader of a column);" a wise method, which, when our own staff school is formed, cannot be too strongly recommended for imitation to its managers.

It is with extreme regret that we find ourselves compelled to omit all notice of the admirable machinery wherewith the Austrian Government seeks not only to awaken and cultivate the intellects of that large body of men whom it employs as non-commissioned officers in its army,

but to connect the classes of officers and "non-commissioned" officers together by a chain of sympathy which cannot be broken. We wish that we could even transcribe the chart of Austrian military schools which the Commissioners have appended to their report. It would then be seen at a single glance how, from twelve lower houses of education, in each of which two hundred boys are maintained, four cadet-houses, with their two hundred youths respectively, are fed, and how these four cadet-houses feed in part, though not entirely, four higher academies, of one of which we have taken no notice, because it trains young men for the service of the navy. It would further appear how subordinate to these schools for officers, and by various "threads interlaced with them, is established one upper house of education, containing two thousand four hundred aspirant non-commissioned officers, who go off, as circumstances direct, to school companies of the infantry, of the cavalry of the frontier regiments, of the artillery, of the engineers, of the pioneers of the flotilla, and of the marine. Nor must we forget to particularise the normal school which trains at Wiener-Neustadt sixty non-commissioned officers to become teachers in these minor schools. But it would be hopeless to think of approaching the subject. It is too large to be handled in detail. It is by far too important to bear abridgment. We can only recommend it to the careful study of such of our readers as take any interest in the investigation of a problem, of all that have in modern times occupied the attention of thoughtful men certainly not the least important.

The last Continental country visited by the Commissioners was Piedmont, or, as it is called in the report, Sardinia. They appear to have devoted less time to this part of their subject than to others, and to have been less favoured by circumstances. Indeed it would seem, from their account of the matter, that the military institutions of Piedmont are still in a transition state, for which reason, as well as because of the limited scale on which they are framed, they demand but brief notice at our hands.

There is at Turin a general military college, into which lads are admitted from fourteen years of age and upwards, and of which the common course comprehends four years, with one additional year for young men selected for the service of the artillery and engineers. Admission to this, the *Regia Accademia Militare*, is by nomination from the Crown; and the establishment, which appears never to be full, is fixed at two hundred students. About half of these are partially supported by the State, on the principle of the semi-bourses in France, with this marked difference between the two systems, that whereas in France bourses and semi-bourses are thrown open to competition, in Piedmont they are the free gift of the Crown to the sons of men who have served the State faithfully in civil or military life.

Besides the *Accademia Militare*, Piedmont has its practical school of artillery and engineers, to which officers, after receiving their commissions, repair, and in which they are supposed to spend two years. The subjects taught are—1. Mineralogy and metallurgy; 2. Introduction to applied mechanics; 3. Theory of the combustion of gunpowder and projectiles; 4. Use of artillery, construction of batteries; service in the field; 5. Permanent fortification; 6. Military bridges; 7. Artillery material; 8. Manufacture of arms and pyrotechnics. All these are studied in common by officers of artillery and engineers. The latter are specially instructed over and above in—1. Civil and military architecture; 2. Topography; 3. Geology. The artillery and engineer services appear to be great favourites with the Piedmontese, and are officered chiefly by the more aristocratic classes of society. They are both admirable of their kind. The staff seems to be less sought after; and the education given to candidates for the corps is in consequence less perfect. Indeed, the whole course at the staff school extends over little more than eleven months, of which six are devoted to theoretical study, and five to practical. Topography and plan-drawing, preceded by the necessary lectures in arithmetic, geometry, and

trigonometry, occupy the former of these periods. The latter is devoted to the laws and customs which guide the administration of the army, and to riding.

But the point which most distinguishes the military system of Piedmont from that of other nations is this, that she requires the whole of her officers, except those of the special arms, to spend a year in one or other of the military schools at Ivrea and Pinerol before they can attain the rank of captain. The school of Ivrea is for infantry, that of Pinerol for cavalry; and a mixed class, for the benefit of officers raised from the ranks, has recently been added to the former. Practical subjects are chiefly studied in these schools, as, for example, drill, fencing, exercise, with different arms, musketry, regulations and accounts of the army; but topography, field-fortification, and the secondary operations of war, are added, in each of which the subaltern, before he is considered eligible for promotion, must pass an examination.

To maintain and render effective the several establishments here enumerated, the four countries visited by the Commissioners submit to a very large outlay. Austria, as we have shown, expends about £400,000 a-year in this manner; of which enormous sum £127,000 appears to be devoted to the education of officers exclusively. In France the annual expenditure amounts to £72,000, of which £42,000 is absorbed by the education of officers alone; while in Prussia, a much poorer country than France, the training of officers requires the outlay of £26,000. In England we have our two depart-

ments at Sandhurst—the junior for cadets, the senior for officers—with Woolwich, and Addiscombe, and Chatham, wherein young men are trained for the artillery and engineer services by the Crown, and by the East India Company. Yet the total annual outlay incurred by the nation (we put out of view the arrangements made by the Company) falls something short of £5000. Is it to be wondered at, if, in the Crimea and elsewhere, our armies, victorious in the field, break down for lack of skill and resources in military administration?

We hope and believe that better days are coming. After a good deal of hesitation and controversy, the inevitable result of our mixed system at headquarters, a Military Commission has been appointed, under the presidency of His Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, with instructions by the Crown to prepare a plan for the better education of officers of all arms, and especially of the Staff. The Commission is to report in detail; and we notice that one section of the promised results of its labours is already in the printer's hands. The task which we have set ourselves would be very incomplete did we not pause before taking further steps in advance till the document on Education had reached us. We must therefore crave the indulgence of our readers for a month, at the end of which we hope to lay before them, not only an outline of the measures which may be suggested by others, but our own views of what this country can and ought to do towards the accomplishment of so important a purpose.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART IV.

BY PINISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER XIII.

He who sees his heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone, viewing his life, even here, as a period but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child, sees the full stop at the end of the sentence.

LIONEL's departure was indefinitely postponed; nothing more was said of it. Meanwhile Darrell's manner towards him underwent a marked change. The previous indifference the rich kinsman had hitherto shown as to the boy's past life, and the peculiarities of his intellect and character, wholly vanished. He sought now, on the contrary, to plumb thoroughly the more hidden depths which lurk in the nature of every human being, and which, in Lionel, were the more difficult to discern from the vivacity and candour which covered with so smooth and charming a surface a pride tremulously sensitive, and an ambition that startled himself in the hours when solitude and reverie reflect upon the visions of Youth the giant outline of its own hopes.

Darrell was not dissatisfied with the results of his survey; yet often, when perhaps most pleased, a shade would pass over his countenance; and, had a woman who loved him been by to listen, she would have heard the short slight sigh which came and went too quickly for the duller sense of man's friendship to recognise it as the sound of sorrow.

In Darrell himself, thus insensibly altered, Lionel daily discovered more to charm his interest and deepen his affection. In this man's nature there were, indeed, such wondrous under-currents of sweetness, so suddenly gushing forth, so suddenly vanishing again! And exquisite in him were the traits of that sympathetic tact which the world calls fine breeding, but which comes only from a heart at once chivalrous and tender, the more bewitching in Darrell from their contrast with a manner usually cold,

and a bearing so stamped with masculine, self-willed, haughty power. Thus days went on as if Lionel had become a very child of the house. But his sojourn was in truth drawing near to a close not less abrupt and unexpected than the turn in his host's humours to which he owed the delay of his departure.

One bright afternoon, as Darrell was standing at the window of his private study, Fairthorn, who had crept in on some matter of business, looked at his countenance long and wistfully, and then, shambling up to his side, put one hand on his shoulder with a light timid touch, and, pointing with the other to Lionel, who was lying on the grass in front of the casement reading the *Fuerie Queen*, said, "Why do you take him to your heart if he does not comfort it?"

Darrell winced, and answered gently, "I did not know you were in the room. Poor Fairthorn; thank you!"

"Thank me!—what for?"

"For a kind thought. So, then, you like the boy?"

"Mayn't I like him?" asked Fairthorn, looking rather frightened; "surely you do!"

"Yes, I like him much; I am trying my best to love him. But, but!"—Darrell turned quickly, and the portrait of his father over the mantelpiece came full upon his sight—an impressive, a haunting face—sweet and gentle, yet with the high narrow brow and arched nostril of pride, with restless melancholy eyes, and an expression that revealed the delicacy of intellect, but not its power. There was something forlorn, yet imposing, in the whole effigy. As you continued to look at the countenance, the mourn-

ful attraction grew upon you. Truly a touching and a most lovable aspect. Darrell's eyes moistened.

"Yes, my father, it is so!" he said softly. "All my sacrifices were in vain. The race is not to be rebuilt! No grandchild of yours will succeed me—me, the last of the old line! Fairthorn, how can I love that boy? He may be my heir, and in his veins not a drop of my father's blood!"

"But he has the blood of your father's ancestors; and why must you think of him as your heir?—you, who, if you would but go again into the world, might yet find a fair wi—"

With such a stamp came Darrell's foot upon the floor that the holy and conjugal monosyllable dropping from Fairthorn's lips was as much cut in two as if a shark had snapt it. Un-speakably frightened, the poor man sidled away, thrust himself behind a tall reading-desk, and, peering askant from that covert, whimpered out, "Don't, don't now, don't be so awful; I did not mean to offend, but I'm always saying something I did not mean; and really you look so young still (coaxingly), and, and——"

Darrell, the burst of rage over, had sunk upon a chair, his face bowed over his hands, and his breast heaving as if with suppressed sobs.

The musician forgot his fear; he sprang forward, almost upsetting the tall desk; he flung himself on his knees at Darrell's feet, and exclaimed

in broken words, "Master, master, forgive me! Beast that I was! Do look up—do smile, or else beat me—kick me."

Darrell's right hand slid gently from his face, and fell into Fairthorn's clasp.

"Hush, hush," muttered the man of granite; "one moment, and it will be over."

One moment? That might be but a figure of speech; yet before Lionel had finished half the canto that was plunging him into fairyland, Darrell was standing by him with his ordinary tranquil mien; and Fairthorn's flute from behind the boughs of a neighbouring lime-tree was breathing out an air as dulcet as if careless Fauns still piped in Arcady, and Grief were a far dweller on the other side of the mountains, of whom shepherds, reclining under summer leaves, speak as we speak of hydras and unicorns, and things in fable.

On, on swelled the mellow, mellow, witching music; and now the worn man with his secret sorrow, and the boy with his frank glad laugh, are passing away, side by side, over the turf, with its starry and golden wild-flowers, under the boughs in yon Druid copse, from which they start the ringdove—farther and farther, still side by side, now out of sight, as if the dense green of the summer had closed around them like waves. But still the flute sounds on, and still they hear it, softer and softer as they go. Hark! do you not hear it—you?

CHAPTER XIV.

There are certain events which to each man's life are as comets to the earth, seemingly strange and erratic portents: distinct from the ordinary lights which guide our course and mark our seasons, yet true to their own laws, potent in their own influences. Philosophy speculates on their effects, and disputes upon their uses; men who do not philosophise regard them as special messengers and bodes of evil.

They came out of the little park into a by-lane; a vast tract of common land, yellow with furze, and undulated with swell and hollow spreading in front; to their right the dark beechwoods, still beneath the weight of the July noon. Lionel had been talking about the *Fuerie Queen*, knight-errantry, the sweet impossible dream-life that, safe from Time, glides by bower and hall,

through magic forests and by witching caves, in the world of poet-books. And Darrell listened, and the flute-notes mingled with the atmosphere faint and far off, like voices from that world itself.

Out then they came, this broad waste land before them; and Lionel said merrily,

"But this is the very scene! Here the young knight, leaving his father's

hall, would have checked his *destrier*, glancing wistfully now over that green wild which seems so boundless, now to the 'umbrageous horror' of those breathless woodlands, and questioned himself which way to take for adventure."

"Yes," said Darrell, coming out from his long reserve on all that concerned his past life—"Yes, and the gold of the gorse-blossoms tempted me; and I took the waste land." He paused a moment, and renewed: "And then, when I had known cities and men, and snatched romance from dull matter-of-fact, then I would have done as civilisation does with romance itself—I would have enclosed the waste land for my own aggrandisement. Look," he continued, with a sweep of the hand round the width of prospect, "all that you see to the verge of the horizon, some fourteen years ago, was to have been thrown into the petty paddock we have just quitted, and serve as park round the house I was then building. Vanity of human wishes! What but the several proportions of their common folly distinguishes the baffled squire from the arrested conqueror? Man's characteristic cerebral organ must certainly be acquisitiveness."

"Was it his organ of acquisitiveness that moved Themistocles to boast that 'he could make a small state great?'"

"Well remembered—ingeniously quoted," returned Darrell, with the polite bend of his stately head. "Yes, I suspect that the coveting organ had much to do with the boast. To build a name was the earliest dream of Themistocles, if we are to accept the anecdote that makes him say, 'The trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep.' To build a name, or to create a fortune, are but varying applications of one human passion. The desire of something we have not, is the first of our childish remembrances; it matters not what form it takes, what object it longs for; still it is to acquire; it never deserts us while we live."

"And yet, if I might, I should like to ask, what you now desire that you do not possess!"

"I—nothing; but I spoke of the living! I am dead. Only," added

Darrell, with his silvery laugh, "I say, as poor Chesterfield said before me, 'it is a secret—keep it.'"

Lionel made no reply; the melancholy of the words saddened him; but Darrell's manner repelled the expression of sympathy or of interest; and the boy fell into conjecture—what had killed to the world this man's intellectual life?

And thus silently they continued to wander on till the sound of the flute had long been lost to their ears. Was the musician playing still!

At length they came round to the other end of Fawley village, and Darrell again became animated.

"Perhaps," said he, returning to the subject of talk that had been abruptly suspended—"perhaps the love of power is at the origin of each restless courtship of Fortune; yet, after all, who has power with less alloy than the villagethane? With so little effort, so little thought, the man in the manor-house can make men in the cottage happier here below, and more fit for a hereafter yonder. In leaving the world I come from contest and pilgrimage, like our sires the Crusaders, to reign at home."

As he spoke, he entered one of the cottages. An old paralytic man was seated by the fire, hot though the July sun was out of doors; and his wife, of the same age, and almost as helpless, was reading to him a chapter in the Old Testament—the fifth chapter in Genesis, containing the genealogy, age, and death of the patriarchs before the Flood. How the faces of the couple brightened when Darrell entered. "Master Guy!" said the old man, tremulously rising. The world-weary orator and lawyer was still Master Guy to him.

"Sit down, Matthew, and let me read you a chapter." Darrell took the Holy Book, and read the Sermon on the Mount. Never had Lionel heard anything like that reading; the feeling which brought out the depth of the sense, the tones, sweeter than the flute, which clothed the divine words in music. As Darrell ceased, some beauty seemed gone from the day. He lingered a few minutes, talking kindly and familiarly, and then turned into another cot-

tage, where lay a sick woman. He listened to her ailments, promised to send her something to do her good from his own stores, cheered up her spirits, and, leaving her happy, turned to Lionel with a glorious smile, that seemed to ask, "And is there not power in this?"

But it was the sad peculiarity of this remarkable man, that all his moods were subject to rapid and seemingly unaccountable variations. It was as if some great blow had fallen on the mainspring of his organisation, and left its original harmony broken up into fragments, each impressive in itself, but running one into the other with an abrupt discord, as a harp played upon by the winds. For, after this evident effort at self-consolation or self-support, in soothing or strengthening others, suddenly Darrell's head fell again upon his breast, and he walked on, up the village lane, heeding no longer either the open doors of expectant cottagers, or the salutation of humble passers-by. "And I could have been so happy here!" he said suddenly. "Can I not be so yet? Ay, perhaps, when I am thoroughly old—tied to the world but by the thread of an hour. Old men do seem happy; behind them, all memories faint, save those of childhood and sprightly youth; before them, the narrow ford, and the sun dawning up the clouds on the other shore. 'Tis the critical descent into age in which man is surely most troubled; griefs gone, still rankling; nor, strength yet in his limbs, passion yet in his heart, reconciled to what loom nearest in the prospect—the arm-chair and the palsied head. Well! life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join into each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when, lo! as the infant claps his hands, and cries, 'See, see! the puzzle is made out!' all the pieces are swept back into the box—black box with the gilded nails. Ho! Lionel, look up; there is our village Church, and here, close at my right, the Churchyard!"

Now while Darrell and his young companion were directing their gaze to the right of the village lane, towards the small grey church—

towards the sacred burial-ground in which, here and there amongst humbler graves, stood the monumental stone inscribed to the memory of some former Darrell, for whose remains the living sod had been preferred to the family vault; while both slowly neared the funeral spot, and leant, silent and musing, over the rail that fenced it from the animals turned to graze on the sward of the surrounding green,—a foot-traveller, a stranger in the place, loitered on the threshold of the small wayside inn, about fifty yards off to the left of the lane, and looked hard at the still figures of the two kinsmen.

Turning then to the hostess, who was standing somewhat within the threshold, a glass of brandy-and-water in her hand (the third glass that stranger had called for during his half-hour's rest in the hostelry), quoth the man—

"The taller gentleman yonder is surely your squire, is it not? but who is the shorter and younger person?"

The landlady put forth her head.

"Oh! that is a relation of the squire's down on a visit, sir. I heard coachman say that the squire's taken to him hugely; and they do think at the hall that the young gentleman will be his heir."

"Aha!—indeed—his heir! What is the lad's name? What relation can he be to Mr Darrell?"

"I don't know what relation exactly, sir; but he is one of the Houghtons, and they've been kin to the Fawley folks time out of mind."

"Houghton!—aha! Thank you, ma'am. Change, if you please."

The stranger tossed off his dram, and stretched his hand for his change.

"Beg pardon, sir, but this must be forring money," said the landlady, turning a five-franc piece on her palm with suspicious curiosity.

"Foreign! is it possible?" The stranger dived again into his pocket, and apparently with some difficulty hunted out half-a-crown.

"Sixpence more, if you please, sir; three brandies, and bread-and-cheese, and the ale too, sir."

"How stupid I am! I thought that French coin was a five-shilling piece. I fear I have no English money about me but this half-crown; and I

can't ask you to trust me, as you don't know me."

"Oh, sir, 'tis all one if you know the squire. You may be passing this way again."

"I shall not forget my debt when I do, you may be sure," said the stranger; and, with a nod, he walked away in the same direction as Darrell and Lionel had already taken—through a turnstile by a public path that, skirting the churchyard and the neighbouring parsonage, led along a cornfield to the demesnes of Fawley.

The path was narrow, the corn rising on either side, so that two persons could not well walk abreast. Lionel was some paces in advance, Darrell walking slow. The stranger followed at a distance; once or twice he quickened his pace, as if resolved to overtake Darrell; then, apparently, his mind misgave him, and he again fell back.

There was something furtive and sinister about the man. Little could be seen of his face, for he wore a large hat of foreign make, slouched deep over his brow, and his lips and jaw were concealed by a dark and full mustache and beard. As much of the general outline of the countenance as remained distinguishable was, nevertheless, decidedly handsome; but a complexion naturally rich in colour, seemed to have gained the heated look which comes with the earlier habits of intemperance, before it fades into the leaden hues of the later.

His dress bespoke pretension to a certain rank; but its component parts were strangely ill-assorted, out of date, and out of repair: pearl-coloured trousers, with silk braids down their sides; brodequins to match—Parisian fashion three years back, but the trousers shabby, the braiding discoloured, the brodequins in holes. The coat—once a black evening-dress coat—of a cut a year or two anterior to that of the trousers; satin facings—cloth napless, satin stained. Over all, a sort of summer travelling-cloak, or rather large cape of a waterproof silk, once the extreme mode with the Lions of the *Chaussée d'Antin* whenever they ventured to rove to Swiss cantons or

German spas; but which, from a certain dainty effeminacy in its shape and texture, required the minutest elegance in the general costume of its wearer as well as the cleanliest purity in itself. Worn by this traveller, and well-nigh worn out too, the cape became a finery, mournful as a tattered pennon over a wreck.

Yet in spite of this dress, however unbecoming, shabby, obsolete, a second glance could scarcely fail to note the wearer as a man wonderfully well shaped—tall, slender in the waist, long of limb, but with a girth of chest that showed immense power—one of those rare figures that a female eye would admire for grace—a recruiting sergeant for athletic strength.

But still the man's whole bearing and aspect, even apart from the dismal incongruities of his attire, which gave him the air of a beggared spendthrift, marred the favourable effect that physical comeliness in itself produces. Difficult to describe how—difficult to say why—but there is a look which a man gets, and a gait which he contracts, when the rest of mankind cut him; and this man had that look and that gait.

"So, so," muttered the stranger. "That boy his heir!—so, so. How can I get to speak to him? In his own house he would not see me: it must be as now, in the open air; but how catch him alone? and to lurk in the inn, in his own village—perhaps for a day—to watch an occasion; impossible! Besides, where is the money for it? Courage, courage!" He quickened his pace, pushed back his hat. "Courage! Why not now? Now or never!"

While the man thus mutteringly soliloquised, Lionel had reached the gate which opened into the grounds of Fawley, just in the rear of the little lake. Over the gate he swung himself lightly, and, turning back to Darrell, cried, "Here is the doe waiting to welcome you."

Just as Darrell, scarcely heeding the exclamation, and with his musing eyes on the ground, approached the gate, a respectful hand opened it wide, a submissive head bowed low, a voice artificially soft faltered forth words, broken and indistinct, but of

which those most audible were,—
“Pardon me—something to communicate—important—hear me.”

Darrell started—just as the traveller almost touched him—started—recoiled, as one on whose path rises a wild beast. His bended head became erect, haughty, indignant, defying; but his cheek was pale, and his lip quivered. “You here! You in England—at Fawley! You presume to accost me! You, sir, you—”

Lionel just caught the sound of the voice as the doe had come timidly up to him. He turned round sharply, and beheld Darrell’s stern, imperious countenance, on which, stern and imperious though it was, a hasty glance could discover, at once, a surprise, that almost bordered upon fear. Of the stranger still holding the gate he saw but the back, and his voice he did not hear, though by the man’s gesture he was evidently replying. Lionel paused a moment irresolute; but as the man continued to speak, he saw Darrell’s face grow paler and paler, and in the impulse of a vague alarm he hastened towards him; but just within three feet of the spot, Darrell arrested his steps.

“Go home, Lionel; this person would speak to me in private.” Then, in a lower tone, he said to the stranger, “Close the gate, sir; you are standing upon the land of my fathers. If you would speak with me, this way;” and brushing through the corn, Darrell strode towards a patch of waste land that adjoined the field: the man followed him, and both passed from Lionel’s eyes. The doe had come to the gate to greet her master; she now rested her nostrils on the bar, with a look disappointed and plaintive.

“Come,” said Lionel, “come.”
The doe would not stir.

So the boy walked on alone, not much occupied with what had just passed. “Doubtless,” thought he, “some person in the neighbourhood upon country business.”

He skirted the lake, and seated himself on a garden bench near the house. What did he there think of?—who knows? Perhaps of the Great World; perhaps of little Sophy! Time fled on: the sun was receding in the west, when Darrell hurried past him without speaking, and entered the house.

The host did not appear at dinner, nor all that evening. Mr Mills made an excuse—Mr Darrell did not feel very well.

Fairthorn had Lionel all to himself, and having within the last few days reindulged in open cordiality to the young guest, he was especially communicative that evening. He talked much on Darrell, and with all the affection that, in spite of his fear, the poor flute-player felt for his ungracious patron. He told many anecdotes of the stern man’s tender kindness to all that came within its sphere. He told also anecdotes more striking of the kind man’s sternness where some obstinate prejudice, some ruling passion, made him “granite.”

“Lord, my dear young sir,” said Fairthorn, “be his most bitter open enemy, and fall down in the mire, the first hand to help you would be Guy Darrell’s; but be his professed friend, and betray him to the worth of a straw, and never try to see his face again if you are wise—the most forgiving and the least forgiving of human beings. But—”

The study door noiselessly opened, and Darrell’s voice called out,

“Fairthorn, let me speak with you.”

CHAPTER XV.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

The next morning, neither Darrell nor Fairthorn appeared at breakfast; but as soon as Lionel had concluded that meal, Mr Mills informed him, with customary politeness, that Mr

Darrell wished to speak with him in the study. Study, across the threshold of which Lionel had never yet set footstep! He entered it now with a sentiment of mingled curiosity and

awe. Nothing in it remarkable, save the portrait of the host's father over the mantelpiece. Books strewed tables, chairs, and floors in the disorder loved by habitual students. Near the window was a glass bowl containing gold fish, and close by, in its cage, a singing-bird. Darrell might exist without companionship in the human species, but not without something which he protected and cherished—a bird—even a fish.

Darrell looked really ill ; his keen eye was almost dim, and the lines in his face seemed deeper. But he spoke with his usual calm passionless melody of voice.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Lionel's really anxious inquiry ; "I am ill. Idle persons like me give way to illness. When I was a busy man, I never did ; and then illness gave way to me. My general plans are thus, if not actually altered, at least hurried to their consummation sooner than I expected. Before you came here, I told you to come soon, or you might not find me. I meant to go abroad this summer ; I shall now start at once. I need the change of scene and air. You will return to London to-day."

"To-day ! You are not angry with me ?"

"Angry ! boy, and cousin—no !" resumed Darrell in a tone of unusual tenderness. "Angry — fie ! But since the parting must be, 'tis well to abridge the pain of long farewells. You must wish, too, to see your mother, and thank her for rearing you up so that you may step from poverty into ease with a head erect. You will give to Mrs Haughton this letter : for yourself, your inclinations seem to tend towards the army. But before you decide on that career, I should like you to see something more of the world. Call to-morrow on Colonel Morley, in Curzon Street : this is his address. He will receive by to-day's post a note from me, requesting him to advise you. Follow his counsels in what belongs to the world. He is a man of the world—a distant connection of mine—who will be kind to you for my sake. Is there more to say ? Yes. It seems an ungracious speech ; but I should speak it. Consider yourself sure from

me of an independent income. Never let idle sycophants lead you into extravagance, by telling you that you will have more. But indulge not the expectation, however plausible, that you will be my heir."

"Mr Darrell—oh, sir—"

"Hush—the expectation would be reasonable ; but I am a strange being. I might marry again—have heirs of my own. Eh, sir—why not ?" Darrell spoke these last words almost fiercely, and fixed his eyes on Lionel as he repeated—"why not ?" But seeing that the boy's face evinced no surprise, the expression of his own relaxed, and he continued calmly—"Eno ; what I have thus rudely said was kindly meant. It is a treason to a young man to let him count on a fortune which at last is left away from him. Now, Lionel, go ; enjoy your spring of life ! Go, hopeful and light-hearted. If sorrow reach you, battle with it ; if error mislead you, come fearlessly to me for counsel. Why, boy—what is this—tears ? Tut, tut."

"It is your goodness," faltered Lionel. "I cannot help it. And is there nothing I can do for you in return ?"

"Yes, much. Keep your name free from stain, and your heart open to such noble emotions as awaken tears like those. Ah, by the by, I heard from my lawyer to-day about your poor little *protegee*. Not found yet, but he seems sanguine of quick success. You shall know the moment I hear more."

"You will write to me then, sir, and I may write to you ?"

"As often as you please. Always direct to me here."

"Shall you be long abroad ?"

Darrell's brows met. "I don't know," said he curtly. "Adieu."

He opened the door as he spoke.

Lionel looked at him with wistful yearning, filial affection, through his swimming eyes. "God bless you, sir," he murmured simply, and passed away.

"That blessing should have come from me !" said Darrell to himself, as he turned back, and stood on his solitary hearth. "But they on whose heads I once poured a blessing, where are they—where ? And that man's

tale, reviving the audacious fable which the other, and I verily believe the less guilty knave of the two, sought to palm on me years ago! Stop; let me weigh well what he said. If it were true! if it were true! Oh, shame, shame!"

Folding his arms tightly on his breast, Darrell paced the room with slow measured strides, pondering deeply. He was, indeed, seeking

to suppress feeling, and to exercise only judgment; and his reasoning process seemed at length fully to satisfy him, for his countenance gradually cleared, and a triumphant smile passed across it. "A lie—certainly a palpable and gross lie: lie it must and shall be. Never will I accept it as truth. Father (looking full at the portrait over the mantel-shelf), father, fear not—never—never!"

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

Certes, the Lizard is a shy and timorous creature. He runs into chinks and crannies if you come too near to him, and sheds his very tail for fear, if you catch it by the tip. He has not his being in good society—no one cages him, no one pets. He is an idle vagrant. But when he steals through the green herbage, and basks un molested in the sun, he crowds perhaps as much enjoyment into one summer hour as a parrot, however pampered and crudite, spreads over a whole drawing-room life spent in saying, "How d'ye do?" and "Pretty Poll."

On that dull and sombre summer morning in which the grandfather and grandchild departed from the friendly roof of Mr Merle, very dull and very sombre were the thoughts of little Sophy. She walked slowly behind the grey cripple who had need to lean so heavily on his staff, and her eye had not even a smile for the golden buttercups that glittered on dewy meads alongside the barren road.

Thus had they proceeded apart and silent till they had passed the second milestone. There, Waife, rousing from his own reveries, which were perhaps yet more dreary than those of the dejected child, halted abruptly, passed his hand once or twice rapidly over his forehead, and turning round to Sophy, looked into her face with great kindness as she came slowly to his side.

"You are sad, little one!" said he.

"Very sad, Grandy."

"And displeased with me? Yes, displeased that I have taken you suddenly away from the pretty young gentleman who was so kind to you, without encouraging the chance that you were to meet with him again."

"It was not like you, Grandy," answered Sophy; and her under-lip slightly pouted, while the big tear swelled to her eye.

"True," said the vagabond; "anything resembling common sense is

not like me. But don't you think that I did what I felt was best for you? Must I not have some good cause for it, whenever I have the heart deliberately to vex you?"

Sophy took his hand and pressed it, but she could not trust herself to speak, for she felt that at such effort she would have burst out into hearty crying. Then Waife proceeded to utter many of those wise sayings, old as the hills, and as high above our sorrows as hills are from the valley in which we walk. He said how foolish it was to trouble the mind by preposterous fancies and impossible hopes. The pretty young gentleman could never be anything to her, nor she to the pretty young gentleman. It might be very well for the pretty young gentleman to promise to correspond with her, but as soon as he returned to his friends, he would have other things to think of, and she would soon be forgotten; while she, on the contrary, would be thinking of him, and the Thames, and the butterflies, and find hard life still more irksome. Of all this, and much more, in the general way of consolers who set out on the principle that grief is a matter of logic, did Gentleman Waife deliver himself with a vigour of ratiocination which admitted of no reply, and conveyed not a particle of comfort. And feeling this, that great Actor—not that he was acting then—suddenly stopped, clasped the

child in his arms, and murmured in broken accents—"But if I see you thus cast down, I shall have no strength left to hobble on through the world; and the sooner I lie down, and the dust is shovelled over me, why, the better for you; for it seems that Heaven sends you friends, and I tear you from them."

And then Sophy fairly gave way to her sobs: she twined her little arms round the old man's neck convulsively, kissed his rough face with imploring pathetic fondness, and forced out through her tears, "Don't talk so! I've been ungrateful and wicked. I don't care for any one but my own dear, dear Grandy."

After this little scene, they both composed themselves, and felt much lighter of heart. They pursued their journey—no longer apart, but side by side, and the old man leaning, though very lightly, on the child's arm. But there was no immediate reaction from gloom to gaiety. Waife began talking in softened under-tones, and vaguely, of his own past afflictions; and partial as was the reference, how vast did the old man's sorrows seem beside the child's regrets; and yet he commented on them as if rather in pitying her state than grieving for his own.

"Ah, at your age, my darling, I had not your troubles and hardships. I had not to trudge these dusty roads on foot with a broken-down good-for-nothing scattling. I trod rich carpets, and slept under silken curtains. I took the air in gay carriages—*I* such a scapegrace—and you little child—you so good! All gone, all melted away from me, and not able now to be sure that you will have a crust of bread this day week."

"Oh, yes! I shall have bread and you too, Grandy," cried Sophy with cheerful voice. "It was you who taught me to pray to God, and said that in all your troubles God had been good to you; and He has been so good to me since I prayed to Him; for I have no dreadful Mrs Crane to beat me now, and say things more hard to bear than beating—and you have taken me to yourself. How I prayed for that. And I take care of you too, Grandy—don't I? I prayed for *that* too; and as to carriages,"

added Sophy with superb air, "I don't care if I am never in a carriage as long as I live; and you know I *have* been in a van, which is bigger than a carriage, and I didn't like that at all. But how came people to behave so ill to you, Grandy?"

"I never said people behaved ill to me, Sophy."

"Did not they take away the carpets and silk curtains, and all the fine things you had as a little boy?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Waife, with a puzzled look, "that people actually took them away—but they melted away. However, I had much still to be thankful for—I was so strong, and had such high spirits, Sophy, and found people not behaving ill to me—quite the contrary—so kind. I found no Crane (she monster) as you did, my little angel. Such prospects before me, if I had walked straight towards them. But I followed my own fancy, which led me zigzag; and now that I would stray back into the high-road, you see before you a man whom a Justice of the Peace could send to the treadmill for presuming to live without a livelihood."

SOPHY.—"Not without a livelihood!—the what did you call it?—independent income—that is, the Three Pounds, Grandy?"

WAIFFE (admiringly).—"Sensible child. That is true. Yes, Heaven is very good to me still. Ah! what signifies fortune! How happy I was with my dear Lizzy, and yet no two persons could live more from hand to mouth."

SOPHY (rather jealously).—"Lizzy?"

WAIFFE (with moistened eyes, and looking down).—"My wife. She was only spared to me two years—such sunny years! And how grateful I ought to be that she did not live longer. She was saved—such—such—such shame and misery!" A long pause.

Waife resumed, with a rush from memory, as if plucking himself from the claws of a harpy—"What's the good of looking back! A man's gone self is a dead thing. It is not I—now tramping this road, with you to

lean upon—whom I see, when I would turn to look behind on that which I once was—it is another being, defunct and buried; and when I say to myself, ‘that being did so and so,’ it is like reading an epitaph on a tombstone. So, at last, solitary and hopeless, I came back to my own land; and I found you—a blessing greater than I had ever dared to count on. And how was I to maintain you, and take you from that long-nosed alligator called Crane, and put you in womanly gentle hands?—for I never thought then of subjecting you to all you have since undergone with me. I who did not know one useful thing in life by which a man can turn a penny. And then, as I was all alone in a village alehouse, on my way back from—it does not signify from what, or from whence, but I was disappointed and despairing—Providence mercifully threw in my way—Mr Rugge—and ordained me to be of great service to that ruffian—and that ruffian of great use to me.”

SOPHY.—“Ah, how was that?”

WAIFE.—“It was fair-time in the village wherein I stopped, and Rugge’s principal actor was taken off by *delirium tremens*, which is Latin for a disease common to men who eat little and drink much. Rugge came into the alehouse, bemoaning his loss. A bright thought struck me. Once in my day I had been used to acting. I offered to try my chance on Mr Rugge’s stage; he caught at me—I at him. I succeeded; we came to terms, and my little Sophy was thus taken from that ringleted crocodile, and placed with Christian females who wore caps and read their Bible. Is not Heaven good to

us, Sophy—and to me too—me, such a scamp!”

“And you did all that—suffered all that for me?”

“Suffered—but I liked it. And, besides, I must have done something; and there were reasons—in short, I was quite happy—no, not actually happy, but comfortable and merry. Providence gives thick hides to animals that must exist in cold climates; and to the man whom it reserves for sorrow, Providence gives a coarse, jovial temper. Then, when by a mercy I was saved from what I most disliked and dreaded, and never would have thought of but that I fancied it might be a help to you—I mean the London stage—and had that bad accident on the railway, how did it end! Oh! in saving you (and Waife closed his eyes and shuddered)—in saving your destiny from what might be much worse for you, body and soul, than the worst that has happened to you with me. And so we have been thrown together; and so you have supported me; and so, when we could exist without Mr Rugge, Providence got rid of him for us. And so we are now walking along the high-road; and through yonder trees you can catch a peep of the roof under which we are about to rest for a while; and there you will learn what I have done with the Three Pounds!”

“It is not the Spotted Boy, Grandly!”

“No,” said Waife, sighing; “the Spotted Boy is a handsome income; but let us only trust in Providence, and I should not wonder if our new acquisition proved a monstrous—”

“Monstrous!”

“Piece of good fortune.”

CHAPTER II.

The Investment revealed.

Gentleman Waife passed through a turnstile, down a narrow lane, and reached a solitary cottage. He knocked at the door; an old peasant woman opened it, and dropped him a civil curtsy. “Indeed, sir, I am glad you are come. I’ve most afeared he be dead.”

“Dead!” exclaimed Waife. “Oh Sophy, if he should be dead!”

“Who?”

Waife did not heed the question. “What makes you think him dead?” said he, fumbling in his pockets, from which he at last produced a key. “You have not been disobeying my

strict orders, and tampering with the door?"

"Lor' love ye, no, sir. But he made such a noise a fust—awful! And now he's as still as a corpse. And I did peep through the keyhole, and he was stretched stark."

"Hunger, perhaps," said the Comedian; "'tis his way when he has been kept fasting much over his usual hours. Follow me, Sophy." He put aside the woman, entered the sanded kitchen, ascended a stair that led from it; and Sophy following, stopped at a door and listened: not a sound. Timidly he unlocked the portals and crept in, when, suddenly, such a rush—such a spring, and a mass of something vehement yet soft, dingy yet whitish,

whirled past the Actor, and came pounce against Sophy, who there-with uttered a shriek. "Stop him, stop him, for heaven's sake," cried Waife. "Shut the door below—seize him." Down stairs, however, went the mass, and down stairs after it hobbled Waife, returning in a few moments with the recaptured and mysterious fugitive. "There," he cried triumphantly to Sophy, who, standing against the wall with her face buried in her frock, long refused to look up—"there—tame as a lamb, and knows me. See"—he seated himself on the floor, and Sophy, hesitatingly opening her eyes, beheld gravely gazing at her from under a profusion of shaggy locks an enormous—

CHAPTER III.

Denouement.

Poodle!

CHAPTER IV.

Zoology in connection with History.

"Walk to that young lady, sir—walk, I say." The poodle slowly rose on his hind-legs, and, with an aspect inexpressibly solemn, advanced towards Sophy, who hastily receded into the room in which the creature had been confined.

"Make a bow: *non*—a *bow*, sir; that is right: you can shake hands another time. Run down, Sophy, and ask for his dinner."

"Yes—that I will;" and Sophy flew down the stairs.

The dog, still on his hind-legs, stood in the centre of the floor, dignified, but evidently expectant.

"That will do; lie down and die. Die this moment, sir." The dog stretched himself out, closed his eyes, and to all appearance gave up the ghost. "A most splendid investment," said Waife with enthusiasm; "and, upon the whole, dog-cheap. Ho! *you* are not to bring up his dinner; it is not you who are to make friends with the dog; it is my little girl; send her up; Sophy, Sophy."

"She be fritted, sir," said the woman, holding a plate of canine comestibles; "but lauk, sir; ben't he really dead?"

"Sophy, Sophy."

"Please let me stay here, Grandy," said Sophy's voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Nonsense! it is sixteen hours since he has had a morsel to eat. And he will never bite the hand that feeds him now. Come up, I say."

Sophy slowly reascended, and Waife, summoning the poodle to life, insisted upon the child's feeding him. And indeed, when that act of charity was performed, the dog evinced his gratitude by a series of unsophisticated bounds and waggings of the tail, which gradually removed Sophy's apprehensions, and laid the foundations for that intimate friendship, which is the natural relation between child and dog.

"And how did you come by him?" asked Sophy; "and is this really the—the INVESTMENT?"

"Shut the door carefully, but see

first that the woman is not listening. Lie down, sir, there, at the feet of the young lady. Good dog. How did I come by him? I will tell you. The first day we arrived at the village which we have just left, I went into the tobacconist's. While I was buying my ounce of canaster, that dog entered the shop. In his mouth was a sixpence wrapped in paper. He lifted himself on his hind-legs, and laid his missive on the counter. The shopwoman—you know her, Mrs Traill—unfolded the paper and read the order. 'Clever dog that, sir,' said she. 'To fetch and carry?' said I indifferently. 'More than that, sir; you shall see. The order is for two-penn'orth of snuff. The dog knows he is to take back fourpence. I will give him a penny short.' So she took the sixpence and gave the dog three-pence out of it. The dog shook his head and looked gravely into her face. 'That's all you'll get,' said she. The dog shook his head again, and tapped his paw once on the counter, as much as to say, 'I am not to be done—a penny more, if you please.' 'If you won't take that, you shall have nothing,' said Mrs Traill, and she took back the three-pence."

"Dear! and what did the dog do then—snarl or bite?"

"Not so; he knew he was in his rights, and did not lower himself by showing bad temper. The dog looked quietly round, saw a basket which contained two or three pounds of candles lying in a corner for the shopboy to take to some customer; took up the basket in his mouth, and turned tail, as much as to say, 'Tit for tat then.' He understood, you see, what is called the 'law of reprisals.' 'Come back this moment,' cried Mrs Traill. The dog walked out of the shop; then she ran after him, and counted the fourpence before him, on which he dropped the basket, picked up the right change, and went off demurely. 'To whom does that poodle belong?' said I. 'To a poor drunken man,' said Mrs Traill; 'I wish it was in better hands.' 'So do I, ma'am,' answered I;—'did he teach it?' 'No, it was taught by his brother, who was an old soldier, and died in

his house two weeks ago. It knows a great many tricks, and is quite young. It might make a fortune as a show, sir.' So I was thinking. I inquired the owner's address, called on him, and found him disposed to sell the dog. But he asked £3, a sum that seemed out of the question then. Still I kept the dog in my eye; called every day to make friends with it, and ascertain its capacities. And at last, thanks to you, Sophy, I bought the dog; and what is more, as soon as I had two golden sovereigns to show, I got him for that sum, and we have still £1 left (besides small savings from our lost salaries) to go to the completion of his education, and the advertisement of his merits. I kept this a secret from Merle—from all. I would not even let the drunken owner know where I took the dog to yesterday. I brought it here, where, I learned in the village, there were two rooms to let—locked it up—and my story is told."

"But why keep it such a secret?"

"Because I don't want Rugge to trace us. He might do one mischief; because I have a grand project of genteel position and high prices for the exhibition of that dog. And why should it be known where we come from, or what we were? And because, if the owner knew where to find the dog, he might decoy it back from us. Luckily he had not made the dog so fond of him, but what, unless it be decoyed, it will accustom itself to us. And now I propose that we should stay a week or so here, and devote ourselves exclusively to developing the native powers of this gifted creature. Get out the dominoes."

"What is his name?"

"Ha! that is the first consideration. What shall be his name?"

"Has not he one already?"

"Yes—trivial and unattractive—Mop! In private life it might pass. But in public life—give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Mop, indeed!"

Therewith Mop, considering himself appealed to, rose and stretched himself.

"Right," said Gentleman Waife; "stretch yourself; you decidedly require it."

CHAPTER V.

Mop becomes a Personage. Much thought is bestowed on the verbal dignities, without which a Personage would become a Mop. The importance of names is apparent in all history. If Augustus had called himself king, Rome would have risen against him as a Tarquin; so he remained a simple equestrian, and modestly called himself Imperator. Mop chooses his own title in a most mysterious manner, and ceases to be Mop.

"The first noticeable defect in your name of Mop," said Gentleman Waife, "is, as you yourself denote, the want of elongation. Monosyllables are not imposing, and in striking compositions their meaning is elevated by periphrasis; that is to say, Sophy, that what before was a short truth, an elegant author elaborates into a long stretch."

"Certainly," said Sophy thoughtfully; "I don't think the name of Mop would draw! Still he is very like a Mop."

"For that reason the name degrades him the more, and lowers him from an intellectual phenomenon to a physical attribute, which is vulgar. I hope that that dog will enable us to rise in the Scale of Being. For whereas we in acting could only command a threepenny audience—reserved seats a shilling—he may aspire to half-crowns and dress-boxes, that is, if we can hit on a name which inspires respect. Now, although the dog is big, it is not by his size that he is to become famous, or we might call him Hercules or Goliath; neither is it by his beauty, or Adonis would not be unsuitable. It is by his superior sagacity and wisdom. And there I am puzzled to find his prototype amongst mortals; for, perhaps, it may be my ignorance of history—"

"You ignorant, indeed, grand-father!"

"But considering the innumerable millions who have lived on the earth, it is astonishing how few I can call to mind who have left behind them a proverbial renown for wisdom. There is, indeed, Solomon, but he fell off at the last; and as he belongs to sacred history, we must not take a liberty with his name. Who is there very, very, very wise besides Solomon? Think, Sophy—profane history."

SOPHY (after a musing pause).—"Puss in Boots."

"Well, he *was* wise; but then he was not human; he was a cat. Ha! Socrates. Shall we call him Socrates, Socrates, Socrates?"

SOPHY.—"Socrates, Socrates."

Mop yawned.

WAIFE.—"He don't take to Socrates—prosy!"

SOPHY.—"Ah, Mr Merle's book about the Brazen Head, *Friar Bacon*! He must have been very wise."

WAIFE.—"Not bad; mysterious, but not recondite; historical, yet familiar. What does Mop say to it? *Friar, Friar, Friar Bacon, sir—Friar.*"

SOPHY (coaxingly).—"Friar."

Mop, evidently conceiving that appeal is made to some other personage, canine or human, not present, rouses up, walks to the door, smells at the chink, returns, shakes his head, and rests on his haunches, eyeing his two friends superciliously.

SOPHY.—"He does not take to that name."

WAIFE.—"He has his reasons for it; and indeed there are many worthy persons who disapprove of anything that savours of magical practices. Mop intimates that, on entering public life, one should beware of offending the respectable prejudices of a class."

Mr Waife then, once more resorting to the recesses of scholastic memory, plucked therefrom, somewhat by the head and shoulders, sundry names revered in a bygone age. He thought of the seven wise men of Greece, but could only recall the nomenclature of two out of the seven—a sad proof of the distinction between collegiate fame and popular renown. He called Thales; he called Bion. Mop made no response. "Wonderful intelligence!" said Waife; "he knows that Thales and Bion would not draw!—obsolete."

Mop was equally mute to Aristotle. He pricked up his ears at Plato, perhaps because the sound was not wholly dissimilar from that of Ponto—a name of which he might have had vague reminiscences. The Romans not having cultivated an original philosophy, though they contrived to produce great men without it, Waife passed by that perished people. He crossed to China, and tried Confucius. Mop had evidently never heard of him. "I am at the end of my list, so far as the wise men are concerned," said Waife, wiping his forehead. "If Mop were to distinguish himself by valour, one would find heroes by the dozen—Achilles, and Hector, and Julius Caesar, and Pompey, and Buonaparte, and Alexander the Great, and the Duke of Marlborough. Or, if he wrote poetry, we could fit him to a hair. But wise men certainly are scarce, and when one has hit on a wise man's name, it is so little known to the vulgar that it would carry no more weight with it than Spot or Toby. But necessarily some name the dog must have, and take to, sympathetically."

Sophy meanwhile had extracted the dominoes from Waife's bundle, and with the dominoes an alphabet and a multiplication-table in printed capitals. As the Comedian's one eye rested upon the last, he exclaimed, "But after all, Mop's great strength will probably be in arithmetic, and the science of numbers is the root of all wisdom. Besides, every man, high and low, wants to make a fortune, and associations connected with addition and multiplication are always pleasing. Who, then, is the sage at computation most universally known? Unquestionably *Cocker*! He must take to that—*Cocker, Cocker*" (commandingly)—"*Cock-k-er*" (with persuasive sweetness.)

Mop looked puzzled; he put his head first on one side, then the other.

SOPHY (with mellifluous endearment).—"Cocker, good Cocker; Cocker dear."

BOTH.—"Cocker, Cocker, Cocker!"

Excited and bewildered, Mop put up his head, and gave vent to his perplexities in a long and lugubrious howl, to which certainly none who

heard it could have desired addition or multiplication.

"Stop this instant, sir—stop; I shoot you! You are dead—down!" Waife adjusted his staff to his shoulder gun-wise; and at the word of command, Down, Mop was on his side, stiff and lifeless. "Still," said Waife, "a name connected with profound calculation would be the most appropriate; for instance, Sir Isaac."

Before the comedian could get out the word Newton, Mop had sprung to his four feet, and, with wagging tail and wriggling back, evinced a sense of beatified recognition.

"Astounding!" said Waife, rather awed. "Can it be the name? Impossible. Sir Isaac, Sir Isaac!"

"Bow wow!" answered Mop joyously.

"If there be any truth in the doctrine of metempsychosis!" faltered Gentleman Waife, "if the great Newton could have transmigrated into that incomparable animal, Newton, Newton." To that name, made no obeisance, but, evidently careless, less, walked round the room, smelling at every corner, and turning to look back with inquisitive earnestness at his new master.

"He does not seem to catch at the name of Newton," said Waife, trying it thrice again, and vainly, "and yet he seems extremely well versed in the principle of gravity. Sir Isaac!" The dog bounded towards him, put his paws on his shoulder, and licked his face. "Just cut out those figures carefully, my dear, and see if we can get him to tell us how much twelve ten are. I mean by addressing him as Sir Isaac."

Sophy cut the figures from the multiplication-table, and arranged them, at Waife's instruction, in a circle on the floor. "Now, Sir Isaac," Mop lifted a paw, and walked deliberately round the letters, "Now, Sir Isaac, how much are ten times two?" Mop deliberately made his survey and calculation, and, pausing at twenty, stooped, and took the letters in his mouth.

"It is not natural," cried Sophy, much alarmed. "It must be wicked, and I'd rather have nothing to do with it, please."

"Silly child. He was but obeying

my sign. He had been taught that trick already under the name of Mop. The only strange thing is, that he should do it also under the name of Sir Isaac, and much more cheerfully too. However, whether he has been the great Newton or not, a live dog is better than a dead lion. But it is clear that, in acknowledging the name of Sir Isaac, he does not encourage us to take that of Newton—and he is right; for it might be thought unbecoming to apply to an animal, however extraordinary, who by the severity of fortune is compelled to exhibit his talents for a small pecuniary reward, the family name of so great a Philosopher. Sir Isaac, after all, is a vague appellation—any dog has a right to be Sir Isaac—Newton may be left conjectural. Let us see if we can add to our arithmetical information. Look at me, Sir Isaac.” Sir Isaac looked, and grinned affectionately; and under that title learned a new combination with a facility that might have relieved Sophy’s mind of all superstitious belief that the philosopher was resuscitated in the dog, had she known that in life that great master of calculations the most abstruse could not accurately cast up a simple sum in addition. Nothing brought him to the end of his majestic tether like dot and carry one. Notable type of our human incompleteness, where men might deem our studies had made us most complete! Notable type, too, of that grandest order of all human genius which seems to arrive at results by intuition, which a child might pose by a row of figures on a slate—while it is solving the laws that link the stars to infinity! But *revenons à nos moutons*, what the astral attraction that uncontestably bound the reminiscences of Mop to the cognominal distinction of Sir Isaac? I had prepared a very erudite and subtle treatise upon this query, enlivened by quotations from the ancient Mystics—such as Iamblichus and Proclus, as well as by a copious reference to the doctrine of the more modern Spiritualists, from Sir Kenelm Digby and Swedenborg, to Monsieur Cahagnet and Judge Edwards: it was to be called Inquiry into the Law of Affinities, by Philomopsos: when

unluckily for my treatise, I arrived at the knowledge of a fact which, though it did not render the treatise less curious, knocked on the head the theory upon which it was based. The baptismal name of the old soldier, Mop’s first proprietor and earliest preceptor, was Isaac; and his master being called in the homely household by that Christian name, the sound had entered into Mop’s youngest and most endeared associations. His canine affections had done much towards ripening his scholastic education. “Where is Isaac?” “Call Isaac!” “Fetch Isaac his hat,” &c. &c. Stilled was that name when the old soldier died; but when heard again, Mop’s heart was moved, and in missing the old master, he felt more at home with the new. As for the title, “Sir,” it was a mere expletive in his ears. Such was the fact, and such the deduction to be drawn from it. Not that it will satisfy every one. I know that philosophers who deny all that they have not witnessed, and refuse to witness what they resolve to deny, will reject the story *in toto*; and will prove, by reference to their own dogs, that a dog never recognises the name of his master—never yet could be taught arithmetic. I know also that there are Mystics who will prefer to believe that Mop was in direct spiritual communication with unseen Isaacs, or in a state of clairvoyance, or under the influence of the odic fluid. But did we ever yet find in human reason a question with only one side to it? Is not truth a polygon? Have not sages arisen in our day to deny even the principle of gravity, for which we had been so long contentedly taking the word of the great Sir Isaac? It is that blessed spirit of controversy which keeps the world going; and it is that which, perhaps, explains why Mr Waife, when his memory was fairly put to it, could remember, out of the history of the myriads who have occupied our planet from the date of Adam to that in which I now write, so very few men whom the world will agree to call wise, and out of that very few so scant a percentage with names sufficiently known to make them more popularly significant of pre-eminent sagacity than if they had been called—Mops.

CHAPTER VI.

The Vagrant having got his dog, proceeds to hunt Fortune with it, leaving behind him a trap to catch rats. What the trap does catch is "just like his luck !"

Sir Isaac, to designate him by his new name, improved much upon acquaintance. He was still in the ductile season of youth, and took to learning as an amusement to himself. His last master, a stupid sot, had not gained his affections—and perhaps even the old soldier, though gratefully remembered and mourned, had not stolen into his innermost heart, as Waife and Sophy gently contrived to do. In short, in a very few days he became perfectly accustomed and extremely attached to them. When Waife had ascertained the extent of his accomplishments, and added somewhat to their range in matters which cost no great trouble, he applied himself to the task of composing a little drama, which might bring them all into more interesting play, and in which, though Sophy and himself were performers, the dog had the *premier rôle*. And as soon as this was done, and the dog's performances thus ranged into methodical order and sequence, he resolved to set off to a considerable town at some distance, and to which Mr Rugge was no visitor.

His bill at the cottage made but slight inroad into his pecuniary resources : for in the intervals of leisure from his instructions to Sir Isaac, Waife had performed various little services to the lone widow with whom they lodged, which Mrs Saunders (such was her name) insisted upon regarding as money's worth. He had repaired and regulated to a minute an old clock which had taken no note of time for the last three years ; he had mended all the broken crockery by some cement of his own invention, and for which she got him the materials. And here his ingenuity was remarkable, for when there was only a fragment to be found of a cup, and a fragment or two of a saucer, he united them both into some pretty form, which, if not useful, at all events looked well on a shelf. He bound, in smart showy papers, sundry

tattered old books which had belonged to his landlady's defunct husband, a Scotch gardener, and which she displayed on a side-table, under the japan tea-tray. More than all, he was of service to her in her vocation ; for Mrs Saunders eked out a small pension—which she derived from the affectionate providence of her Scotch husband, in insuring his life in her favour by the rearing and sale of poultry ; and Waife saved her the expense of a carpenter by the construction of a new coop, elevated above the reach of the rats, who had hitherto made sad ravage amongst the chickens ; while he confided to her certain secrets in the improvement of breed and the cheaper processes of fattening, which excited her gratitude no less than her wonder. "The fact is," said Gentleman Waife, "that my life has known make-shifts. Once, in a foreign country, I kept poultry upon the principle that the poultry should keep me."

Strange it was to notice such versatility of invention, such readiness of resource, such familiarity with divers nooks and crannies in the practical experience of life, in a man now so hard put to it for a livelihood. There are persons, however, who might have a good stock of talent, if they did not turn it all into small change. And you, reader, know as well as I do, that when a sovereign or a shilling is once broken into, the change scatters and dispends itself in a way quite unaccountable. Still, coppers are useful in household bills ; and when Waife was really at a pinch, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, he scraped together intellectual halfpence enough to pay his way.

Mrs Saunders grew quite fond of her lodgers. Waife she regarded as a prodigy of genius ; Sophy was the prettiest and best of children ; Sir Isaac, she took for granted, was worthy of his owners. But the

Comedian did not confide to her his dog's learning, nor the use to which he designed to put it. And in still greater precaution, when he took his leave, he extracted from Mrs Saunders a solemn promise that she would set no one on his track, in case of impertinent inquiries.

"You see before you," said he, "a man who has enemies—such as rats are to your chickens: chickens despise rats when raised, as yours are now, above the reach of claws and teeth. Some day or other I may so raise a coop for that little one—I am too old for coops. Meanwhile, if a rat comes sneaking here after us, send it off the wrong way, with a flea in its ear."

Mrs Saunders promised, between tears and laughter; blessed Waife, kissed Sophy, patted Sir Isaac, and stood long at her threshold watching the three, as the early sun lit their forms receding in the green narrow lane dewdrops sparkling on the hedgerows, and the skylark springing upward from the young corn.

Then she slowly turned in-doors, and her home seemed very solitary. We can accustom ourselves to loneliness, but we should beware of infringing the custom. Once admit two or three faces seated at your hearthside, or gazing out from your windows on the laughing sun, and when they are gone, they carry off the glow from your grate and the sunbeam from your panes. Poor Mrs Saunders! in vain she sought to rouse herself, to put the rooms to rights, to attend to the chickens, to distract her thoughts. The one-eyed cripple, the little girl, the shaggy-faced dog, still haunted her; and when at noon she dined all alone off the remnants of the last night's social supper, the very click of the renovated clock seemed to say, "Gone, gone;" and muttering, "Ah! gone," she reclined back on her chair, and indulged herself in a good womanlike cry. From this luxury she was startled by a knock at the door. "Could they have come back?" No; the door opened, and a genteel young man, in a black coat and white neckcloth, stepped in.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—your name's Saunders—sell poultry?"

"At your service, sir. Spring chickens!" Poor people, whatever their grief, must sell their chickens, if they have any to sell."

"Thank you, ma'am; not at this moment. The fact is, that I call to make some inquiries. Have not you lodgers here?"

Lodgers! at that word the expanding soul of Mrs Saunders reclosed hermetically; the last warning of Waife revived in her ears: this white-neckclothed gentleman, was he not a rat?

"No, sir, I han't no lodgers."

"But you have had some lately, eh? a crippled elderly man and a little girl."

"Don't know anything about them; leastways," said Mrs Saunders, suddenly remembering that she was told less to deny facts than to send inquirers upon wrong directions—"leastways, at this blessed time. Pray, sir, what makes you ask?"

"Why, I was instructed to come down to-- . . . and find out where this person, one William Waife, had gone. Arrived yesterday, ma'am. All I could hear is, that a person answering to his description left the place several days ago, and had been seen by a boy, who was tending sheep, to come down the lane to your house, and you were supposed to have lodgers—you take lodgers sometimes, I think, ma'am)—because you had been buying some trifling articles of food not in your usual way of custom. Circumstantial evidence, ma'am—you can have no motive to conceal the truth."

"I should think not indeed, sir," retorted Mrs Saunders, whom the ominous words "circumstantial evidence" set doubly on her guard. "I did see a gentleman such as you mention, and a pretty young lady, about ten days ago, or so, and they did lodge here a night or two, but they are gone to--."

"Yes, ma'am—gone where?"

"Lunnon."

"Really—very likely. By the train or on foot?"

"On foot, I s'pose."

"Thank you, ma'am. If you should see them again, or hear where they are, oblige me by conveying this card to Mr Waife. My employer, ma'am, Mr Gotobed, Craven Street,

Strand—eminent solicitor. He has something of importance to communicate to Mr Waife."

"Yes, sir—a lawyer; I understand." And as of all rat-like animals in the world Mrs Saunders had the ignorance to deem a lawyer was the most emphatically devouring, she congratulated herself with her whole heart on the white lies she had told in favour of the intended victims.

The black-coated gentleman having thus obeyed his instructions, and attained his object, nodded, went his way, and regained the fly which he had left at the turnstile. "Back to the inn," cried he—"quick—I must be in time for the three o'clock train to London."

And thus terminated the result of

the great barrister's first instructions to his eminent solicitor to discover a lame man and a little girl. No inquiry, on the whole, could have been more skilfully conducted. Mr Gotobed sends his head clerk—the head clerk employs the policeman of the village—gets upon the right track—comes to the right house—and is altogether in the wrong—in a manner highly creditable to his researches.

"In London, of course—all people of that kind come back to London," said Mr Gotobed. "Give me the heads in writing, that I may report to my distinguished client. Most satisfactory. That young man will push his way—business-like and methodical."

CHAPTER VII.

The cloud has its silver lining.

Thus turning his back on the good fortune which he had so carefully cautioned Mrs Saunders against favouring on his behalf, the vagrant was now on his way to the ancient municipal town of Gatesborough, which, being the nearest place of fitting opulence and population, Mr Waife had resolved to honour with the *début* of Sir Isaac as soon as he had appropriated to himself the services of that promising quadruped. He had consulted a map of the county before quitting Mr Merle's roof, and ascertained that he could reach Gatesborough by a short cut for foot-travellers along fields and lanes. He was always glad to avoid the high-road: doubtless for such avoidance he had good reasons. But prudential reasons were in this instance supported by vagrant inclinations. High-roads are for the prosperous. Bypaths and ill-luck go together. But bypaths have their charm, and ill-luck its pleasant moments.

They passed, then, from the high-road into a long succession of green pastures, through which a straight public path conducted them into one of those charming lanes never seen out of this bowery England—a lane deep sunk amidst high banks, with

overhanging oaks, and quivering ash, gnarled witch-elm, vivid holly, and shaggy brambles, with wild convolvulus and creeping woodbine forcing sweet life through all. Sometimes the banks opened abruptly, leaving patches of greensward, and peeps through still sequestered gates, or over moss-grown pales, into the park or paddock of some rural thane. New villas or old manor-houses on lawny uplands, knitting, as it were, together, England's feudal memories with England's free-born hopes—the old land with its young people; for England is so old, and the English are so young! And the grey cripple and the bright-haired child often paused, and gazed upon the demesnes and homes of owners whose lots were cast in such pleasant places. But there was no grudging envy in their gaze; perhaps because their life was too remote from those grand belongings. And therefore they could enjoy and possess every banquet of the eye. For at least the beauty of what we see is ours for the moment, on the simple condition that we do not covet the thing which gives to our eyes that beauty. As the measureless sky and the unnumbered stars are equally granted to king and to beggar—and in our

wildest ambition we do not sigh for a monopoly of the empyrean, or the fec-simple of the planets—so the earth too, with all its fenced gardens and embattled walls—all its landmarks of stern property and churlish ownership—is ours too by right of eye. Ours to gaze on the fair possessions with such delight as the gaze can give; grudging to the unseen owner his other, and it may be more troubled rights, as little as we grudge an astral proprietor his acres of light in Capricorn. Benignant is the law that saith, "*Thou shalt not covet.*"

When the sun was at the highest, our wayfarers found a shadowy nook for their rest and repast. Before them ran a shallow limpid trout-stream; on the other side its margin, low grassy meadows, a farmhouse at the distance, backed by a still grove, from which rose a still church-tower and its still spire. Behind them a close-shaven sloping lawn terminated the hedgerow of the lane, seen clearly above it, with parterres of flowers on the sward—drooping lilacs and laburnums further back, and a pervading fragrance from the brief-lived and rich syringas. The cripple had climbed over a wooden rail that separated the lane from the rill, and seated himself under the shade of a fantastic hollow thorn-tree. Sophy, reclined beside him, was gathering some pale scentless violets from a mound which the brambles had guarded from the sun. The dog had descended to the waters to quench his thirst: but still stood knee-deep in the shallow stream, and appeared lost in philosophical contemplation of a swarm of minnows which his immersion had disturbed; but which now made itself again visible on the further side of the glassy brook, undulating round and round a tiny rocklet which interrupted the glide of the waves, and caused them to break into a low melodious murmur. "For these and all thy mercies, O Lord, make us thankful," said the Victim of Ill-luck, in the tritest words of a pious custom. But never, perhaps, at aldermanic feasts, was the grace more sincerely said.

And then he untied the bundle,

which the dog, who had hitherto carried it by the way, had now carefully deposited at his side. "As I live," ejaculated Waife, "Mrs Saunders is a woman in ten thousand. See, Sophy, not contented with the bread and cheese to which I bade her stint her beneficence, a whole chicken—a little cake too for you, Sophy; she has not even forgotten the salt. Sophy, that woman deserves the handsomest token of our gratitude; and we will present her with a silver teapot the first moment we can afford it."

His spirits exhilarated by the unexpected good cheer, the Comedian gave way to his naturally blithe humour; and between every mouthful he rattled or rather drolled on, now infant-like, now sage-like. He cast out the rays of his liberal humour, careless where they fell—on the child—on the dog—on the fishes that played beneath the wave—on the cricket that chirped amidst the grass: the woodpecker tapped the tree, and the cripple's merry voice answered it in bird-like mimicry. To this riot of genial babble there was a listener, of whom neither grandfather nor grandchild was aware. Concealed by thick brushwood a few paces farther on, a young angler, who might be five or six and twenty, had seated himself, just before the arrival of our vagrant to those banks and waters, for the purpose of changing an unsuccessful fly. At the sound of voices, perhaps suspecting an unlicensed rival—for that part of the stream was preserved—he had suspended his task, and noiselessly put aside the clustering leaves to reconnoitre. The piety of Waife's simple grace seemed to surprise him pleasantly, for a sweet approving smile crossed his lips. He continued to look and to listen. He forgot the fly, and a trout sailed him by unheeded. But Sir Isaac, having probably satisfied his speculative mind as to the natural attributes of minnows, now slowly reascended the bank, and after a brief halt and a sniff, walked majestically towards the hidden observer, looked at him with great solemnity, and uttered an inquisitive bark—a bark not hostile, not menacing; purely and dryly interrogative. Thus detected, the

angler rose ; and Waife, whose attention was attracted that way by the bark, saw him, called to Sir Isaac, and said politely, "There is no harm in my dog, sir."

The young man muttered some inaudible reply, and, lifting up his rod, as in sign of his occupation or excuse for his vicinity, put aside the intervening foliage, and stepped quietly to Waife's side. Sir Isaac followed him—sniffed again—seemed satisfied ; and, seating himself on his

haunches, fixed his attention upon the remains of the chicken which lay defenceless on the grass. The newcomer was evidently of the rank of gentleman ; his figure was slim and graceful, his face pale, meditative, refined. He would have impressed you at once with the idea of what he really was—an Oxford scholar ; and you would, perhaps, have guessed him designed for the ministry of the Church, if not actually in orders.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr Waife excites the admiration, and benignly pities the infirmity of an Oxford scholar.

"You are str—str—strangers?" said the Oxonian, after a violent exertion to express himself, caused by an impediment in his speech.

WAIFE.—"Yes, sir, travellers. I trust we are not trespassing : this is not private ground, I think."

OXONIAN.—"And if f—f—f it were, my f—f—father, would not war—n—n you off—ff—f."

"It is your father's ground then? Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons."

The apology was made in the Comedian's grandest style—it imposed greatly on the young scholar. Waife might have been a duke in disguise ; but I will do the angler the justice to say that such discovery of rank would have impressed him little more in the vagrant's favour. It had been that impromptu "grace"—that thanksgiving which the scholar felt was for something more than the carnal food—which had first commanded his respect and awakened his interest. Then that innocent careless talk, part uttered to dog and child—part soliloquised—part thrown out to the ears of the lively teeming Nature, had touched a somewhat kindred chord in the angler's soul, for he was somewhat of a poet and much of a soliloquist, and could confer with Nature, nor feel that impediment in speech which obstructed his intercourse with men. Having thus far indicated that oral defect in our new acquaintance,

the reader will cheerfully excuse me for not enforcing it overmuch. Let it be among the things *subaudita*, as the sense of it gave to a gifted and aspiring nature, thwarted in the sublime career of preacher, an exquisite mournful pain. And I no more like to raise a laugh at his infirmity behind his back, than I should before his pale, powerful, melancholy face therefore I suppress the infirmity, in giving the reply.

OXONIAN.—"On the other side the lane where the garden slopes downward is my father's house. This ground is his property certainly, but he puts it to its best use, in lending it to those who so piously acknowledge that Father from whom all good comes. Your child, I presume, sir?"

"My grandchild."

"She seems delicate : I hope you have not far to go!"

"Not very far, thank you, sir. But my little girl looks more delicate than she is. You are not tired, darling?"

"Oh, not at all!" There was no mistaking the looks of real love interchanged between the old man and the child : the scholar felt much interested and somewhat puzzled. "Who and what could they be? so unlike foot wayfarers!" On the other hand, too, Waife took a liking to the courteous young man, and conceived a sincere pity for his phys-

cal affliction. But he did not for those reasons depart from the discreet caution he had prescribed to himself in seeking new fortunes and shunning old perils, so he turned the subject.

"You are an angler, sir? I suppose the trout in this stream run small."

"Not very—a little higher up I have caught them at four pounds weight."

WIFE.—"There goes a fine fish yonder—see! balancing himself between those weeds."

OXONIAN.—"Poor fellow, let him be safe to-day. After all, it is a cruel sport, and I should break myself of it. But it is strange that whatever our love for Nature, we always seek some excuse for trusting ourselves alone to her. A gun—a rod—a sketch-book—a geologist's hammer—an entomologist's net—something."

WIFE.—"Is it not because all our ideas would run wild if not concentrated on a definite pursuit? Fortune and Nature are earnest females, though popular beauties; and they do not look upon coquettish triflers in the light of genuine wooers."

The Oxonian, who, in venting his previous remark, had thought it likely he should be above his listener's comprehension, looked surprised. What pursuits, too, had this one-eyed philosopher! •

"You have a definite pursuit, sir?"

"I—alas—when a man moralises, it is a sign that he has known error: it is because I have been a trifler that I rail against triflers. And talking of that, time flies, and we must be off and away."

Sophy retied the bundle. Sir Isaac, on whom, meanwhile, she had bestowed the remains of the chicken, jumped up and described a circle.

"I wish you success in your pursuit, whatever it be," stuttered out the angler.

"And I no less heartily, sir, wish you success in yours."

"Mine! Success there is beyond my power."

"How, sir? Does it rest so much with others?"

"No, my failure is in myself. My career should be the Church, my pursuit the cure of souls, and—and—this pitiful infirmity! How can I speak the Divine Word—I—I—a stutterer!"

The young man did not pause for an answer, but plunged through the brushwood that bespread the banks of the rill, and his hurried path could be traced by the wave of the foliage through which he forced his way.

"We all have our burdens," said Gentleman Waife; as Sir Isaac took up the bundle, and stalked on, placid and refreshed.

THE BOOK AND THE ROCKS.

GENESIS and GEOLOGY!—the Word and the Works!—the oldest of religious records, and the youngest of physical sciences!—the few brief enigmatical—possibly hieroglyphic—sentences which inaugurate the Holy Bible, collated with researches begun, as it were, but yesterday—limited as yet to a few patches of soil (comparatively about as extensive as half-a-dozen scratches with a pin on the rind of an orange), and daily receiving additions which compel a continual re-stating of the very theory! Is it probable or possible that any agreement should be traced between conclusions arrived at from such opposite sources? If it be, the *record* is in very truth divine: the *science* must be already little short of infallibility! But dare we venture on the collation, when, if contradiction instead of agreement should ensue, we must either abandon the Revelation which sustains the religion of civilised man, or submit to have some of the best-ascertained facts of nature dismissed as delusive and inexplicable?

We cannot wonder if the friends both of Revelation and of Science have in general recoiled from so terrible a test. Dreading more than hoping from each other, it was but natural that some inclination should have been exhibited on both sides to have recourse to their time-honoured weapons,—persecution and infidelity. Finding neither possible in the present state of knowledge, it then became the fashion for each to repudiate all connection with the other's field of inquiry. The advocates of Revelation were content to allow that their sacred books altogether *pass by* the numerous and interesting phenomena which constitute the geological science: and the geologist—equally willing to escape an inconvenient partnership—gladly admitted the authority and inspiration of Moses, on a condition which removed them from the possibility of controlling either the discoveries or the speculations of the new-born science.

Yet as Genesis and Geology narrate the creation of one and the same globe, this "barring out" process makes, it must be confessed, but a sorry theory, and, like many other compromises, is scarcely less easy in practice than an open battle. The truce is but an armed neutrality at best: in giving up the notion of a genuine reconciliation, each seems obliged to regard the other with a suspicion always smouldering, and not unfrequently bursting into flame.

These are very unworthy and even dangerous relations to subsist between religion and science: they cannot continue without proving fatal in many minds to one or the other, and in not a few perhaps to both. It is a particularly undesirable state of things, at a period when, along with increased facilities for the diffusion of information, a large proportion of our most inquisitive minds are being made practically acquainted with the geological *data*. A wonderful impulse has been given to this study by railway operations, which are continually laying bare before the eyes of the masses the proofs on which geologists affirm that this globe existed, and was peopled with a number of distinct creations, for ages before the date at which, according to the common interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, it is there stated to have been called out of chaos. Hardly a museum in the country is without a specimen of some ancient monster that no longer lives among created beings; and every mechanics' institute can furnish lectures to prove that such creatures neither did nor could have inhabited the earth which now is. At the Crystal Palace, the science and ingenuity of Professor Owen and Mr Waterhouse Hawkins are bringing thousands of visitors, from all parts of the kingdom, daily into the very presence of monsters who seem to laugh at our notions of chronology, and calmly appropriate earth and water to themselves, with a grim disdain of the human mushrooms that intrude upon their soli-

tude. What are these visitors to think of their Bible if, professing to describe the creation of "heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is," it affords *no* place for these resuscitated tenants of the Rocks? The *Works* will then seem to be arrayed in opposition to the *Word* of God. Assuredly it behoves the friends of Revelation to find some better way of meeting the facts than by venting puny and puling diatribes against the "unscriptural conclusions of geology." The clergy of our great towns, if they could look into the minds of the neglected masses where these and kindred questions are seething and bubbling as in a caldron, whose pitchy smoke darkens the atmosphere, would find this subject well worthy of their attention. A few judicious lectures really reconciling the indisputable facts of nature with the statements of holy writ, would go further to recover the alienated masses to the influence of religion than the most passionate declamations, even "in the open air," against Infidelity or Puseyism.

The attempt indeed has been often made; but usually on the timid, deprecatory hypothesis to which we have alluded. Luther is said (we know not on what authority) to have drawn a broad black line between the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis, alleging that the first is a chapter by itself. Whatever may have been the object of the German Reformer, a similar expedient has been eagerly resorted to in order to reconcile Geology with Genesis: only the division is made in the middle of the second verse, instead of at the end of the first. The opening chapter then stands thus: "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.*" Here is nothing which is not entirely in accordance with the researches of geology. Nay, it is a primary position in that science, that its diversified *phenomena* reveal such proofs of unity of design, as decisively establish a single creative mind; while its further evidences of convulsion and destruction establish the prevalence (probably on more than one occasion) of a universal chaos.

VOL. LXXII.—NO. DIII.

Here, then, it is urged, is a "beginning," old enough for all that geology can require. These opening sentences, separated off from the rest of Genesis, imply no date whatever. Between them and the subsequent narrative there is "ample room and verge enough" for the discoveries of geology to intervene. All the pre-Adamite formations may be allowed to follow after this first opening statement. The earth may have been brought into shape, replenished with living creatures, and again reduced into chaos, as often as the needs of science demand. Periods, of whatever duration it pleases, may have elapsed in these successive creations, *before* that at which the inspired historian takes up the narrative to relate how, at a time when the earth was once again "without form and void," the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, to inaugurate the Creation, of which MAN is the distinguishing feature. The Book of Genesis, it is argued, being designed only for mankind, naturally omits all allusion to worlds in which man had no existence; and the researches of geology so far confirm the hypothesis, that in none of the geologic strata have any traces of the human being been brought to light. Revelation, in short, has had *no interest* in the pre-Adamite formations, while geology is concerned in nothing else. The two streams of knowledge are as independent in their course as in their fountain-head; each flows through its own domain—exhibiting, it is true, but little of concert, but at the same time preserved from all possibility of contradiction.

This scheme of "reconciliation," or, as we have more properly denominated it, this "armed neutrality" between inspiration and science, originated, we believe, with Dr Chalmers, and is fully stated in his "*Review of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth.*" It has since been generally adopted by the *Christian* school of geologists in both hemispheres. Its advantages are thus recounted by the greatest of American authorities—Dr Hitchcock.

"This interpretation of Genesis is entirely sufficient to remove all apparent collision between geology and revelation. It gives the geologist full scope for his

largest speculations concerning the age of the world. It permits him to maintain that its first condition was as unlike to the present as possible, and allows him time enough for all the changes of mineral constitution and organic life which its strata reveal. It supposes that all these are passed over in silence by the sacred writers, because irrelevant to the object of revelation, but full of interest and instruction to the men of science, who should afterwards take pleasure in exploring the works of God. It supposes the six-days' work of creation to have been confined entirely to the fitting up the world in its present condition, and furnishing it with its present inhabitants. Thus, while it gives the widest scope to the geologist, it does not encroach upon the literalities of the Bible; and hence it is not strange that it should be almost universally adopted by geologists, as well as by many eminent divines." *

Supported by such a *consensus* of authority on either side of the Atlantic, this interpretation has, nevertheless, been unable to secure universal agreement. The Hebrew critics demur to the proposed disjoining of the sacred text, affirming that the particle which opens the second division of the new arrangement implies an inseparable continuity with the former portion. Without pretending to decide this knotty question, we must all be conscious of no little shock to our idea of the Bible, when we are told that in its brief history of a world which the longest computations make to be but little better than seven thousand years old, several previous creations of incalculably greater duration, are pretermitted *without notice*, in an imaginary interval, in the middle of an apparently continuous sentence! Nor is this the most formidable difficulty. Geology itself being, as we have observed, a very youthful science, is naturally endowed with a growing appetite, and now refuses to digest the interpretation which divinity had always some difficulty in swallowing. Dr Chalmers supposed the whole existing creation, animal and vegetable, to be contemporary with the formation of man; assuming that formation to have been preceded by a universal

state of chaos, out of which, in the course of six natural days, the earth was re-created in the form and with the inhabitants which it still possesses. Thus, while putting back the first creation of the world's matter to an antiquity which allowed of the geologic periods—the bold and eloquent Doctor was conscious of no danger in confining its *present disposition* to a duration of six or seven thousand years. But alas for scientific foresight! this period was quickly found scarcely more sufficient for the surface than for the bowels of the earth we live on. The men of science could not be restrained from calculating the periods through which certain well-known processes, *still in existence*, must have been in progress. The Falls of Niagara—through the friction of the huge volume of water on the rocks over which it passes—are gradually receding towards Lake Erie, at the rate of little more than a yard a-year. This fact affords, indeed, but slender *data* for calculating the period during which the upper Lake may have been emptying its waters through the channel of the St Lawrence; since the rock is probably of a different friability in different parts, and the water may have been immeasurably more voluminous in earlier times than at present. Still the attempt was made. Cuvier chose to think that five or six thousand years would be time enough, and with his *dictum* Dr Chalmers appears to have been satisfied. But Sir Charles Lyell, after careful inquiries on the spot in 1841-42, though still speaking doubtfully, is not afraid to conjecture that three hundred and fifty centuries is no exaggerated period for the process to have continued!—and accordingly, that the Falls were thirty-five thousand years ago at Queenstown, which is seven miles from Niagara. Professor Phillips wisely gets rid of both calculations, as “extremely precarious,” and warns us that no prudent geologist should commit himself to *dates*. It is a warning, however, almost impossible to be observed. Not to insist on the deposit at the mouth of the Mississippi, the relics dug up in Egypt, and under

* *Religion of Geology, and its Connected Sciences.*

examination by Professor Owen at the present moment, will assuredly demand an antiquity vastly exceeding the Adamic era. If it be granted, however, that the world, as it now exists, may have been originated within the period assigned to the creation of man—which is more than later geologists are prepared to concede—they do not hesitate to deny that it is separated from former periods by any such universal chaos as is required by Dr Chalmers's scheme of reconciliation. The existing coast-line of our own island, for instance, judging from the caves which have been slowly wrought in the hard rock by the action of the waves, is accounted to be some two or three thousand years old. A more ancient line is traceable, in many parts, behind the present one, which, reckoned by the same *criteria*, is half as old again; and in both of these sea-lines the same description of shells is found; not a single species appears to have become extinct in the six or seven thousand years assigned to their joint duration. But within the more ancient of our coast-lines, beds of shell have been found of vastly older date than either; and many of these are no longer found in the living condition. Still, though extinct in Britain, shell-fish of the same description continue to live in the more northern latitudes of Iceland and Spitzbergen. Again, the extinct mammoth, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, hyena, bear and tiger, were contemporary with smaller animals which are still in existence. These and many other similar facts, abundantly disprove the hypothesis of a universal chaos immediately preceding the existing state of things. There was no such entire destruction of all previous existences—no such new creation of vegetable and animal life contemporaneously with the formation of man—as was assumed, rather than proved, in Dr Chalmers's day.

So strong are the present evidences to the contrary, that Dr Pye Smith, in adopting the hypothesis of Chalmers, found it necessary to introduce an important modification. He supposes the chaos, with (of course) the succeeding creation, to extend not to *all* the earth's surface, but only to a

part of it; so that, while that portion which God was minded to adapt for the dwelling-place of man and the animals connected with man, "was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of its deep," *other* portions, forming part of our present lands and seas, were in the enjoyment of the sun's light, and tenanted by forms of animal and vegetable life, of which we see the descendants at this day.

According to this theory, the six-days' work in Genesis indicates a series of operations carried on within the region bounded by the Caucasus, the Caspian Lake, Tartary, and the Persian and Indian Seas. This region was first brought into a condition of *superficial* ruin by atmospheric and geological causes (probably by volcanic agency); it was submerged perhaps beneath the ocean, then elevated, and, after being cooled for some time with cloud and fog, the atmosphere by the fourth day became pellucid. Such is the modification propounded in a work professing to reconcile holy Scripture and geological science; and which Dr Hitchcock, without himself fully adopting the hypothesis, is pleased to think an "extension" of Dr Chalmers's interpretation, well calculated to remove some "difficulties" which embarrassed the original scheme.

One of these "difficulties" relates to the distribution of the inferior animals over the globe; which, on Dr Chalmers's plan, must have been effected from a single centre of creation like that of mankind, *and in the same period of time*. The modified theory of Pye Smith admits of their being *created* within the districts wherein they are now found. A more insurmountable difficulty, however, is the fact, *discovered since Chalmers wrote*, that some hundreds of species, still surviving, were in existence (as proved by their remains in the tertiary strata), long before the creation of man; and it was probably this advanced state of geological knowledge that Dr Pye Smith was desirous of meeting. Still it is a marvel how any one can fail to perceive that the modification, instead of being an "extension," involves, in fact, the demolition of the original

scheme. While Chalmers professed to reconcile the discoveries of geology with the Mosaic narrative, understanding that narrative entirely of the creation of this world in six days, by the single expedient of interpolating the geologic periods before the first of them—the emendation limits the sacred narrative to a small portion only of the existing creation, carrying back the rest to an undefined, uncertain original. Still the advanced state of geological knowledge, in the five-and-twenty years that elapsed between the publications of Chalmers and Pye Smith, imperatively demanded some modification of the views of the former; and on the theory adopted by both, that the Mosaic creation was wholly posterior to the periods of geology, nothing more satisfactory has been, or perhaps can be excogitated.

When we consider, however, all that is involved in reducing the sacred narrative which *seems* to relate the creation of the world, to an account of the reconstruction of an inconsiderable plateau in Central Asia, we are not surprised that the friends of revelation,—temporarily silenced by the devout eloquence of Chalmers,—should consider the truce as broken, and begin again to stigmatise the theory of geologists as *anti-scriptural*. If the idea of a *partial* deluge in place of a universal one, is still regarded by many with suspicion, how much more a *partial* chaos? and a *partial* creation? Hence we have divines, and even geologists, who labour against the whole theory of the pre-Adamite formations. Some are bold enough to revive the exploded notion of the sixteenth century, that the fossil remains found in the earth were *never living creatures at all!* but “formed stones,” created in the condition in which they are now found; for as they gravely observe, God can create stone in one shape as well as another! Nay, the mammoth found under the ice in the Arctic regions, which was never petrified at all, but retained at the beginning of the present century, flesh

which bears and dogs devoured, with bones and long red hair, still preserved in the Museum at St Petersburg, is conjectured by a recent writer never to have been an animated structure, but simply a “*created carcass!*”*

Others, with less of the hardihood of ignorance, strive to reproduce the hypothesis, once generally and justifiably entertained, that the various geological strata may be all accounted for by the agencies of fire and water at the *Flood*; and consequently the extinct creatures are not *pre-Adamite*, but simply *antediluvian*. This was the task undertaken by the Dean of York at the meeting of the British Association in that city in September 1844. But the researches of geology had been travelling too fast for the very reverend dignitary. The evidences of *duration* and *succession*, indelibly stamped on the different strata, make it impossible to ascribe their formation to any one catastrophe; still more to a catastrophe which so little changed the structure or even the surface of the earth, that the men and animals born before the Flood returned to live upon it afterwards, and found not even the vegetation destroyed.

It is easy enough to laugh out of court all such well-meant but impossible attempts to bolster up the assumed authority of Holy Writ. The latest and not the least humorous refutation will be found in Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*—the newest and most authentic exposition of geologic science, and alas! that we must add, the final effort of an intellect that, having raised and glorified human nature, in its sudden collapse and fall has left the sons of science and of Scotland to lamentation and awe. Still, while it is so easy to refute what Miller calls the “geology of the anti-geologists,” the very recurrence of these hopeless struggles surely proves that geologists have not yet satisfied the religious cravings of Christendom. The frequent endeavour, with the amount of patience, industry, and

* See *A Brief and Complete Refutation of the Anti-scriptural Theory of Geologists*. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. London: Wertheim and Muckintosh. 1853.

learning employed in weaving and re-weaving these successive schemes, show that theology and geology almost equally demand the reconciliation. No disciple of either "ology" seems content to go on long in utter heedlessness of the path of the other. *It would be ruinous if they did.* This were to scatter the seeds of infidelity broadcast over our mining and excavating population. We agree rather with President Hitchcock, that "if the geological interpretation of Genesis be true, it should be taught to all classes of the community; to do otherwise were to excite the suspicion that we dread to have the light of science fall upon the Bible. Nor let it be forgotten," he adds, "how disastrous has ever been the influence of the opinion that theologians teach one thing and men of science another." The popularity of the study is of itself a sufficient index of its utility. Dr Hitchcock's work, reprinted in Glasgow, is bought at our railway stations for eighteen-pence; and the *Testimony of the Rocks*, by far the most absorbing and delightful book we have lately perused,—will, no doubt, be received with equal favour. There is something in the very idea of illustrating the oldest truths of God's Word by the newest discoveries in His works, which is sure to arrest the attention of a people by no means willing to part with their religion, while increasingly bent on the acquisition of knowledge. The writer of this article being asked to give a lecture last year in one of the coal districts of the North, ventured to make an attempt of this kind, and was astonished at its success. Thrice was he asked to repeat it; and the rough but intelligent features of the men who crowded from the manufactories, the collieries, and the railway cuttings, to listen, —filling boxes, pit, and galleries of a *theatre* secured for their use—formed a most encouraging contrast to the usual aspects of a lecture-room.

The hypothesis which we supported on that occasion is one which has not in general received the approval of geological harmonists. Being manifestly the most captivating of all, we could never account for its discouragement, save on the principle ex-

pressed in the proverb, "Too good to be true." It is with proportionate satisfaction, therefore, that we now find our favourite scheme of reconciliation elaborated and sustained in a work of such indisputable scientific authority as the *Testimony of the Rocks*. This interpretation concurs in Dr Chalmers's celebrated dictum, "that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe." It further agrees with him in prefixing the opening sentence of Genesis to the geologic periods; but, instead of imagining those periods to be omitted from the subsequent narrative, it supposes them to be *successively indicated in the work of the SEVERAL days recorded by Moses*. All the liberty it takes with the sacred text is to suppose the Mosaic days to be *periods of indefinite duration*, in place of natural days of four-and-twenty hours each. For this interpretation, it is able to quote the authority of Scripture itself, which, in texts innumerable, uses the word "*day*" to indicate some appointed period appropriate to a particular purpose: hence "the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2); the "day of Jerusalem" (Ps. cxxxvii. 7; Luke, xix. 42); the day of Christ (John, viii. 56; Phil. i. 6); the day of retribution (Ps. xxxvii. 13); and many others. This use of the word is, in fact, so well established, that we find St Peter guarding his disciples against the unbelief of their times, by the consideration that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" a proverb so directly connected with the received opinion of his nation concerning the first chapter of Genesis, that we are told the Rabbis considered each of the six days there mentioned to be (at least) *emblematic* of a thousand years. On this notion was grounded the doctrine of the millennium, so extensively believed among the Jewish converts to Christianity: as the first Adam was created on the sixth day, and God rested on the seventh, so it was argued the second Adam was to appear in the *sixth millennium*, and the kingdom of heaven to be finally established in the seventh. No one who has looked into the Fathers will think of charging this interpretation of the

word "day" with novelty; if the facts of geology admit of being ranged under six such periods, there is nothing in theology but what favours the view; and the reconciliation with the Mosaic narrative is made at once simple and complete.

The hypothesis is manifestly countenanced by two leading phenomena; the geologic periods agree with the Mosaic days in *order* and in *number*.

Genesis and geology both exhibit the world as first covered with water, which could only be tenanted by fish and *algæ*. Then the land was elevated, covered with vegetation, and, presumably moist and reeking, became a fit habitation for amphibious creatures and birds. The cattle and other *mammalia* follow at a later period, when the land had acquired firmness, and the atmosphere was improved; and the latest creature is man, after whose formation the Creator "rested from all His works which He had made." Here is one great line of agreement indicated on the very surface of the question; we are not aware of any ground for supposing that this particular order could have been elicited by guess-work; yet there was nothing in the state of science when Moses wrote to guide him to it. Before the study of comparative anatomy, one might have as readily supposed the *mammalia* to precede the reptiles and fish as to follow them.

Again, it is surely most remarkable, that, while the geological system in England alone has been subdivided by Smith into as many as thirty-four strata, *six* large divisions are almost universally recognised, separated each by a "disturbance" more marked and extensive than others. These are described in general terms as the *older* and *later Primary*, the *older* and *later Secondary*, the *Tertiary*, with the *present* surface of the globe: the five general disturbances, which seem to mark some universal convulsion of nature, occurring respectively at the close of the *Silurian*, the *Carboniferous*, the *Oolitic*, the *Cretaceous*, and the *Tertiary* formations. When, therefore, it was further suggested that each of these divisions might be, at least probably, contemporaneous with a different race of plants and animals, and be in fact

referred to in the "days" of Genesis, the suggestion opened at once a path of marvellous attraction for all who desire to harmonise the testimony of Revelation and of science. The obstacles are as nothing compared with what we have to surmount on every other hypothesis. Miller, indeed, does not scruple to declare that only one alternative is left. The progress of geology has put "the explanation of Chalmers entirely out of the question," and we must be content to acquiesce in Dr Pye Smith's modification, or allow the interpretation we contend for.

"Between the scheme of lengthened periods and the scheme of a merely local chaos, which existed no one knows how, and a merely local creation, which had its scene no one knows where, *geological science leaves us now no choice whatever.*" — *Testimony*, p. 152.

One of the objections to our view, on which much stress has been laid, always appeared to us to result in a decisive argument in its favour. We allude to the reason given in the book of Genesis and repeated in Exodus (xx. 11), for the institution of the Sabbath. We are commanded to work for six days, and rest on the seventh, because in six days God created the universe, and rested on the seventh. The days of the first part of the commandment are obviously those which compose the natural week. Then similar, it is argued, must be the days in the latter part, otherwise the same word is used in two different significations in one passage of Scripture. But setting aside the logomachy, is there any real "difficulty" in conceiving that the smaller divisions of human time are to be ordered after the model of larger ones employed by the Creator? Work for six days, and rest on the seventh, is the law which God prescribed to Himself and to us. But must His days and ours necessarily be of the same duration? Must He be held to have crowded all the diversified phenomena of nature, past, present, and to come, into one hundred and forty-four hours, because that is the measure of a man's weekly labour? The prophets are allowed in Holy Scripture "a week of years" to measure out the history of a single people.

May not the march of creation well demand a DAY of centuries?—a week not of seven, but of seventy times seven?

Follow the argument of the Sabbath a little farther, and you will find this interpretation indispensable. If the six days of creation are to be limited to four-and-twenty hours each, so of course must the *seventh*. But to imagine that God “rested” only for such a day, is to infer that, at its expiry, He resumed again the creative process; whereas it is plain that the Divine rest, in other words, the ceasing from the act of *Creation*—for in respect of upholding and governing, our Saviour reminds us that his Father “worketh hitherto”—continues to the present time. God’s Sabbath, then, was a period, and not a natural day. It has lasted already through six or seven thousand of our years, and may last as many more, before the true “*eighth day*” (of which our Lord’s resurrection is the type), shall usher in “a new heavens and a new earth,” fitted for the spiritual progeny of the second Man. But if the day of the Creator’s *rest* be a long period of time, so must also be the six days of His *work*. The retort is complete and unanswerable—the objector is judged out of his own mouth, and the mind may be freely allowed to ascend to an interpretation of Genesis, consistent not only with geology, but with the Book and its sublime epic.

Before we proceed, however, let us very briefly put the non-scientific reader in possession of the chief facts of the case, omitting all conjectures, and note the amount of agreement already established between the Book and the Rocks.

The earth’s crust having been penetrated to a depth of about six miles, is found to consist in great part of *stratified* rocks; that is, rocks whose component parts are laid in level *strata*, showing that they were deposited at different intervals out of water, and afterwards hardened into stone. The number of these strata proves a succession of inundations, and the thickness of them argues a long continuance of the flood during their deposit. The strata have, each in its turn, been at the surface of the earth, and being

there submerged under the waters of the ocean, have gradually received the materials which they held in suspension; so that, on the retiring of the sea, or the elevation of the land, these have in turn been hardened into a new surface superimposed upon the former. Below all the strata are found rocks *not stratified*, the materials of which show no trace of having been ever suspended in water, and which are consequently assumed to have formed the original crust before the first of the inundations by which the several strata were deposited.

While such, however, is the normal arrangement, the strata are by no means universally found in the levels on which they were originally deposited. “Disturbances,” more or less extensive, have occurred in various places, effected apparently by volcanic agency, which, breaking through the strata with prodigious force, has thrown large masses into a perpendicular in place of their original horizontal position, and upheaving the unstratified granite from below, forced it through the superincumbent rocks to exhibit its peaked eminences above the present surface. These disturbances have been as evidently produced by the action of fire as the strata themselves by that of water. The results, therefore, attest (1.) a succession of inundations, continuing for vast periods of time; and (2.) a variety of fiery convulsions powerful enough to rend and shatter the rocks from their foundations, and change the whole face of nature where they prevailed.

On examining more closely the composition of the rocks, stratified and unstratified, the latter are found to contain *no fossils*—no remains of plants, fishes, or animals of any kind—nothing which bears the semblance of ever having been anything else but stone, with the exception of the *metals* fused and run into their crannies and chinks. The *stratified* rocks, on the contrary, are almost wholly composed of materials which have once formed portions of other organisations. Plants, fishes, shells, reptiles, birds and animals, are found in them in profusion; converted into stone, but so little altered as to demonstrate that these forms were once endued with vegetable and animal life. They flourished

when the strata on which they now rest formed the surface of the earth ; were destroyed in the inundation which ensued, and deposited, along with the other materials held in suspension by the superincumbent waters, to form in their turn the floor of another set of inhabitants.

Further, these fossil remains prove to be of creatures of which the whole species have now become extinct ; and again, the species in the lower strata are different from those in the higher. Hence, not only has the globe undergone several successive changes of its material surface, but the plants and animals have changed also. Each time the surface was renewed, a new system of vegetable and animal life was called into existence suited to the new condition of the soil. In one period the fossils are all of marine plants and fishes, indicating that the dry land had not as yet emerged from the all-embracing ocean. At another, we have huge monsters of the lizard or saurian tribe, suggestive of vast marshes and low banks suited to their amphibious formation. At another, the scaly lizard is found lifted into an unwieldy quadruped, roaming the earth now hard enough for its tread, and eating down the vegetation that grew thick and rank in the reeking atmosphere. Then we find birds vast as dragons and hideous as harpies ; all apparently belonging to their several dates or periods, and all anterior to the existing creation.

The last fact we need to mention is, that among all the fossils of extinct plants or animals, no remains have ever yet been found of *man*. He was absent, therefore, from all the several creations anterior to the present. This most perfect of organised beings was not produced till the earth had been replenished with the plants and animals which now flourish on its surface, and seem to be generally necessary to human existence.

Such are, very briefly, some of the well-ascertained facts of geology. It were as idle for any one to contend against the necessary inference, as to dispute the law of gravitation, or the solar system. If, on digging in some uninhabited island, we found the remains of seven generations buried one

under the other, in the different stages of decomposition, we should of course believe that those individuals had successively lived their appointed space upon the island, and each in his turn gone down to the grave. What should we say to the person who should try to persuade us that our own was in fact the first human foot that ever trod those shores, and when we pointed to the skulls and bones and pieces of coffin we had unearthed, should gravely reply that these were perhaps no human remains after all, but something very like them, created in that shape from the first ? Should we not answer, without disputing what *might* have been, that in those relics of mortality we saw indisputable evidence of what *had* been the case ; that men had certainly inhabited the country, and lived and died there for generations, though no record might remain of their origin or extinction ! In like manner, then, we say of the geological discoveries, that without denying that God *could* have created the globe out of nothing in 144 hours—or in *one*—here is evidence that, in point of fact, He *did not*. It is not a theory or speculation, but matter of *historical record*, “ written and graven on stones,” proved by ocular demonstration, that these successive races *did* inhabit this earth before ourselves. Come or go as they might, here they lie buried under our feet : and no cosmogony can be other than ridiculous which does not allow time for their succession. To specify the number of years or centuries is neither possible nor necessary. Vast periods, as compared with our own, were certainly consumed in the rise and decay of the systems before us ; but whether thousands or tens of thousands of years, as we count years, no one can even surmise. Nor let it disturb us that Geology should demand such gigantic portions of *time* for the history of the globe, when it is remembered how glibly her elder sister, Astronomy, counts her millions of miles in assigning its *place* among other planets.

To proceed, then, with the agreement between these ascertained facts of science and the statements of Revelation.

1. In the first place, they go to the root of the notion in which atheism has always originated, and to which it is continually recurring—the *eternity of the world*. That “all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation,” was the stronghold of infidelity in St Peter’s time ; and the apostle perceived that to refute this idea and establish a creation “by the Word of God” at some definite period, was essential to a belief in future judgment. St Paul, in like manner, lays the foundations of faith in “understanding that the worlds were framed by the Word of God,” “so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear ;” herein exactly meeting the old axiom of heathen philosophy, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Once allow that something was produced out of nothing, and you stand immediately in the presence of a Creator who sustains what He has called into being, and claims the homage and obedience of His creatures. To allow this, however, was the great difficulty, not only with Epicurus and Lucretius, but, strange as it may sound after eighteen centuries of Christianity, with Descartes. Stranger still, this is yet the difficulty with hundreds of neglected or ill-instructed minds in Protestant England.

Natural philosophy has assailed this difficulty by arguing for a creating mind from the proofs of *design* impressed upon all creation. Geology more directly meets it by producing evidence of the pre-existing state of things. “A stone,” says Paley, “may be conceived to have lain on the heath from all eternity, but not a watch ; if I find one there, I am sure some one made it and put it there.” “True (adds the geologist), and I can tell you when it was put there ; at all events, I can show a period when the heath was without a watch, and when watches, indeed, were not in existence.”

It is not, however, a single piece of mechanism that geology presents us with, but a succession of creations, occupying each its distinct period of time, and for that time possessing the whole earth. This evidence is no longer moral, but physical and complete. The theory of “development”

is here wholly inapplicable ; inasmuch as the successive races were manifestly *not* developed out of their predecessors, but brought to a violent end, and their habitations prepared for successors of another species. Now, if it could be granted that matter itself were eternal, and, further, eternally endued with necessary forms of organisation, it would still be impossible to conceive an eternally inherent quality of destroying its necessary order, and producing another ! Such revolutions can only be ascribed to the hand of a superior Being, existing before and after the formations He effects, and moulding the subject matter with the power of the potter over the clay—“of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour.” This is the first and decisive testimony which geological science bears to the truths of Revelation.

2. The next is, that man is found in geology as he is exhibited in Genesis—the latest in time, but the highest in order, of all the creatures that have as yet appeared upon this earth. It cannot be denied that there is a tendency in some scientific pursuits to reduce the human race to an insignificance, as compared with other parts of creation, which is hard to be reconciled with the great truths of revelation. The study of astronomy, for example, exhibiting our planet as one out of several that revolve about the sun ;—suggesting that the fixed stars are also suns whose planets are lost to sight in the immensity of their distance ; further, that in the realms of space, other systems exist beyond the furthest star, the light of whose very suns does not reach the human eye ; and lastly, that all these systems possibly revolve about a common centre—their suns the planets of some grander fountain of light, and their planets, in fact, the satellites of a subject and secondary luminary,—these conceptions, while they build up a noble idea of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, reduce the human creature to such an atom in the magnificent array, that we experience a struggle in believing in his heavenly destiny. The exclamation, “What is man ?” presses on the mind,

till from the devout awe of the Psalmist it is often ready to sink into despair. Is it easy, for instance, to connect with the ephemeral tenants of one shining speck out of millions, the high-reaching faith of the *incarnation of the Son of God*?

The infidels of science have not failed to make the most of this argument, while its poets ridicule the presumption of man supposing himself to be the final end of creation. The conclusion which Pope drew from his really beautiful survey of the universe is, that its Maker—

"Sees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

Nothing seems to move his scorn more than the doctrine of Genesis, that man was created to have dominion over the lower creatures,—

"Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for
thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy
food?
Know, Nature's children shall divide
her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a
bear.

While man exclaims, See all things for
my use!
See man for mine, replies a pamper'd
goose!"

The Essay on Man, in fact, amid all its richness of versification, and *apparently* devout contemplation of nature, breathes a spirit wholly irreconcilable with some of the fundamental positions of the Bible. It is no little service; then, which Geology renders to Revelation, when she demonstrates that the Scriptural account of man's position upon earth is the true one. This service she discharges in showing that, while among the extinct species of the pre-Adamite periods, there can be traced the *idea* of the human organisation, rudely stamped on the first living creatures, preserved amid the destruction of races, and re-produced upon a higher scale in their successors,—man himself was wanting, till, after several successive creations, the earth was again reorganised for his use.

Beautifully and religiously is this gradual unfolding of the archetypal

idea stated and illustrated by Hugh Miller—

"In a passage," he says, "quoted from Herder, by Dr M'Cosh, in his very masterly work on typical forms, I find the profound German remarking of the strange resemblances which pervade all nature, and impart a general unity to its forms, that it would seem 'as if, on all our earth, the form-abounding mother had proposed to herself but one type,—one *proto-plasma*—according to which, and for which, she formed them all. Know, then,' he continues, 'what this form is. It is the identical one which man also wears.' And the remark of Coleridge in his *Aids to Reflection*, is still more definite. 'Let us carry us back in spirit,' he says, 'to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator (as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian), of the operations of the heavens and of the earth in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens. And who that watched their ways with an understanding heart could, as the vision evolved still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee, the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow, and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealths and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk that fold in their tiny flocks on the honey-leaf, and the virgin sister with the holy instincts of maternal love detached and in selfless purity—and not say in himself. Behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation! There is fancy here; but it is that sagacious fancy vouchsafed to only the true poet, which has so often proved the *pioneer of scientific discovery*, and which is in reality more sober and truthful in the midst of its apparent extravagance, than the gravest cogitations of ordinary men. It is surely no incredible thing that He who, in the dispensations of the human period, spake by type and symbol, and who, when He walked the earth in the flesh, taught in parable and allegory, should have also spoken in the geologic ages by prophetic figures embodied in the form and structure of animals? Nay, what the poet imagined, though in a somewhat extreme form, the philosophers seem to be on the very eve of confirming. The foreknown 'archetypal idea' of Owen,—'the immaterial link of connection' of all the past with all the present, which Agassiz resolves into the fore-ordained design of the Creator, will be yet found, I cannot doubt, to trans-

late themselves into one great general truth—namely, that the Palæozoic, Secondary, and Tertiary dispensations of creation were charged, like the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations of grace, with the ‘shadows of better things to come.’ The advent of man, simply as such, was the great event prefigured during the old geologic ages. The advent of that divine Man, ‘who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light,’ was the great event prefigured during the historic ages. It is these two grand events, equally portions of one sublime scheme, originated when God took counsel with Himself in the depths of eternity, that bind together past, present, and future—the geologic with the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian ages, and all together with that new heavens and new earth, the last of many creations, in which there shall be ‘no more death nor curse, but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him.’”—*Testimony*, 214, 216.

Glorious and glowing language this! Yet it is the language not of poetry alone, but of science concurring with theology and the moral earnings of man's inner being, to sustain the pre-eminence with which the Mosaic record has invested him. It is the testimony of science, in all her branches, that the highly sensitive vertebral structure which constitutes the human frame, is the *only* material organism capable of being united to a rational mind or soul. *Approximations* towards this organism are found throughout the geologic periods, even as approximations to reason may be traced in the instincts of lower animals. Still a distinct line of demarcation separates the head and capital of creation from the lower members. And this line is drawn in geology (and we may observe also in anatomy) precisely where it is in Genesis,—with the creation of Adam. No human remains are mixed with the fossil specimens. The geologic periods exhibit no single trace of reason through all their vast extent: no relics of manufactures, art, or invention are found; nothing to suggest the possibility that any of the extinct creatures were equal to any higher ends than the bare necessities of animal nature. It was *after* all these preliminary, and, so to speak, *tentative*, periods of creation—*after*

the formation of the present surface of the earth, and its being stocked with all other existing creatures, that this one superior rational species was introduced as the crown and perfection of the whole. This testimony not only sustains the very letter of the Mosaic record, but leads directly to the conclusion that the being so exceptionally endowed may well be reserved for the exalted destiny there assigned to him. The voice of Science is attuned to that of Revelation,—

“Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason ending full in man.”

Such, then, is the highly encouraging concurrence of testimony already arrived at between the records of Geology and Genesis. We may compare them to two travellers starting from opposite coasts of an unknown island to explore its interior; the one furnished with a map in the stars, the other tracking his way by the nature of the soil, the vegetation, and here and there the footprints of wild animals. They advance unconscious of each other's existence, the former gazing ever on the mystic orbs of heaven, the latter never removing his downward eyes from earth. That each should occasionally mistake his instructions, and so wander from his path, we should reasonably anticipate; but if, after many such deviations, corrected by renewed application to their appointed signs, we saw our travellers returning again and again into one direction, and that a direction which promised eventually to bring them face to face in the centre, should we not recognise in the instructions of each the Hand which formed the “stars in their courses,” and the flowers in their order, and gave His children the wisdom to read what He has inscribed upon either?

The amount of agreement already established beyond dispute, justifies the belief that the time has passed in which it was possible to *oppose* the testimony of the Rocks to that of The Book. If now the good service can be carried a step further, and the *details* as well as the conclusions of the Mosaic record be harmonised with those of geology, the finishing-

stroke would be put to one of the noblest and most delightful of the investigations open to mankind. It is this which, after many a timid recoil, geology appears to be now on the verge of accomplishing, by establishing the hypothesis that the "days" of the Book correspond with the "periods" of the Rocks. Let us briefly sketch the arrangement.

The first of the Mosaic days is occupied with the creation of light, and its separation from the darkness. Taking this to mark the first epoch of the material creation—as light and life are invariable co-relatives—it will coincide with the period of the unstratified rocks, when, according to geological evidences, the earth glowed with heat, amounting perhaps to a state of fusion, incompatible with the presence of either animal or vegetable life. The incandescent mass being suffused with water, the whole would be wrapped in volumes of steam, thick enough to shut out every ray of light, till God said, Let there be light, and there was light—the vapours, however, still continuing dense enough to obscure the shape of the sun. On the second day, the atmosphere is created, which may well be coincident with the earliest period of fossil remains—the silurian formation. The characteristics of this period are, that the rocks exhibit a generally level aspect, and the fossils are all of fish, or *marine* plants: consequently the surface was still submerged, probably at no great depth, under the ocean. It is further worthy of notice, that, whereas the Babylonian Cosmogony which for a moment attracted the attention of Niebuhr, represents the original earth as encompassed with waters in which the fish swam about in *darkness*; the oldest of our ichthyic fossils is endowed with an *eye*, furnished with the necessary process for dilating and contracting the pupil as the creature rose towards, or receded from, the light. With the third day, the dry land is elevated, and the waters gathered into the corresponding hollows; the immediate result of which is, that the earth is clothed with vegetation. This day, then, corresponds with the old red sandstone, still bearing the traces of the

rippling sea which broke upon it, with the footmarks of the first walking or crawling creatures. This formation was originally clothed with the forests, afterwards superimposed upon it in the shape of the coal strata. These represent a vegetation so profuse, that Miller thinks the earth must have shone to other planets with a kind of pale-green lustre. The fourth day is assigned by Moses to the *heavenly* bodies, now probably rendered visible by the dissipation of the vapours in the atmosphere, as the heat of the globe abated. To this point geology, therefore, is not called to witness: but the period is that of the formation of the coal strata, while the waters in which those ancient forests had been submerged, were sapling, uprooting, and, after innumerable years of suspension, depositing trunk, and leaf, and fruit in a thick carbonaceous mass, whose use was reserved for a future creation.

With the fifth day creation is again in operation below. The waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, not great whales, as our translators improperly render it—for the whale is one of the warm-blooded *mammalia* not yet produced,—but these are the spawn of ocean, whose mighty shapes have been reconstructed in the gardens at Sydenham. Those great toads or frogs, called (from their teeth) *Dicynodon*, and *Labyrinthodon*, together with the *Cheirotherium*, are specimens of the older creatures that climbed out of the teeming womb of ocean on the third day, and left their footprints upon the old red sandstone. The remaining reconstructions: the *Ichthyosaurus*, with his flabby paddles floundering in the mud—the *Plesiosaurus* and *Teleosaurus* fighting and devouring one another a little farther up the bank (with another still fiercer member of the Saurian tribe, furnished with a neck like the swan's, and rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of *Platysaurus Dolichodeiran*), struggled and screamed on the blue clay, where they now lie entombed in the *lias* formation. The grisly *Megalosaurus* trod the harder soil of the freestone or Oolite strata, and over his head the *Pterodactyle* spread his leathern wings like a

Harpy. Next the grim-looking *Hylosaurus* and milder *Iguanodon* fed together on the forests of the Wealden strata; while the *Protosaurus* trampled down the chalk, and overhead flew the great Pterodactyle, some forlorn specimens of whose race Mr Waterhouse Hawkins pleasantly conjectures may have outlived the night that fell upon his family, and surviving to the next "day," impressed the *memory* of man with the dragons which have been generally attributed to his *imagination*.

All these, and others discovered—and still in process of discovery—in great abundance in the formations we have named, are conceived to have been the productions of the "fifth day." This day, like its predecessor, had an "evening and a morning,"—an initial and a declining era as well as a middle or noonday portion, wherein the several types attained their fullest development. And then was ushered in the sixth day, when "the earth (not the waters) brought forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth;" in a word, all the existing animal kingdom, with some further species now extinct (as the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, &c.), but which geology attests to have lived in the opening stages of the human period. It was *late* in this period—in the *evening*, as Milton rightly places it, of the sixth day—that man was created; yet no evening closes this day in Genesis, for the evening there *precedes* the morning, and man's day is not yet enveloped in the initial shadows of another period. The seventh day succeeds continuously without a night between.

"— The great Creator from His work
Doinsting, though unwearied, up return'd.

The heavens and all the constellations
rang,
The planets in their stations list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung;
Open, ye heavens, your living doors—
let in

The great Creator from His work return'd
Magnificent! His six days' work a world!
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will
deign

To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted; and, with frequent intercourse

Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace."

If the reader wishes to see the outline we have now sketched filled in with all the warmth of a poet and the accuracy of the man of science, he must consult the *Testimony of the Rocks*. We have preferred to have our say in our own words rather than attempt an analysis which might in some degree diminish the pleasure of perusing that charming little work. We must not, however, omit the satisfactory answer which it makes to the objection—now the only one of importance—that on the hypothesis here stated Moses is made to record the creation of the *extinct* fishes, plants, reptiles, and birds, but not of the species *still extant*. The sixth day, which is the period assigned to the existing creation, is, on this hypothesis, the era only of the *mammalia*; and as it cannot be maintained that the other tribes survived from former periods—because the fossils are mostly of a distinct species from any of the creatures now living—we are left without any account at all of the creation of the whole *vegetable* kingdom with two-thirds of the animal. The objection has been described as insuperable, but it is disposed of by the very simple and easy hypothesis that the sacred history records the *points in which each day differed from its predecessor*, and is silent on those in which it agreed with them. There was, indeed, an entire new creation in each, but that creation consisted partly of new species in the *genera* already existing, and partly in the addition of new *genera*; and it is the latter, not the former, that finds place in the sacred memoir. Fishes created on the first day, and vegetation first appearing on the third, continued also throughout every succeeding day—not in the same species, but in others more suited to the relations into which they were now brought with other creatures. The sixth day likewise received its proper creation of plants and lower animals, filling both land and sea; but as these, under other forms, had entered also into the earlier creations, the brief record of Genesis is silent upon them, and mentions only the higher orders of *mammalia* and of man which were now

brought into being. It is a record of *creation* in the highest sense of the word, passing over all new modifications of previously existing races to note those which were then for the first time introduced into being. This suggestion seems at once simple and complete, and the advance of the science having removed other difficulties formerly objected to, we may venture to think the geological interpretation of the Mosaic "day" the true one.

It will be observed that in this, and indeed in all other schemes of reconciliation, the language of the sacred book is taken to describe the appearance rather than the actual nature of objects; in other words, it expresses the *optical* not the *scientific* truth. When it is said that God "made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night," it is obvious that this describes the appearance, not the true nature, of the sun and moon. No one, speaking scientifically, would conjoin the largest and the smallest of the orbs of heaven—the centre of our system, and the satellite of a single planet—under the description of "two great lights." Nor would the astronomer be satisfied to account for the object of their creation by the accident of their giving light upon earth by day and by night. This is optical not astronomical truth.

In like manner the work of other days also is described, not philosophically but optically, according to the appearances that would be presented to a spectator. Such a vision must have been in the mind of the sightless poet when he sang of the fifth day—

"The earth obey'd, and straight,
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown : Out of the ground
uprose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he
wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they
walk'd :
The cattle in the fields and meadows green :
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up-
spring.
The grassy clods now calv'd ; now half ap-
pear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke
from bonds,

And rampant shakes his brinded mane ;
the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them
threw
In hillocks : The swift stag from under
ground
Bore up his branching head : Scarce from
his mould
Bohemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness : Fleeced the flocks and
bleating rose,
As plants : Ambiguous between sea and
land,
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile."

It is asked, however, *why* the sacred narrative should assume the optical aspect, when there was assuredly no human spectator to receive or record the impression. Had Moses been an eyewitness, or had he collected the records of one who stood by when God "commanded the morning, and caused the dayspring to know its place," the pen would naturally have recorded the impressions received by the eye. But as the whole was subsequently revealed by Him who made the secrets of nature, why give a pictorial representation of truths which may well be supposed to have been communicated in another way?

To answer this query we must first settle the mode in which the facts were actually communicated to the inspired writer. Several ways are conceivable: they may have been told in a *dream*, as many of the prophets were visited; or by *oral* and *audible* communication, as when Moses himself talked with God in the Mount; or by *written characters*, as he received the two tables of stone graven by the finger of God. The view, however, which has found most acceptance is that the history of the natural creation was communicated to Moses, as that of the spiritual was to St John, in a *vision*—i. e. by a succession of pictures, presented possibly to the bodily organ, at all events exhibited to the mind's eye, by the divine agency. "We treat the history of creation," says Dr Kurtz (quoted by Miller), "with its six-days' work, as a connected series of so many prophetic visions. The appearance and evanishing of each such vision seem to the seer as a morning and an evening, apparently because these were presented to him as an increase and decrease of light, like morning and evening twi-

light." Miller himself, adopting this view, supposes "a diorama, over whose shifting pictures the curtain rose and fell six times in succession, once during the Azoiæ period, once during the earlier or middle Palæozoic period, once during the Carboniferous period, once during the Permian or Triassic period, once during the Oolitic or Cretaceous period, and finally, once during the Tertiary period;" and he declares himself "greatly mistaken if we have not in the six geologic periods all the elements without misplacement or exaggeration of the Mosaic drama of Creation."—*Testimony*, p. 184.

We would venture to suggest, for our own part, the probability of a succession of *hieroglyphs*, descending perhaps from high antiquity, and by Moses deciphered and recorded in the opening verses of Genesis. It is no new or unauthorised opinion that the earlier chapters of that inspired book were compiled from the family records of the children of Abraham. This is not inconsistent with the true inspiration of Moses any more than his acknowledged compilation of the testimony of many eyewitnesses is inconsistent with that of St Luke. The songs of Zacharias and the Virgin, with the letter of Claudius Felix to the governor, were obviously inserted by the evangelist from copies which he had collected among the materials for his work. Why then may not Moses have found among the documents of his family one inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, which he was taught, either supernaturally, or by the aid of his great natural learning controlled and guided by inspiration, to decipher and put into words as the history of Creation? In any such inscription one or two characters would stand for each day's work, and be naturally expressive of the feature which distinguished it from the others. A confused blank, with an appearance of light flashing upon it at the word of God, might stand for the first day; an expanse of water with clouds above for the second; a picture of earth and sea, with trees on the former, for the third; a drawing of the sun, moon, and stars for the fourth; the sea producing great saurians, with birds on the wing, for the fifth; and one or two figures of

beasts, with a man at the close, might indicate the sixth and final period.

Without further pressing our suggestion, however, let us conclude with the more elaborate and glowing illustration of Hugh Miller:

"Let us suppose that the creative vision took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A "great darkness" first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror;' and, as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly-troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a grey diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter,—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

The light again brightens,—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea,—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic, life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or grey, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold,—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them

too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation: but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere,—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

"Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday: and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against a low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely-spread country. For at the divine command the land has arisen from the deep,—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet farther fit has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees,—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky over-head; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines

amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east,—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens,—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

"Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great '*tannim*' tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unrenittingly its few simple ends,—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

"Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains: the thick-skinned rhinoceros waddles in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature,—the lion, the leopard, and the bear,—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect,*

* Homer nods; no darkness intervenes, in Genesis, between the sixth day and the seventh, and none, we submit, can be interpolated by inference, not only because such interpolations are always unjustifiable, but because, for reasons already suggested, it would be here highly inconsistent.

and there dawns yet another morrow,—the morrow of God's rest,—that divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

'The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos :'

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details."

And now, gentle reader, away from our sultry town to our sea-side holiday, and whether or no the comet, whose miscalculated advent has brought to light, in this our day, so deplorable an amount of ignorance and superstition, shall add his eccentric witness to the starry maze which looks down upon us, as we saunter by

the many-voiced ocean, or lie rocking on her heaving bosom, be thou well advised, that neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, was there ever creature dearer to the great Maker of all than the mystic being who walks in the double light of revelation and science. None was in sober earnestness ever *worthier* of an angel's tears, an angel's joy : and no end can be predicted of these slowly evolving periods, and these successive worlds which geology beholds rising each higher than the other—so glorious in itself, or so consistent with all that is traced in them of their Maker, as that He who is the *capital* of the natural, and the *base* of the spiritual, creation, should one day glow along the whole line of his race, with a true conception of the essential, indivisible unity between the Word and the Works of the Creator!—in other and sublimer language, that we should
"SEE HIM AS HE IS!"

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

PART III.—CHAPTER X.

HISTORY, we know, is apt to repeat herself, and to foist very old incidents upon us with only a slight change of costume. From the time of Xerxes downwards, we have seen generals playing the braggadocio at the outset of their campaigns, and conquering the enemy with the greatest ease in after-dinner speeches. But events are apt to be in disgusting discrepancy with the anticipations of the most ingenious tacticians ; the difficulties of the expedition are ridiculously at variance with able calculations ; the enemy has the impudence not to fall into confusion as had been reasonably expected of him ; the mind of the gallant general begins to be distracted by news of intrigues against him at home, and, notwithstanding the handsome compliments he paid to Providence as his undoubted patron before setting out, there seems

every probability that the *Te Deums* will be all on the other side.

So it fell out with Mr Dempster in his memorable campaign against the Anti-Tryanites. After all the premature triumph of the return from Elmstoke, the battle of the Evening Lecture had been lost ; the enemy was in possession of the field ; and the utmost hope remaining was, that by a harassing guerilla warfare he might be driven to evacuate the country.

For some time this sort of warfare was kept up with considerable spirit. The shafts of Millby ridicule were made more formidable by being poisoned with calumny ; and very ugly stories, narrated with circumstantial minuteness, were soon in circulation concerning Mr Tryan and his hearers, from which stories it was plainly deducible that Evangelicalism led by a

necessary consequence to hypocritical indulgence in vice. Some old friendships were broken asunder, and there were near relations who felt that religious differences, unmitigated by any prospect of a legacy, were a sufficient ground for exhibiting their family antipathy. Mr Budd harangued his workmen, and threatened them with dismissal if they or their families were known to attend the evening lecture; and Mr Tomlinson, on discovering that his foreman was a rank Tryanite, blustered to a great extent, and would have cashiered that valuable functionary on the spot, if such a retributive procedure had not been inconvenient.

On the whole, however, at the end of a few months the balance of substantial loss was on the side of the Anti-Tryanites. Mr Pratt, indeed, had lost a patient or two besides Mr Dempster's family; but as it was evident that Evangelicalism had not dried up the stream of his anecdote, or in the least altered his view of any lady's constitution, it is probable that a change accompanied by so few outward and visible signs, was rather the pretext than the ground of his dismissal in those additional cases. Mr Dunn was threatened with the loss of several good customers, Mrs Phipps and Mrs Lowme having set the example of ordering him to send in his bill; and the draper began to look forward to his next stock-taking with an anxiety which was but slightly mitigated by the parallel his wife suggested between his own case and that of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who were thrust into a burning fiery furnace. For, as he observed to her the next morning, with that perspicacity which belongs to the period of shaving, whereas their deliverance consisted in the fact that their linen and woollen goods were not consumed, his own deliverance lay in precisely the opposite result. But convenience, that admirable branch system from the main line of self-interest, makes us all fellow-helpers in spite of adverse resolutions. It is probable that no speculative or theological hatred would be ultimately strong enough to resist the persuasive power of convenience; that a latitudinarian baker, whose bread was

honourably free from alum, would command the custom of any dyspeptic Puseyite; that an Arminian with the toothache would prefer a skilful Calvinistic dentist to a bungler stanch against the doctrines of Election and Final Perseverance, who would be likely to break the tooth in his head; and that a Plymouth Brother, who had a well-furnished grocery-shop in a favourable vicinage, would occasionally have the pleasure of furnishing sugar or vinegar to orthodox families that found themselves unexpectedly "out of" those indispensable commodities. In this persuasive power of convenience lay Mr Dunn's ultimate security from martyrdom. His drapery was the best in Millby; the comfortable use and wont of procuring satisfactory articles at a moment's notice proved too strong for Anti-Tryanite zeal; and the draper could soon look forward to his next stock-taking without the support of a Scriptural parallel.

On the other hand, Mr Dempster had lost his excellent client, Mr Jerome—a loss which galled him out of proportion to the mere monetary deficit it represented. The attorney loved money, but he loved power still better. He had always been proud of having early won the confidence of a conventicle-goer, and of being able to "turn the prop of Salem round his thumb." Like most other men, too, he had a certain kindness towards those who had employed him when he was only starting in life; and just as we do not like to part with an old weather-glass from our study, or a two-foot ruler that we have carried in our pocket ever since we began business, so Mr Dempster did not like having to erase his old client's name from the accustomed drawer in the bureau. Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the suns of many years: take one of the pictures away, and it leaves a definite blank space, to which our eyes can never turn without a sensation of discomfort. Nay, the involuntary loss of any familiar object almost always brings a chill as from an evil omen; it seems to be the first finger-shadow of advancing death.

From all these causes combined,

Mr Dempster could never think of his lost client without strong irritation, and the very sight of Mr Jerome passing in the street was wormwood to him.

One day, when the old gentleman was coming up Orchard Street on his roan mare, shaking the bridle, and tickling her flank with the whip as usual, though there was a perfect mutual understanding that she was not to quicken her pace, Janet happened to be on her own door-step, and he could not resist the temptation of stopping to speak to that "nice little woman," as he always called her, though she was taller than all the rest of his feminine acquaintances. Janet, in spite of her disposition to take her husband's part in all public matters, could bear no malice against her old friend; so they shook hands.

"Well, Mrs Dempster, I'm surry to my heart not to see you sometimes, that I am," said Mr Jerome, in a plaintive tone. "But if you've got any poor people as wants help, and you know's deservin', send 'em to me, send 'em to me, just the same."

"Thank you, Mr Jerome, that I will. Good-by."

Janet made the interview as short as she could, but it was not short enough to escape the observation of her husband, who, as she feared, was on his mid-day return from his office at the other end of the street; and this offence of hers, in speaking to Mr Jerome, was the frequently recurring theme of Mr Dempster's objuratory domestic eloquence.

Associating the loss of his old client with Mr Tryan's influence, Dempster began to know more distinctly why he hated the obnoxious curate. But a passionate hate, as well as a passionate love, demands some leisure and mental freedom. Persecution and revenge, like courtship and toadyism, will not prosper without a considerable expenditure of time and ingenuity, and these are not to spare with a man whose law-business and liver are both beginning to show unpleasant symptoms. Such was the disagreeable turn affairs were taking with Mr Dempster, and, like the general distracted by home intrigues, he was too much harassed himself to

lay ingenious plans for harassing the enemy.

Meanwhile, the evening lecture drew larger and larger congregations; not, perhaps, attracting many from that select aristocratic circle in which the Lowmes and Pittmans were predominant, but winning the larger proportion of Mr Crewe's morning and afternoon hearers, and thinning Mr Stickney's evening audiences at Salem. Evangelicalism was making its way in Millby, and gradually diffusing its subtle odour into chambers that were bolted and barred against it. The movement, like all other religious "revivals," had a mixed effect. Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable. It may be that some of Mr Tryan's hearers had gained a religious vocabulary rather than religious experience; that here and there a weaver's wife, who, a few months before, had been simply a silly slattern, was converted into that more complex nuisance, a silly and sanctimonious slattern; that the old Adam, with the pertinacity of middle age, continued to tell fibs behind the counter, notwithstanding the new Adam's addiction to Bible-reading and family prayer; that the children in the Paddiford Sunday-school had their memories crammed with phrases about the blood of cleansing, imputed righteousness, and justification by faith alone, which an experience lying principally in chuck-farming, hop-scotch, parental slappings, and longings after unattainable lolly-pop, served rather to darken than to illustrate; and that at Millby, in those distant days, as in all other times and places where the mental atmosphere is changing, and men are juggling the stimulus of new ideas, folly often mistook itself for wisdom, ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge, and selfishness, turning its eyes upward, called itself religion.

Nevertheless, Evangelicalism had brought into palpable existence and operation in Millby society that idea of duty, that recognition of some-

thing to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, which is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience: a principle of subordination, of self-mastery, has been introduced into his nature; he is no longer a mere bundle of impressions, desires, and impulses. Whatever might be the weaknesses of the ladies who pruned the luxuriance of their lace and ribbons, cut out garments for the poor, distributed tracts, quoted Scripture, and defined the true Gospel, they had learned this—that there was a divine work to be done in life, a rule of goodness higher than the opinion of their neighbours; and if the notion of a heaven in reserve for themselves was a little too prominent, yet the theory of fitness for that heaven consisted in purity of heart, in Christ-like compassion, in the subduing of selfish desires. They might give the name of piety to much that was only puritanic egoism; they might call many things sin that were not sin; but they had at least the feeling that sin was to be avoided and resisted, and colour-blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness which sees no distinction of colour at all. Miss Rebecca Linnet, in quiet attire, with a somewhat excessive solemnity of countenance, teaching at the Sunday School, visiting the poor, and striving after a standard of purity and goodness, had surely more moral loveliness than in those flaunting peony-days, when she had no other model than the costumes of the heroines in the circulating library. Miss Eliza Pratt, listening in rapt attention to Mr Tryan's evening lecture, no doubt found evangelical channels for vanity and egoism; but she was clearly in moral advance of Miss Phipps giggling under her feathers at old Mr Crewe's peculiarities of enunciation. And even elderly fathers and mothers with minds like Mrs Linnet's, too tough to imbibe much doctrine, were the better for having their hearts inclined towards

the new preacher as a messenger from God. They became ashamed, perhaps, of their evil tempers, ashamed of their worldliness, ashamed of their trivial, futile past. The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence. And this latter precious gift was brought to Millby by Mr Tryan and Evangelicalism.

Yes, the movement was good, though it had that mixture of folly and evil which often makes what is good an offence to feeble and fastidious minds, who want human actions and characters riddled through the sieve of their own ideas, before they can accord their sympathy or admiration. Such minds, I dare say, would have found Mr Tryan's character very much in need of that riddling process. The blessed work of helping the world forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes, of God's making, are quite different: they have their natural heritage of love and conscience which they drew in with their mother's milk; they know one or two of those deep spiritual truths which are only to be won by long wrestling with their own sins and their own sorrows; they have earned faith and strength so far as they have done genuine work; but the rest is dry barren theory, blank prejudice, vague hearsay. Their insight is blended with mere opinion; their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfuse itself with their grandest impulses; and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egoism. So it was with Mr Tryan: and any one looking at him with the bird's-eye glance of a critic might perhaps say that he made the mistake of identifying Christianity with a too narrow doc-

trinal system ; that he saw God's work too exclusively in antagonism to the world, the flesh, and the devil ; that his intellectual culture was too limited—and so on ; making Mr Tryan the text for a wise discourse on the characteristics of the evangelical school in his day.

But I am not poised at that lofty height. I am on the level and in the press with him, as he struggles his way along the stony road, through the crowd of unloving fellow-men. He is stumbling, perhaps ; his heart now beats fast with dread, now heavily with anguish ; his eyes are sometimes dim with tears, which he makes haste to dash away ; he pushes manfully on, with fluctuating faith and courage, with a sensitive failing body ; at last he falls, the struggle is ended, and

the crowd closes over the space he has left.

"One of the evangelical clergy, a disciple of Venn," says the critic from his bird's-eye station. "Not a remarkable specimen ; the anatomy and habits of his species have been determined long ago."

Yet surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr Tryan's most unfriendly observers were obliged to admit that he gave himself no rest. Three sermons on Sunday, a night-school for young men on Tuesday, a cottage-lecture on Thursday, addresses to school-teachers, and catechising of school-children, with pastoral visits, multiplying as his influence extended beyond his own district of Paddiford Common, would have been enough to tax severely the powers of a much stronger man. Mr Pratt remonstrated with him on his imprudence, but could not prevail on him so far to economise time and strength as to keep a horse. On some ground or other, which his friends found difficult to explain to themselves, Mr Tryan seemed bent on wearing himself out. His enemies were at no loss to account for such a course. The evangelical curate's selfishness was clearly of too bad a kind to exhibit itself after the ordinary manner of a sound, respectable selfishness. "He wants to get the reputation of a saint," said one ; "He's eaten up with spiritual pride," said another ; "He's got his eye on some fine living, and wants to creep up the bishop's sleeve," said a third.

Mr Stickney, of Salem, who considered all voluntary discomfort as a remnant of the legal spirit, pro-

nounced a severe condemnation on this self-neglect, and expressed his fear that Mr Tryan was still far from having attained true Christian liberty. Good Mr Jerome eagerly seized this doctrinal view of the subject as a means of enforcing the suggestions of his own benevolence ; and one cloudy afternoon, in the end of November, he mounted his roan mare with the determination of riding to Paddiford and "arguing" the point with Mr Tryan.

The old gentleman's face looked very mournful as he rode along the dismal Paddiford lanes, between rows of grimy houses, darkened with handlooms, while the black dust was whirled about him by the cold November wind. He was thinking of the object which had brought him on this afternoon ride, and his thoughts, according to his habit when alone, found vent every now and then in audible speech. It seemed to him, as his eyes rested on this scene of Mr Tryan's labours, that he could understand the clergyman's self-privation without resorting to Mr Stickney's theory of defective spiritual enlightenment. Do not philosophic doctors tell us that we are unable to discern so much as a tree, except by an unconscious cunning which combines many past and

separate sensations ; that no one sense is independent of another, so that we can hardly taste a fricassee, or tell whether our pipe is alight, or not, in the dark ; and the most intelligent boy, if accommodated with claws or hoofs instead of fingers, would be likely to remain on the lowest form ? If so, it is easy to understand that our discernment of men's motives must depend on the completeness of the elements we can bring from our own susceptibility and our own experience. See to it, friend, before you pronounce a too hasty judgment, that your own moral sensibilities are not of a hoofed or clawed character. The keenest eye will not serve, unless you have the delicate fingers, with their subtle nerve filaments, which elude scientific lenses, and lose themselves in the invisible world of human sensations.

As for Mr Jerome, he drew the elements of his moral vision from the depths of his veneration and pity. If he himself felt so much for these poor things to whom life was so dim and meagre, what must the clergyman feel who had undertaken before God to be their shepherd ?

"Ah!" he whispered, interruptedly, "it's too big a load for his conscience, poor man ! He wants to mock himself their brother, like ; can't abide to preach to the fastin' on a full stomach. Ah ! he's better nor we are, that's it-- he's a deal better nor we are."

Here Mr Jerome shook his bridle violently, and looked up with an air of moral courage, as if Mr Stickney had been present, and liable to take offence at this conclusion. A few minutes more brought him in front of Mrs Wagstaff's, where Mr Tryan lodged. He had often been here before, so that the contrast between this ugly square brick house, with its shabby bit of grass-plot, stared at all round by cottage windows, and his own pretty white home, set in a paradise of orchard, and garden, and pasture, was not new to him ; but he felt it with fresh force to-day, as he slowly fastened his roan by the bridle to the wooden paling, and knocked at the door. Mr Tryan was at home, and sent to request that Mr Jerome would walk up into

his study, as the fire was out in the parlour below.

At the mention of a clergyman's study, perhaps, your too active imagination conjures up a perfect snugger, where the general air of comfort is rescued from a secular character by strong ecclesiastical suggestions in the shape of the furniture, the pattern of the carpet, and the prints on the walls ; where, if a nap is taken, it is in an easy-chair with a Gothic back, and the very feet rest on a warm and velvety simulation of church windows ; where the pure art of rigorous English Protestantism smiles above the mantel-piece in the portrait of an eminent bishop, or a refined Anglican taste is indicated by a German print from Overbeck ; where the walls are lined with choice divinity in sombre binding, and the light is softened by a screen of boughs with a grey church in the background.

But I must beg you to dismiss all such scenic prettinesses, suitable as they may be to a clergyman's character and complexion ; for I have to confess that Mr Tryan's study was a very ugly little room indeed, with an ugly slap-dash pattern on the walls, an ugly carpet on the floor, and an ugly view of cottage-roofs and cabbage-gardens from the window. His own person, his writing-table, and his book-case, were the only objects in the room that had the slightest air of refinement ; and the sole provision for comfort was a clumsy straight-backed arm-chair, covered with faded chintz. The man who could live in such a room, unconstrained by poverty, must either have his vision fed from within by an intense passion, or he must have chosen that least attractive form of self-mortification which wears no hair-cloth and has no meagre days, but accepts the vulgar, the commonplace and the ugly, whenever the highest duty seems to lie among them.

"Mr Tryan, I hope you'll excuse me disturbin' on you," said Mr Jerome. "But I'd summat partickler to say."

"You don't disturb me at all, Mr Jerome ; I'm very glad to have a visit from you," said Mr Tryan, shaking

him heartily by the hand, and offering him the chintz-covered "easy" chair; "it is some time since I've had an opportunity of seeing you, except on a Sunday."

"Ah! sir! your time's so tecken up, I'm well awcar o' that; it's not only what you hev to do, but it's goin' about from place to place; an' you don't keep a hoss, Mr Tryan. You don't tek care enough o' yourself—you don't indeed, an' that's what I come to talk to y' about."

"That's very good of you, Mr Jerome; but I assure you I think walking does me no harm. It is rather a relief to me after speaking or writing. You know I have no great circuit to make. The farthest distance I have to walk is to Millby church, and if ever I want a horse on a Sunday, I hire Radley's, who lives not many hundred yards from me."

"Well, but now! the winter's comin' on, an' you'll get wet i' your feet, an' Pratt tells me your constitution's dillicute, as anybody may see, for the matter o' that, wi'out bein' a doctor. An' this is the light I look at it in, Mr Tryan: who's to fill up your place, if you was to be disabled, as I may say? Consider what a valuable life youn is. You've begun a great work i' Millby, an' so you might carry 't on, if you'd your health and strength. The more care you tek o' yourself, the longer you'll live, belike. God willing, to do good to your fellow-creturs."

"Why, my dear Mr Jerome, I think I should not be a long-lived man in any case; and if I were to take care of myself under the pretext of doing more good, I should very likely die and leave nothing done after all."

"Well! but keepin' a hoss wouldn't hinder you from workin'. It 'ud help you to do more, though Pratt says as it's usin' your voice so constant as does you the most harm. Now, isn't it—I'm no scholar, Mr Tryan, an' I'm not a-goin' to dictate to you—but isn't it a'most a-killin' o' yourself, to go on a' that way beyond your strength? We musn't fling wer lives away."

"No, not fling them away lightly, but we are permitted to lay down our lives in a right cause. There are

many duties, as you know, Mr Jerome, which stand before taking care of our own lives."

"Ah! I can't arguy wi' you, Mr Tryan; but what I wanted to say 's this—There's my little chacenut hoss: I should tek it quite a kindness if you'd hev him through the winter an' ride him. I've thought o' sellin' him a maeny times, for Mrs Jerome can't abide him; and what do I want wi' two nags? But I'm fond o' the little chacenut, an' I shouldn't like to sell him. So if you'll only ride him for me, you'll do me a kindness—you will indeed, Mr Tryan."

"Thank you, Mr Jerome. I promise you to ask for him, when I feel that I want a nag. There is no man I would more gladly be indebted to than you; but at present I would rather not have a horse. I should ride him very little, and it would be an inconvenience to me to keep him rather than otherwise."

Mr Jerome looked troubled and hesitating, as if he had something on his mind that would not readily shape itself into words. At last he said, "You'll excuse me, Mr Tryan, I wouldn't be teekin' a liberty, but I know what great claims you hev on you as a clergyman. Is it th' expense, Mr Tryan? is it the money?"

"No, my dear sir. I have much more than a single man needs. My way of living is quite of my own choosing, and I am doing nothing but what I feel bound to do, quite apart from money considerations. We cannot judge for one another, you know; we have each our peculiar weaknesses and temptations. I quite admit that it might be right for another man to allow himself more luxuries, and I assure you I think it no superiority in myself to do without them. On the contrary, if my heart were less rebellious, and if I were less liable to temptation, I should not need that sort of self-denial. But," added Mr Tryan, holding out his hand to Mr Jerome, "I understand your kindness, and bless you for it. If I want a horse, I shall ask for the chestnut."

Mr Jerome was obliged to rest contented with this promise, and rode home sorrowfully, reproaching himself with not having said one

thing he meant to say when setting out, and with having "clean forgot" the arguments he had intended to quote from Mr Stickney.

Mr Jerome's was not the only mind that was seriously disturbed by the idea that the curate was over-working himself. There were tender women's hearts in which anxiety about the state of his affections was beginning to be merged in anxiety about the state of his health. Miss Eliza Pratt had at one time passed through much sleepless cogitation on the possibility of Mr Tryan's being attached to some lady at a distance—at Laxeter, perhaps, where he had formerly held a curacy; and her fine eyes kept close watch lest any symptom of engaged affections on his part should escape her. It seemed an alarming fact that his handkerchiefs were beautifully marked with hair, until she reflected that he had an unmarried sister of whom he spoke with much affection as his father's companion and comforter. Besides, Mr Tryan had never paid any distant visit, except one for a few days to his father, and no hint escaped him of his intending to take a house, or change his mode of living. No! he could not be engaged, though he might have been disappointed. But this latter misfortune is one from which a devoted clergyman has been known to recover, by the aid of a fine pair of grey eyes that beam on him with affectionate reverence. Before Christmas, however, her cogitations began to take another turn. She heard her father say very confidently that "Tryan was consumptive, and if he didn't take more care of himself, his life would not be worth a year's purchase;" and shame at having speculated on suppositions that were likely to prove so false, sent poor Miss Eliza's feelings with all the stronger impetus into the one channel of sorrowful alarm at the prospect of losing the pastor who had opened to her a new life of piety and self-subjection. It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who

has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

The Miss Linnets, too, were beginning to take a new view of the future, entirely uncoloured by jealousy of Miss Eliza Pratt.

"Did you notice," said Mary, one afternoon when Mrs Pettifer was taking tea with them—"did you notice that short dry cough of Mr Tryan's yesterday? I think he looks worse and worse every week, and I only wish I knew his sister; I would write to her about him. I'm sure something should be done to make him give up part of his work, and he will listen to no one here."

"Ah," said Mrs Pettifer, "it's a thousand pities his father and sister can't come and live with him, if he isn't to marry. But I wish with all my heart he could have taken to some nice woman as would have made a comfortable home for him. I used to think he might take to Eliza Pratt; she's a good girl, and very pretty; but I see no likelihood of it now."

"No, indeed," said Rebecca, with some emphasis; "Mr Tryan's heart is not for any woman to win: it is all given to his work; and I could never wish to see him with a young inexperienced wife who would be a drag on him instead of a helpmate."

"He'd need have somebody, young or old," observed Mrs Linnet, "to see as he wears a flannel waistcoat, an' changes his stockings when he comes in. It's my opinion he's got that cough wi' sittin' i' wet shoes an' stockings; an' that Mrs Wagstaff's a poor addle-headed thing; she doesn't half tek care on him."

"O, mother!" said Rebecca, "she's a very pious woman. And I'm sure she thinks it too great a privilege to have Mr Tryan with her, not to do the best she can to make him comfortable. She can't help her rooms being shabby."

"I've nothing to say again' her piety, my dear; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victual. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. Hard carrots 'ull lie heavy on his stomach, piety, or no piety."

I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as watery. It's right enough to be sperital—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes mealy. I don't see as anybody 'ull go to heaven the sooner for not disastin' their dinner—providin' they don't die sooner, as mayhap Mr Tryan will, poor dear man!"

"It will be a heavy day for us all when that comes to pass," said Mrs Pettifer. "We shall never get anybody to fill up *that* gap. There's the new clergyman that's just come to Shepperton—Mr Parry; I saw him the other day at Mrs Bond's. He may be a very good man, and a fine

preacher; they say he is; but I thought to myself, what a difference between him and Mr Tryan! He's a sharp-sort-of-looking man, and hasn't that feeling way with him that Mr Tryan has. What is so wonderful to me in Mr Tryan is the way he puts himself on a level with one, and talks to one like a brother. I'm never afraid of telling him anything. He never seems to look down on anybody. He knows how to lift up those that are cast down, if ever man did."

"Yes," said Mary. "And when I see all the faces turned up to him in Paddiford church, I often think how hard it would be for any clergyman who had to come after him; he has made the people love him so."

CHAPTER XII.

In her occasional visits to her near neighbour Mrs Pettifer, too old a friend to be shunned because she was a Tryanite, Janet was obliged sometimes to hear allusions to Mr Tryan, and even to listen to his praises, which she usually met with playful incredulity.

"Ah, well," she answered one day, I like dear old Mr Crewe and his pipes a great deal better than your Mr Tryan and his Gospel. When I was a little toddle, Mr and Mrs Crewe used to let me play about in their garden, and have a swing between the great elm-trees, because mother had no garden. I like people who are kind; kindness is my religion; and that's the reason I like you, dear Mrs Pettifer, though you *are* a Tryanite."

"But that's Mr Tryan's religion too—at least partly. There's nobody can give himself up more to doing good amongst the poor; and he thinks of their bodies too, as well as their souls."

"O yes, yes; but then he talks about faith and grace, and all that, making people believe they are better than others, and that God loves them more than He does the rest of the world. I know he has put a great deal of that into Sally Martin's head, and it has done her no good at all. She was as nice, honest, patient a girl as need be before; and now she

fancies she has new light and new wisdom. I don't like those notions."

"You mistake him, indeed you do, my dear Mrs Dempster; I wish you'd go and hear him preach."

"Hear him preach! Why, you wicked woman, you would persuade me to disobey my husband, would you? O, shocking! I shall run away from you. Good-by."

A few days after this conversation, however, Janet went to Sally Martin's about three o'clock in the afternoon. The pudding that had been sent in for herself and "Maumy," struck her as just the sort of delicate morsel the poor consumptive girl would be likely to fancy, and in her usual impulsive way she had started up from the dinner-table at once, put on her bonnet, and set off with a covered plateful to the neighbouring street. When she entered the house there was no one to be seen; but in the little side-room where Sally lay, Janet heard a voice. It was one she had not heard before, but she immediately guessed it to be Mr Tryan's. Her first impulse was to set down her plate and go away, but Mrs Martin might not be in, and then there would be no one to give Sally that delicious bit of pudding. So she stood still, and was obliged to hear what Mr Tryan was saying. He was interrupted by one of the invalid's violent fits of coughing.

"It is very hard to bear, is it not?" he said, when she was still again. "Yet God seems to support you under it wonderfully. Pray for me, Sally, that I may have strength too when the hour of great suffering comes. It is one of my worst weaknesses to shrink from bodily pain, and I think the time is perhaps not far off when I shall have to bear what you are bearing. But now I have tired you. We have talked enough. Good-by."

Janet was surprised, and forgot her wish not to encounter Mr Tryan; the tone and the words were so unlike what she had expected to hear. There was none of the self-satisfied unction of the teacher, quoting, or exhorting, or expounding, for the benefit of the hearer, but a simple appeal for help, a confession of weakness. Mr Tryan had his deeply-felt troubles, then? Mr Tryan, too, like herself, knew what it was to tremble at a foreseen trial—to shudder at an impending burthen, heavier than he felt able to bear!

The most brilliant deed of virtue could not have inclined Janet's goodwill towards Mr Tryan so much as this fellowship in suffering, and the softening thought was in her eyes when he appeared in the doorway, pale, weary, and depressed. The sight of Janet standing there with the entire absence of self-consciousness which belongs to a new and vivid impression, made him start and

pause a little. Their eyes met, and they looked at each other gravely for a few moments. Then they bowed, and Mr Tryan passed out.

There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments. The fullest exposition of Mr Tryan's doctrine might not have sufficed to convince Janet that he had not an odious self-complacency in believing himself a peculiar child of God; but one direct, pathetic look of his had dissociated him with that conception for ever.

This happened late in the autumn, not long before Sally Martin died. Janet mentioned her new impression to no one, for she was afraid of arriving at a still more complete contradiction of her former ideas. We have all of us considerable regard for our past self, and are not fond of casting reflections on that respected individual by a total negation of his opinions. Janet could no longer think of Mr Tryan without sympathy, but she still shrank from the idea of becoming his hearer and admirer. That was a reversal of the past which was as little accordant with her inclination as her circumstances.

And indeed this interview with Mr Tryan was soon thrust into the background of poor Janet's memory by the daily thickening miseries of her life.

CHAPTER XIII.

The loss of Mr Jerome as a client proved only the beginning of annoyances to Dempster. That old gentleman had in him the vigorous remnant of an energy and perseverance which had created his own fortune; and being, as I have hinted, given to chewing the end of a righteous indignation with considerable relish, he was determined to carry on his retributive war against the persecuting attorney. Having some influence with Mr Pryme, who was one of the most substantial rate-payers in the neighbouring parish of Dingley, and who had himself a complex and long-standing private account with Demp-

ster, Mr Jerome stirred up this gentleman to an investigation of some suspicious points in the attorney's conduct of the parish affairs. The natural consequence was a personal quarrel between Dempster and Mr Pryme; the client demanded his account, and then followed the old story of an exorbitant lawyer's bill, with the unpleasant anti-climax of taxing.

These disagreeables, extending over many months, ran along side by side with the pressing business of Mr Armstrong's lawsuit, which was threatening to take a turn rather depreciatory of Dempster's profes-

sional prevision ; and it is not surprising that, being thus kept in a constant state of irritated excitement about his own affairs, he had little time for the further exhibition of his public spirit, or for rallying the forlorn-hope of sound churchmanship against cant and hypocrisy. Not a few persons who had a grudge against him, began to remark, with satisfaction, that "Dempster's luck was forsaking him;" particularly Mrs Linnet, who thought she saw distinctly the gradual ripening of a providential scheme, whereby a just retribution would be wrought on the man who had deprived her of Pye's Croft. On the other hand, Dempster's well satisfied clients, who were of opinion that the punishment of his wickedness might conveniently be deferred to another world, noticed with some concern that he was drinking more than ever, and that both his temper and his driving were becoming more furious. Unhappily those additional glasses of brandy, that exasperation of long-tongued abuse, had other effects than any that entered into the contemplation of anxious clients: they were the little superadded symbols that were perpetually raising the sum of home misery.

Poor Janet! how heavily the months rolled on for her, laden with fresh sorrows as the summer passed into autumn, the autumn into winter, and the winter into spring again. Every feverish morning, with its blank listlessness and despair, seemed more hateful than the last; every coming night more impossible to brave without arming herself in leaden stupor. The morning light brought no gladness to her: it seemed only to throw its glare on what had happened in the dim candle-light—on the cruel man seated immovable in drunken obstinacy by the dead fire and dying lights in the dining-room, rating her in harsh tones, reiterating old reproaches—or on a hideous blank of something unremembered, something that must have made that dark bruise on her shoulder, which aches as she dresses herself.

Do you wonder how it was that things had come to this pass—what offence Janet had committed in the

early years of marriage to rouse the brutal hatred of this man? The seeds of things are very small: the hours that lie between sunrise and the gloom of midnight are travelled through by tiniest markings of the clock: and Janet, looking back along the fifteen years of her married life, hardly knew how or where this total misery began; hardly knew when the sweet wedded love and hope that had set for ever had ceased to make a twilight of memory and relenting, before the oncoming of the utter dark.

Old Mrs Dempster thought she saw the true beginning of it all in Janet's want of housekeeping skill and exactness. "Janet," she said to herself, "was always running about doing things for other people, and neglecting her own house. That provokes a man: what use is it for a woman to be loving and making a fuss with her husband, if she doesn't take care and keep his home just as he likes it? if she isn't at hand when he wants anything done; if she doesn't attend to all his wishes, let them be as small as they may? That was what I did when I was a wife, though I didn't make half so much fuss about loving my husband. Then, Janet had no children." . . . Ah! there Mammy Dempster had touched a true spring, not perhaps of her son's cruelty, but of half Janet's misery. If she had had babes to rock to sleep—little ones to kneel in their night-dress and say their prayers at her knees—sweet boys and girls to put their young arms round her neck and kiss away her tears, her poor hungry heart would have been fed with strong love, and might never have needed that fiery poison to still its cravings. Mighty is the force of motherhood! says the great tragic poet to us across the ages, finding, as usual, the simplest words for the sublimest fact—*δεινόν τὸ τέκνον ἐστίν*. It transforms all things by its vital heat: it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love. Yes; if Janet had

been a mother, she might have been saved from much sin, and therefore from much of her sorrow.

But do not believe that it was anything either present or wanting in poor Janet that formed the motive of her husband's cruelty. Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside itself—it only requires opportunity. You do not suppose Dempster had any motive for drinking beyond the craving for drink; the presence of brandy was the only necessary condition. And an unloving, tyrannous, brutal man needs no motive to prompt his cruelty; he needs only the perpetual presence of a woman he can call his own. A whole park full of tame or timid-eyed animals to torment at his will would not serve him so well to glut his lust of torture; they could not feel as one woman does; they could not throw out the keen retort which whets the edge of hatred.

Janet's bitterness would overflow in ready words; she was not to be made meek by cruelty; she would repent of nothing in the face of injustice, though she was subdued in a moment by a word or a look that recalled the old days of fondness; and in times of comparative calm would often recover her sweet woman's habit of caressing playful affection. But such days were become rare, and poor Janet's soul was kept like a vexed sea, tossed by a new storm before the old waves have fallen. Proud, angry resistance and sullen endurance were now almost the only alternations she knew. She would bear it all proudly to the world, but proudly towards him too; her woman's weakness might shriek a cry for pity under a heavy blow, but voluntarily she would do nothing to mollify him, unless he first relented. What had she ever done to him but love him too well—but believe in him too foolishly? He had no pity on her tender flesh; he could strike the soft neck he had once asked to kiss. Yet she would not admit her wretchedness; she had married him blindly, and she would bear it out to the terrible end, whatever that might be. Better this misery than the blank that lay for her outside her married home.

But there was one person who

heard all the complaints and all the outbursts of bitterness and despair which Janet was never tempted to pour into any other ear; and alas! in her worst moments, Janet would throw out wild reproaches against that patient listener. For the wrong that rouses our angry passions finds only a medium in us; it passes through us like a vibration, and we inflict what we have suffered.

Mrs Raynor saw too clearly all through the winter that things were getting worse in Orchard Street. She had evidence enough of it in Janet's visits to her; and, though her own visits to her daughter were so timed that she saw little of Dempster personally, she noticed many indications not only that he was drinking to greater excess, but that he was beginning to lose that physical power of supporting excess which had long been the admiration of such fine spirits as Mr Tomlinson. It seemed as if Dempster had some consciousness of this—some new distrust of himself; for, before winter was over, it was observed that he had renounced his habit of driving out alone, and was never seen in his gig without a servant by his side.

Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature, like the gods; and sometimes, while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch.

The various symptoms that things were getting worse with the Dempsters afforded Millby gossip something new to say on an old subject. Mrs Dempster, everyone remarked, looked more miserable than ever, though she kept up the old pretence of being happy and satisfied. She was scarcely ever seen, as she used to be, going about on her good-natured errands; and even old Mrs Crewe, who had always been wilfully blind to anything wrong in her favourite Janet, was obliged to admit that she had not seemed like herself lately. "The poor thing's out of health," said the kind little old lady, in answer to all gossip about Janet; "her headaches always were bad, and I know what headaches are; why, they make one quite delirious sometimes." Mrs Phipps

for her part, declared she would never accept an invitation to Dempster's again; it was getting so very disagreeable to go there, Mrs Dempster was often "so strange." To be sure there were dreadful stories about the way Dempster used his wife; but in Mrs Phipps's opinion, it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Mrs Dempster had never been like other women; she had always a flighty way with her, carrying parcels of snuff to old Mrs Tooke, and going to drink tea with Mrs Brinley, the carpenter's wife; and then never taking care of her clothes, always wearing the same things week-day or Sunday. A man has a poor look-out with a wife of that sort. Mr Phipps, amiable and laconic, wondered how it was women were so fond of running each other down.

Mr Pratt, having been called in provisionally to a patient of Mr Pillgrim's in a case of compound fracture, observed in a friendly colloquy with his brother surgeon the next day,

"So Dempster has left off driving himself, I see; he won't end with a broken neck after all. You'll have a case of meningitis and delirium tremens instead."

"Ah," said Mr Pillgrim, "he can hardly stand it much longer at the rate he's going on, one would think. He's been confoundedly cut up about that business of Armstrong's, I fancy. It may do him some harm, perhaps, but Dempster must have scattered his nest pretty well; he can afford to lose a little business."

"His business will outlast him, that's pretty clear," said Pratt; "he'll run down like a watch with a broken spring one of these days."

Another prognostic of evil to Dempster came at the beginning of March. For then "little Mamsey" died—died suddenly. The housemaid found her seated motionless in her arm-chair, her knitting fallen down, and the tortoise-shell cat reposing on it unproved. The little white old woman had ended her wintry age of patient sorrow, believing to the last that "Robert might have been a good husband as he had been a good son."

When the earth was thrown on Mamsey's coffin, and the son, in crape scarf and hatband, turned away homeward, his good angel, lingering with outstretched wing on the edge of the grave, cast one despairing look after him, and took flight for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

The last week in March—three weeks after old Mrs Dempster died—occurred the unpleasant winding-up of affairs between Dempster and Mr Pryme, and under this additional source of irritation the attorney's diurnal drunkenness had taken on its most ill-tempered and brutal phase. On the Friday morning, before setting out for Rotherby, he told his wife that he had invited "four men" to dinner at half-past six that evening. The previous night had been a terrible one for Janet, and when her husband broke his grim morning silence to say these few words, she was looking so blank and listless that he added in a loud sharp key, "Do you hear what I say? or must I tell the cook?" She started, and said "Yes, I hear."

"Then mind and have a dinner

provided, and don't go mooning about like crazy Jane."

Half an hour afterwards Mrs Raynor, quietly busy in her kitchen with her household labours—for she had only a little twelve-year-old girl as a servant—heard with trembling the rattling of the garden-gate and the opening of the outer door. She knew the step, and in one short moment she lived beforehand through the coming scene. She hurried out of the kitchen, and there in the passage, as she had felt, stood Janet, her eyes worn as if by night-long watching, her dress careless, her step languid. No cheerful morning greeting to her mother—no kiss. She turned into the parlour, and, seating herself on the sofa opposite her mother's chair, looked vacantly at the walls and furniture until the cor-

ners of her mouth began to tremble, and her dark eyes filled with tears that fell unwiped down her cheeks. The mother sat silently opposite to her, afraid to speak. She felt sure there was nothing new the matter—sure that the torrent of words would come sooner or later.

"Mother! why don't you speak to me?" Janet burst out at last; "you don't care about my suffering; you are blaming me because I feel—because I am miserable."

"My child, I am not blaming you—my heart is bleeding for you. Your head is bad this morning—you have had a bad night. Let me make you a cup of tea now. Perhaps you didn't like your breakfast."

"Yes, that is what you always think, mother. It is the old story, you think. You don't ask me what it is I have had to bear. You are tired of hearing me. You are cruel, like the rest; every one is cruel in this world. Nothing but blame—blame—blame; never any pity. God is cruel to have sent me into the world to bear all this misery."

"Janet, Janet, don't say so. It is not for us to judge; we must submit; we must be thankful for the gift of life."

"Thankful for life? Why should I be thankful? God has made me with a heart to feel, and He has sent me nothing but misery. How could I help it? How could I know what would come? Why didn't you tell me, mother?—why did you let me marry? You knew what brutes men could be; and there's no help for me—no hope. I can't kill myself; I've tried; but I can't leave this world and go to another. There may be no pity for me there, as there is none here."

"Janet, my child, there *is* pity. Have I ever done anything but love you? And there is pity in God. Hasn't He put pity into your heart for many a poor sufferer? Where did it come from, if not from Him?"

Janet's nervous irritation now broke out into sobs instead of complainings; and her mother was thankful, for after that crisis there would very likely come relenting, and tenderness, and comparative calm. She went out to

make some tea, and when she returned with the tray in her hands, Janet had dried her eyes and now turned them towards her mother with a faint attempt to smile; but the poor face, in its sad blurred beauty, looked all the more piteous.

"Mother will insist upon her tea," she said, "and I really think I can drink a cup. But I must go home directly, for there are people coming to dinner. Could you go with me and help me, mother?"

Mrs Raynor was always ready to do that. She went to Orchard Street with Janet, and remained with her through the day—comforted, as evening approached, to see her become more cheerful and willing to attend to her toilette. At half-past five everything was in order: Janet was dressed; and when the mother had kissed her and said good-by, she could not help pausing a moment in sorrowful admiration at the tall rich figure, looking all the grander for the plainness of the deep mourning dress, and the noble face with its massy folds of black hair, made matronly by a simple white cap. Janet had that enduring beauty which belongs to pure majestic outline and depth of tint. Sorrow and neglect leave their traces on such beauty, but it thrills us to the last, like a glorious Greek temple, which, for all the loss it has suffered from time and barbarous hands, has gained a solemn history, and fills our imagination the more because it is incomplete to the sense.

It was six o'clock before Dempster returned from Rotherby. He had evidently drunk a great deal, and was in an angry humour; but Janet, who had gathered some little courage and forbearance from the consciousness that she had done her best to-day, was determined to speak pleasantly to him.

"Robert," she said gently, as she saw him seat himself in the dining-room in his dusty snuffy clothes, and take some documents out of his pocket, "will you not wash and change your dress? It will refresh you."

"Leave me alone, will you?" said Dempster, in his most brutal tone.

"Do change your coat and waist-

coat, they are so dusty. I've laid all your things out ready."

"O, you have, have you?" After a few minutes he rose very deliberately and walked up-stairs into his bedroom. Janet had often been scolded before for not laying out his clothes, and she thought now, not without some wonder, that this attention of hers had brought him to compliance.

Presently he called out, "Janet!" and she went up-stairs.

"Here! Take that!" he said, as soon as she reached the door, flinging at her the coat she had laid out. "Another time, leave me to do as I please, will you?"

The coat, flung with great force, only brushed her shoulder, and fell some distance within the drawing-room, the door of which stood open just opposite. She hastily retreated as she saw the waistcoat coming, and one by one the clothes she had laid out were all flung into the drawing-room.

Janet's face flushed with anger, and for the first time in her life her resentment overcame the long-cherished pride that made her hide her griefs from the world. There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past self-satisfying moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives. Janet thought, "I will not pick up the clothes; they shall lie there until the visitors come, and he shall be ashamed of himself."

There was a knock at the door, and she made haste to sent herself in the drawing-room, lest the servant should enter and remove the clothes, which were lying half on the table and half on the ground. Mr Lowme entered with a less familiar visitor, a client of Dempster's, and the next moment Dempster himself came in.

His eye fell at once on the clothes, and then turned for an instant with a devilish glance of concentrated hatred on Janet, who, still flushed and excited, affected unconsciousness. After shaking hands with his visitors he immediately rang the bell.

"Take those clothes away," he said

to the servant, not looking at Janet again.

During dinner, she kept up her assumed air of indifference, and tried to seem in high spirits, laughing and talking more than usual. In reality, she felt as if she had defied a wild beast within the four walls of his den, and he was crouching backward in preparation for his deadly spring. Dempster affected to take no notice of her, talked obstreperously, and drank steadily.

About eleven the party dispersed, with the exception of Mr Budd, who had joined them after dinner, and appeared disposed to stay drinking a little longer. Janet began to hope that he would stay long enough for Dempster to become heavy and stupid, and so to fall asleep down stairs, which was a rare, but occasional ending of his nights. She told the servants to sit up no longer, and she herself undressed and went to bed, trying to cheat her imagination into the belief that the day was ended for her. But when she lay down, she became more intensely awake than ever. Everything she had taken this evening seemed only to stimulate her senses and her apprehensions to new vividness. Her heart beat violently, and she heard every sound in the house.

At last, when it was twelve, she heard Mr Budd go out; she heard the door slam. Dempster had not moved. Was he asleep? Would he forget? The minute seemed long, while, with a quickening pulse, she was on the stretch to catch every sound.

"Janet!" The loud jarring voice seemed to strike her like a hurled weapon.

"Janet!" he called again, moving out of the dining-room to the foot of the stairs.

There was a pause of a minute.

"If you don't come, I'll kill you." Another pause, and she heard him turn back into the dining-room. He was gone for a light—perhaps for a weapon. Perhaps he *would* kill her. Let him. Life was as hideous as death. For years she had been rushing on to some unknown but certain horror; and now she was close upon it. She was almost glad. She was

in a state of flushed feverish defiance that neutralised her woman's terrors.

She heard his heavy step on the stairs; she saw the slowly advancing light. Then she saw the tall massive figure, and the heavy face, now fierce with drunken rage. He had nothing but the candle in his hand. He set it down on the table, and advanced close to the bed.

"So you think you'll defy me, do you? We'll see how long that will last. Get up, madam; out of bed this instant!"

In the close presence of the dreadful man—of this huge crushing force, armed with savage will—poor Janet's desperate defiance all forsook her, and her terrors came back. Trembling she got up, and stood helpless in her night-dress before her husband.

He seized her with his heavy grasp by the shoulder, and pushed her before him.

"I'll cool your hot spirit for you! I'll teach you to brave me!"

Slowly he pushed her along before him, down stairs and through the passage, where a small oil-lamp was still flickering. What was he going to do to her? She thought every moment he was going to dash her before him on the ground. But she gave no scream—she only trembled.

He pushed her on to the entrance, and held her firmly in his grasp, while he lifted the latch of the door. Then he opened the door a little way

thrust her out, and slammed it behind her.

For a short space, it seemed like a deliverance to Janet. The harsh north-east wind, that blew through her thin night-dress, and sent her long heavy black hair streaming, seemed like the breath of pity after the grasp of that threatening monster. But soon the sense of release from an overpowering terror gave way before the sense of the fate that had really come upon her.

This, then, was what she had been travelling towards through her long years of misery! Not yet death. O! if she had been brave enough for it, death would have been better. The servants slept at the back of the house; it was impossible to make them hear, so that they might let her in again quietly, without her husband's knowledge. And she would not have tried. He had thrust her out, and it should be for ever.

There would have been dead silence in Orchard Street but for the whistling of the wind and the swirling of the March dust on the pavement. Thick clouds covered the sky; every door was closed; every window was dark. No ray of light fell on the full white figure that stood in lonely misery on the door-step; no eye rested on Janet as she sank down on the cold stone, and looked into the dismal night. She seemed to be looking into her own blank future.

NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

NO. IV.—JERSEY.

THERE are perspiring individuals who love not summer in its sultry splendour. With bubbles on their upper lips, they languidly declare the heat is insupportable. It is not often that our English summers swelter with intolerable heat; and when the blazing sun *does* pour fierce radiance on the land, who have true right to murmur? Only those unhappy victims of civilisation doomed to move along stifling streets, with souls yearning for the far-off woodlands and the breezy seaboard; or those victims of agricultural necessities who toil amid the shadeless corn. Nobody else. The heat is hot, undoubtedly; but it is beneficent. Nature ripens; life culminates; let no one murmur. I am in a permanent vapour-bath while writing this, yet the temporary discomfort cannot quell my invincible delight in summer: it only gives a more exquisite sense of the evening coolness, and the breezy shade. To walk out under this August sun demands a touch of heroism; yet if we venture out, there is always the refuge of a shady nook behind the rocks, where, sheltered amid the ferns and purple heath, we may recline, and watch the gentle sea lapping the pebbles at our feet. In dreamy mood we "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden Age." A pleasant book beguiles the lazy hour. Murmurous insects sing and labour all around; birds chirp and twitter in their busy joy. These are the psalms of Nature, in which the soul finds perennial delight. They sink into our minds with the gentle fall of raindrops in a silent pool, creating many circles. They speak to us of happy days, and chide with their serenity the feverish impatience of our lives.

Then, delicious are our evening rambles, when the birds are ceasing from melodious labour. The lazy toad crawls ungainly from his hole (not despised of us, although the victim of popular prejudice); the timid bat wings its purblind way

through the dim air, holding her young one fastened to her breast, and moving with her dear burden less gracefully than her mate; and the numerous goats, browsing on the rocks, are being milked, while their kids are tenderly led home. The sands or the lanes invite us to a meditative stroll, and we ramble on, revolving the various hints, glimpses, hypothetical suggestions, which gather round the facts observed in the morning's labour. Or, it may be, we step into a boat, and glide softly over the water, skimming its surface with the Medusa net, to gain fresh material for study. The muslin net, after skimming the surface for two or three minutes, is examined. To the unlearned eye it contains nothing beyond foam-bubbles and stray bits of weed; but we know better. Those bubbles are not all of foam; some of them are exquisite creatures of living crystal; and on reversing the net into the glass jar of sea-water, behold! they swim before our delighted eyes as *Cydippes*, *Noctilucae*, and Naked-eyed Medusæ. The *Cydippe* is melon-shaped, with longitudinal bands, on which are transverse rows of very active cilia, not unlike tiny treadmills, and with two long streamers, which follow like the tail of a comet. The *Noctilucae* are pin-heads of crystal, which in the dark are brilliantly phosphorescent, as you will see on reaching home, and shaking the jar, or agitating the water, in a darkened room. As we capture these beauties, our boatmen are lost in astonishment. They never see'd such things afore—that they never did—never in all their lives, long as they've been at sea. Nor can they understand how we distinguish them from the foam-bubbles. Indeed, I cannot myself precisely indicate the characters by which they are recognised; and yet no sooner was there one in the net than it was detected. If the reader desire to learn a simple plan by which he will infallibly detect them, when they escape his

rapid eye, let him place his hand underneath the net, where the bubbles are, and the greater opacity of the animals will at once betray them. Then, without loss of time, let him reverse the net into a jar or bucket, and the creatures will float off.

On bringing them home, the Cydippes should be removed to the *tallest* jars, because while the Medusæ keep at the surface, where they swim with successive pants, the Cydippes constantly let themselves drop to the bottom, and rise the next moment in graceful buoyancy, drawing their elegant streamers after them, these streamers elongating as they ascend, until from shrivelled threads they unfold into long and graceful forms, which, on coming into contact with any object, shrink rapidly again into their former shrivelled condition. All this while the locomotive paddles of cilia sway the animal with restless grace—a charming spectacle! After admiring it abundantly, you may commence a closer inspection of the creature's structure, which is sufficiently curious, but need not detain us here, because you may see in any text-book what is known, and I know nothing more than what is there recorded. One remark only need be made: the notion of the streamers (or tentacles) being locomotive organs, as some suppose, is easily disproved; you have only to snip them off, and you will observe the animal moving with the same vigour and grace as before. Nay, if you cut it in pieces, each section, provided it has a portion of the ciliated bands, will for days swim about with unabated energy.

The reader, who is of course a lover of animals, and consequently of a sympathetic compassionate nature, will probably feel some repulsion at the quiet way in which he is recommended to snip off the Cydippe's tentacles, and will energetically protest against the cruelty of physiologists who employ vivisection as a means of experiment. It is very true that a grave question has to be answered by the physiologist when, for the sake of science, he inflicts pain. I confess that my susceptibility altogether disqualifies me from witnessing, much more from perform-

ing, experiments accompanied with pain. It was a long while before I was able to justify the French and Germans in their wholesale slaughter of puppies, cats, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. Nor can they be justified except by the austere necessities of science. When this is their object, we are wrong to accuse them of cruelty, because cruelty is the indulgence of tyrannous love of power, and their purpose is the grave investigation of truth. Cruel they are not, unless surgery be also cruelty. And in any case the reproach comes with an ill grace from men who torture animals in the way of mere sport, as in hunting, fishing, and the like. I have said thus much in extenuation of vivisections, although, as before intimated, my own organisation renders it impossible for me to witness them in the case of the higher animals. With lower animals the case is altogether different. They feel no pain. If we know anything about them, we know that. You are sceptical? You want to know how it can be *proved* that these animals feel no pain. It is of course impossible for us to say accurately *what* any animal feels; we cannot even know what our fellow-beings feel; we can only approximately guess, interpreting their gestures and cries according to our own experience. Admitting to the full this initial difficulty, we may nevertheless assert that, if it is allowable to make any statement on this point, there are certain capital facts which force the conclusion upon us, that so far from Pain being common to all animals, it is, on the contrary, the consequence of a very high degree of specialisation, and is only met with in animals of complex organisation. It is probable that reptiles have only a very slight capacity for pain, and animals lower than fish none at all.

When we see an animal shrink, struggle, or bite, when we hear it cry or hiss, we naturally interpret these actions as the expressions of pain, because pain calls forth similar actions in us. But there is a fallacy in this interpretation. The movements which in us accompany or succeed the pain, are not produced by the organs which feel the pain,

even when pain is actually present; they are not produced by pain, but incited by the stimulus pain gives to other organs. Grief incites the lachrymal organs, but tears flow from vexation, from affliction, from physical pain, or from the effect of an onion on the eyes. Pain incites the vocal organs to a shriek; but we hear persons, unhurt, shriek, when they see others in danger. These illustrations suffice to make clear the difference between movements which follow the sensation of pain, and the movements which in themselves indicate it; and enable us to apply the Method of Exclusion, and show that inasmuch as the very same movements are produced by other stimuli besides pain, we are not entitled to assume that these movements necessarily indicate pain in all cases. And there is abundant evidence that even man beings may exhibit all the phenomena of pain, when, by their own confession, they feel none. I allude to those numerous cases where paralysis of the nerves of sensation is unaccompanied by paralysis of the nerve of motion. A man in such a state will retract his leg if pricked, or have his limbs thrown into convulsions such as would accompany violent agony, yet he will tell us that, so far from feeling any uneasiness, he was totally unconscious of having been touched. A decapitated frog manifests the same movements of self-preservation as it manifested when its head was on. When engaged in certain functions, his leg may be cut off without causing him to desist. An insect will sometimes continue eating if pinned to the table, and will only struggle to fly away when the food is devoured. "Soft, lubricated, and irritable as is the skin of the naked mollusc," says Professor Owen, "there are not wanting reasons for supposing it to be possessed of a very low degree of true sensibility. Baron Férussac, for example, states that he has seen the terrestrial gasteropodes, or slugs, allow their skins to be eaten by others, and, in spite of the large wounds

thus produced, show no sign of pain."* But even if they showed "signs" of pain, we might legitimately question whether those signs really signified what they seem to us to indicate. Nothing can be concluded from struggles, shrinkings, and cries. A decapitated man, in whom all consciousness is necessarily obliterated, struggles to free his hands, attempts to stand upright, and stamps with his feet. A headless fly, fish, or worm, writhes and twists about if touched, although entirely deprived of sensation; a fly makes the movement of brushing its eyes by reflex action, although its head may be off. Animals that fight with their hind-legs use them vigorously when decapitated, at every irritation applied to the nerves. Headless insects deposit their eggs with as much care as others.† Such facts might easily be multiplied. Looking at these, however, we are forced to conclude, with Unzer, that "it cannot be inferred from the occurrence of those movements which usually accompany an external impression, particularly tickling or smarting, that the latter are felt, but only that there is that present in the external impression which can cause tickling or smarting. If an acephalous fetus, or the headless trunk of a worm or insect, be irritated, the same movements result as would have been considered the direct and incidental sentient actions of the irritation if it had been felt. If it be so irritated that pain, under ordinary circumstances, would have been caused, then those movements result which are the ordinary direct and indirect sentient actions of pain. The injured part contracts, is congested with blood, swells and inflames, and the animal writhes, tries to escape, leaps, flies, defends itself, and exhibits all the signs of suffering although it is incapable of sensation."‡

It thus becomes evident that shrinking, struggling, crying, &c., are no certain indications of pain. Nay, if we were to accept the shrinking as evidence, we should be forced to admit that the flower feels pain when

* OWEN: *Lect. on Comparative Anatomy*, p. 551.

† UNZER: *Principles of Physiology* (trans. by the Ray Society), p. 213.

‡ Ibid. p. 233.

it shrinks on being touched. The other day I was dissecting a *Solen*, which had already been dead eight-and-forty hours, and was beginning to decompose; yet no sooner did the scalpel touch the muscular foot, than that foot shrunk, as it would have shrunk in the living animal. Was this pain? Clearly not. It was due to the irritability of the muscular tissue.

Up to this point, we have done little more than destroy the value of the positive evidence which can be adduced in support of the proposition that all animals feel pain. As regards mere shrinking and struggling, fighting and crying, we see that the evidence is null. If it should be said that all animals possessing a nervous system must feel pain, because pain belongs to the nervous system, I ask, To what part of that system? We are certain that it does not belong to every part. We have endless nerve-actions incessantly going forward, without a vestige of pain accompanying them. There is no pain in seeing, hearing, thinking, breathing, digesting, &c. If not *every* part of the nervous mechanism, then only some *special* part, or parts, must be credited with sensibility under the form of Pain; and the mere fact of an animal's possessing a nervous system, will aid the argument only when proof is afforded that this system also includes the special part or parts endowed with sensibility to Pain.

As far as I can see into this obscure question, Pain is not only a *specialisation of that Sensibility which is common to all animals*, but it is a specialisation resulting from a high degree of differentiation of the nervous system, consequently found only in the more complex animals, and in them increasing as we ascend the scale. Out of a primordial basis of Sensibility (one of the vital properties, an ultimate fact, therefore), various special forms are developed. We have first reflex action, we have next the organic sensations, then the special sensations of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching; we have, further, the sensations of shivering, tickling, fatigue, hunger, thirst, which, although not painful in themselves, may easily pass into pain. Finally,

we have a specific form of Sensibility capable of being excited by a great variety of stimuli in great variety of degrees; and this is Pain, which appears to exist in all the higher animals, though in a lower degree than in man. Even among men the difference of susceptibility is very remarkable. It is much less in savages than in highly-civilised men, as it seems also to be less in wild animals than in domesticated, especially petted, animals; less in those leading an active out-of-door life than in those leading a sedentary intellectual life; less in women than in men; less in persons of lymphatic than in persons of nervous temperaments. To one man the scratch which is a trifle scarcely noticed, is to another an obtrusive pain; the one will not even tie his handkerchief over the wound, so little does it press upon his sensibility; the other is pale, and must have the wound dressed.

Although anatomy has not yet detected the special Centre wherein stimuli are transformed into sensations of pain, there can be little doubt that such a Centre exists, and none at all, in my mind, that the lower animals have it not; and this conviction keeps me perfectly calm in performing experiments on marine animals: a very desirable result, seeing that, without experiment, our observations would carry us but little way.

In describing the various methods of search for animals, it has been assumed that a tolerable conception exists as to the appearance of the thing sought. We may also count on "chance-seeking." We never know all that we have captured until some days afterwards. Repeated examinations of our vases and bottles with a lens, enable us to detect many a curious novelty which was unsuspected among the weed, and has now emerged. It is, therefore, a good plan always to bring home some "chance-weed," especially if it have a root, the red weeds being the most advantageous. This is placed in seawater for a day or two, and carefully examined from time to time; something is tolerably certain to be found thereon. One day, going over the contents of a bottle with a lens, I

was struck by the curious appearance of some Sertularian Polype, round which minute grains of sand seemed to be clustered, but all equidistant from the Polype, and not visibly attached to it. On removing it to the stage of the microscope, these supposed grains of sand proved to be the cups of a tiny Polype, in aspect closely resembling *Tubularia indivisa*, growing parasitically on the Sertularia. Proceeding to identify it, I found the species to be one hitherto undescribed; and I propose to name it *Tubularia parasitica*, if no one has been before me. On another occasion I saw, with the naked eye, a polype-like creature attached to the side of the glass, with its tentacles expanded; the lens showed it to be a Polyzoan, much resembling the *Alcyonidium hirsutum*. It was single, however; and on other parts of the glass were eight other specimens, all solitary. This was in itself noticeable, because, as the name imports, these animals live in colonies. Under the microscope, a new fact presented itself: the animal was enclosed in an oblong bivalve-shell, which seemed permanently open on one side, and open at the summit to give passage to the crown of tentacles. Imagine the shell of a mussel gaping open, within which is a quinine bottle, the broad neck protruding, and you will form a tolerable idea of the general aspect of this animal when the tentacles are withdrawn. I believe this to be a new genus, and also to have an interest beyond novelty, because furnishing another decisive argument in favour of the molluscan nature of the Polyzoa—a point still disputed among naturalists.* The existence of a bivalve-shell is very important; and I took pains to convince myself that it was really a shell, and not a membranous envelope having the aspect of a shell: submitting the animal to decomposition, I found the shell remain behind intact.

Apropos of Molluscs, their powers of endurance are very remarkable. Having noticed that they live out of

their native element, the water, for a considerable time, being often left bare on the rocks by receding tides, I thought of testing their powers in this way. Accordingly, a Cockle was placed on my work-table, out of all reach of damp, in a room where a fire was constantly burning. This was on the 10th of April; not until the 21st was the cockle dead. A small fish (*Ophidium*) under similar circumstances died in seven hours. Whence this remarkable difference in two gill-breathing animals? A question easily asked, but not easily answered. It has puzzled me a long while, and the only approach to an answer I can venture on is, that the fish, having a more complex organism, requires a more continuous and rapid molecular change of its substance, than is required by the simpler organism of the lethargic mollusc; and as oxygen is the incitor of such molecular change, the fish soon succumbs when a due supply is absent. The ten days of my Cockle, however, sink into insignificance beside the astonishing facts on record. In Mr Woodward's valuable *Manual of the Mollusca* we read:—

“The fresh-water molluscs of cold climates bury themselves during winter in the mud of their ponds and rivers; and the land-snails hide themselves in the ground, or beneath the moss and dead leaves. In warm climates they become torpid during the hottest and driest part of the year. Those genera and species which are most subject to this summer sleep are remarkable for their tenacity of life, and numerous instances have been recorded of their importation from distant countries in a living state. In June 1850, a living pond-mussel was sent to Mr Gray from Australia, which had been more than a year out of water. The pond-snails have been found alive in logs of mahogany from Honduras; and M. Cailland carried some from Egypt to Paris packed in sawdust. Indeed, it is not easy to ascertain the limit of their endurance; for Mr Laidlay having placed a number in a drawer for this purpose, found them alive after five years, although in the warm climate of Calcutta. Mr Wollaston has told us that specimens of two Madeira snails survived a

* The recent publication, by the Ray Society, of Professor Allman's splendid monograph on *Freshwater Polyzoa* must for ever settle this dispute.

fast imprisonment in pill-boxes of two years and a half. But the most interesting example of resuscitation occurred to a specimen of the desert snail from Egypt, chronicled by Dr Baird. This individual was fixed to a tablet in the British Museum on the 26th March 1846; and on the 7th March 1850 it was observed that he must have come out of his shell in the interval (as the paper had been discoloured, apparently in his attempt to get away); but, finding escape impossible, had again retired, closing his aperture with the usual glistening film; this led to his immersion in tepid water and marvellous recovery. He is now (March 13, 1850) alive and flourishing, and has sat for his portrait."

The Molluscs, like the heathen idols, have eyes for the most part, yet see not; organs of hearing, yet hear not; nevertheless, unlike the heathen idols, they are endowed with these organs for no "make believe," but for specific purposes. A function there must be, and doubtless a good one; but we speak with large latitude of anthropomorphism when we speak of the "vision" of these animals. Molluscan vision is not human vision; nor, in accurate language, is it vision at all: it is not *seeing*, but *feeling*; it is not a perception of objects, but a sensation of light and darkness. This does not apply to the Cephalopoda, in whom vision seems to be as perfect as in Fishes; nor, on the other hand, does it apply to those Bivalves which have no eyes at all, not even "eye-specs." The word mollusc embraces a vast variety; and, by way of limitation, the reader must understand that the following remarks are confined to those genera which I have directly studied for the purpose — *Doris*, *Eolis*, *Pleurobranchus*, and *Aplysia*. In the three first genera the eyes are *underneath* the skin and muscles, and rest on the brain (cesophageal ganglia), attached thereto by a microscopic nerve. There is no aperture in the skin, as there is in ours, through which the rays of light may fall directly on the eye; so that in spite of pigment, lens, and nerve

— the essential parts of a visual organ—vision is utterly impossible; as you may convince yourself even with your own admirable eyes, if the lids are obstinately closed over them. I am aware that clairvoyants, of the strictly unvarnished species, profess to see with their eyes closed; but our simpler molluscs have no such pretensions; they have not yet given in to the clairvoyant mania, and are content to submit to those laws of physics which regulate phenomena with the same unerring consistency in the world of Naked-gills as in that of Clothed Noodles. A first requisite in vision is surely the formation of an image; and how can this image be formed when the rays pass through the skin and muscles covering the eyes? A second requisite is a special ganglion, or centre of sensation; and even this is wanting in many cases. In *Pleurobranchus* and *Aplysia* I find the optic nerve arising from the ganglion which supplies the antennae; and Leydig says the *Doris lupubris* has its small eyes resting immediately on the brain.* Nevertheless, although these eyes are incompetent to vision, they represent the early stages of that marvellous and complex function; they are special organs for the reception of luminous influence, enabling the animal to distinguish light from darkness, not only in the general way of a blind man conscious of a change of temperature in passing from sunlight into shade, but also in the special way of minute local variations, such as are caused by the shadows of near objects.

I remember once being seated with a philosophic friend, and much bored by the presence of a morning caller—a large white-waistcoated man, "such an ass, and so respectable!" stiff with ignorance and haughtiness: the kind of man who seems afraid of lowering his eyebrow lest it should crease his cravat. He droned away about "the house" and Lady Jane, about his tenants, and what he had said on several occasions, till my

* LEYDIG: *Histologie d. Menach. u. Thiere*, 1857, p. 249. I have also observed this in a species of *Doris* of which the name is unknown to me. In general the *Doridæ* have minute optic ganglia.

patience was exhausted; and thinking nothing more likely to hasten his departure than a touch of Transcendental Anatomy, I turned to my friend, and, as if resuming the thread of our conversation, remarked, "Yes, it is singular to think of the eye being nothing more than a tactile organ." Whereupon White-waistcoat precipitately retreated. He would not wait to hear the development of that mad proposition; yet, had he waited, he might have learned that the eye is a tactile organ, and that vision is a combination of the sensations of touch, and of temperature of a specific kind.

The common notion is, that objects are reflected as images on the retina, and thence, as images, transmitted to the brain. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. I have serious doubts whether an "image" is formed on the retina at all; and the strongest conviction that no "image" is transmitted to the brain; on the contrary, the thing transmitted is a *sensation*, or group of sensations, *excited* by what is called the "image." The wave of light is translated into a nerve-stimulus, the impression excites a sensation; but the sensation is due to the specific centre, not to the specific stimulus of light; as we know by the fact that any other stimulus, such as pressure or electricity, is translated into a precisely similar sensation. So that even if we suppose an image to be formed on the retina, as it is formed in a camera-obscura, it will not be transmitted to the brain, but it will excite the specific sensations of which the optic centre is alone capable, and these will be transmitted.* When, a little while ago, I said that the formation of an image was a primary requisite in vision, I meant that unless the rays from an object converged into an image on a proper surface, no distinct perception of that object could result. The reader will not, therefore, suppose that, in throwing doubt on the notion

of images being formed on the retina, as they are formed on the camera-obscura, any attempt will be made to overthrow the optical principles so minutely established by philosophers. A brief description of the retina and its connections will enable us to argue this point at our ease.

The retina is not, as commonly supposed, an expansion of the optic nerve—if by that be meant a purely fibrous layer. After entering the eye, the nerve expands, and lines the inner surface with a layer of fibres; but beneath this layer is one of cells, not distinguishable from those of the brain, and beneath that, one of granules; beneath this layer, again, is another of perpendicular rods and cones, known as the "membrane of Jacob." So that we have four distinct layers, very dissimilar in structure, and of course very different from the optic nerve, which is simply fibrous. Instead of regarding the retina as composed of layers, however, modern investigators are generally agreed in considering that the fibres of the optic nerve pass *radially* through the retina: thus from the fibres a thread passes downwards till it meets a cell of the vesicular layer, which in turn is in connection with a granule of the granular layer, which terminates in a cone and rod; these latter forming the *real termination of the optic fibre in the pigment layer of the choroid coat*. It is now universally held that the rods and cones are the percipients of light, which they communicate to the cells of the vesicular layer, thence to the optic fibres, and thence to the optic ganglion. The point to be borne in mind in this description is, that the *sensitive part of the retina is not the surface on which the light immediately falls, but the surface which is in contact with the black pigment*.

In a parenthesis I may add, that one of the Dorpat school† has considerably disturbed the harmony

* "Light and colour are actions of the retina, and of its nervous prolongations to the brain."—MUELLER: *Physiology*, Eng. Trans., p. 1162.

† BLESSIG: *De Retinæ Structura*: 1855. See an abstract in Canstatt's *Jahresbericht*: 1855. If surprise be felt at the possibility of all the great anatomists having mistaken connective tissue for nervous tissue in so delicate a structure as the retina, what will be thought of the grey matter of the spinal chord turning out to be

which existed on the subject of the retina, by the publication of a series of researches, which led him to the conviction that only the optic fibres of the retina are of nervous structure, the rest being formed of "connective" tissue. Whatever may be the issue of the quarrel thus raised, it will not affect the points to which our argument will be directed; indeed, Funke* already suggests that, inasmuch as the function of the rods and cones is one to which nervous tissue is confessedly incompetent—namely, the transformation of the wave of light into that molecular process which takes place in the conduction of the impression—we may readily admit that their structure is different.

From what has been already said, it will be easy to prove that no images can be formed on the surface of the retina. In the first place, the retina, during life, is as transparent as glass. The rays of light must therefore pass *through* it, and enter the pigment layer, which, being perfectly black, absorbs all rays. Further, it has been proved that the optic fibres are *totally insensible* to light. There is a blind spot in each eye. Would you know the peculiarity of that spot? It is where the optic nerve enters, and where, consequently, nothing but nerve-fibres exist. There is also a spot in each eye where the sensitiveness to light is at its maximum. Would you know the peculiarity of that spot? It is a mass of cells, without a continuous surface-layer of fibres. After proving that the fibres are insensible to light, and that no image is formed where the fibres alone exist, we are called upon to show that some apparatus exists for the reception of these rays of light, out of which the necessary images are formed; and to Professor Draper we must turn for the best hypothesis to aid us.

Franklin, he reminds us, placed variously-coloured pieces of cloth in the sunlight on the snow. They were so arranged that the rays should

fall on them equally. After a certain period he examined them, and found that the black cloth had melted its way deeply into the snow, the yellow to a less depth, and the white scarcely at all. The conclusion which he drew has since been abundantly confirmed; namely, that surfaces become warm in exact proportion to the depth of their tint, because the darker the surface the greater the amount of rays absorbed. A black surface, absorbing all rays, becomes the hottest. This principle Professor Draper invokes in his examination of the eye. The pigment layer is, he maintains, the real optical screen on which the images are formed:—

"The arguments against the retina, both optical and anatomical, are perfectly unanswerable. During life it is a transparent medium, as incapable of receiving an image as a sheet of clear glass, or the atmospheric air itself; and, as will be presently found, its sensory surface is its exterior one—that is, the one nearest the choroid coat. But the black pigment, from its perfect opacity, not only completely absorbs the rays of light, turning them, if such a phrase may be used, into heat, no matter how faint they may be, but also discharges the well-known duty of darkening the interior of the eye. Perfection of vision requires that the images should form on a mathematical superficies, and not in the midst of a transparent medium. The black pigment satisfies that condition, the retina does not."†

Now comes the difficulty. If the retina is insensible to the light which passes *through* it, it will be equally insensible to the light which, according to some physiologists, is reflected from the pigment layer. On the other hand, although the pigment layer is capable of absorbing light, we cannot suppose it also sensitive to light. How, then, is the luminous sensation produced? Professor Draper shall again furnish us with an answer:—

"The primary effect of rays of light upon the black pigment is to raise its temperature, and this to a degree which is in relation to their intensity and in-

almost entirely formed of connective tissue, with only a very slight admixture of nerve-cells? Yet this is the conclusion of two independent inquirers, KÜFFER and (OWS)JANNIKOW. See LEYDIG, FUNKE, or CANSTAT.

* *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, 711.

† *Human Physiology*, p. 387.

trinsic colour; light which is of a yellow tint exerting, as has been said, the most energetic action, and rays which correspond to the extreme red and extreme violet, the feeblest. The varied images of external objects which are thus painted upon the black pigment, raise its temperature in becoming extinguished, and that in the order of their brilliancy and colour. . . . *In this local disturbance of temperature the act of vision commences*; this doctrine being in perfect harmony with the anatomical structure of the retina, the posterior surface of which is its sensory surface, and not the anterior, as it ought to be, if the explanation usually given of the nature of vision is correct; and, therefore, as when we pass the tip of the finger over the surfaces of bodies, and recognise cold and warm spaces thereupon, the same process occurs with infinitely more delicacy in the eye. The club shaped particles of Jacob's membrane are truly tactile organs, which communicate to the sensory surface of the retina the condition of temperature of the black pigment."

It is worth remarking that the analogy in structure between the retina and the recently discovered organs of touch is very close.* Professor Draper further insists on the fact that all photographic effects result from high temperature ---

"The impinging of a ray of light on a point raises the temperature of that point to the same degree as that possessed by the source from which the ray comes, but an immediate descent takes place through conduction to the neighbouring particles. This conducted heat, by reason of its indefinitely lower intensity, ceases to have any chemical effect, and hence photographic images are perfectly sharp on their edges. It may be demonstrated that the same thing takes place in vision, and in this respect it might almost be said that vision is a photographic effect, the receiving surface being a mathematical superficies, acting under the preceding condition. All objects will therefore be definite and sharply defined upon it, nor can there be anything like lateral spreading. If vision took place in the retina as a receiving medium, all objects would be nebulous on the edges."

To explain the process by which the change of temperature in the pigment becomes a luminous sensation will not be difficult, if, remembering

that the luminous sensation is one not depending on the specific stimulus of light, but on the specific nature of the optic centre, we follow this change in its passage from the pigment to the rods and cones of Jacob's membrane, which it first affects; these are in direct connection with the ganglionic nerve-cells, in which we may suppose the nervous impression to be excited; this impression is thence transmitted by means of the optic fibres to the optic ganglion, and there it becomes a sensation. This is hypothetical, I admit; but it is the only hypothesis which can agree with the present condition of our anatomical knowledge. Funke has a good illustration. The wave of light, he says, can no more excite the optic nerve *directly* than the pressure of a finger on the air, or the walls of the organ-pipes can excite musical notes. The finger produces a tone by pressing on the keys; each particular key that is pressed brings forth a corresponding tone as the air enters the pipe. In this illustration the optic fibres are as the organ-pipes, the rods and cones of Jacob's membrane as the keys, and the wave of light as the wave of air.

The most convincing argument against the retina as the receiving screen of images, and in favour of the pigment layer, is, in my opinion, to be found in the eyes of the Invertebrata, where the pigment is in front of the retina, instead of behind it, as in the Vertebrata. I have examined this point with great care, and the result is, that, although in crabs and insects, for instance, radial fibres in connection with the retina pass through the pigment, and are consequently exposed to the light, yet in every case the vesicular and granular layers and the optic fibres are *beneath* the pigment. In the eye of the Cephalopoda this position of the pigment has long been a puzzle, and Professor Owen says that it must doubtless be "perforated by the retinal papillæ, or otherwise a perception of light must take place, in a manner incompatible with our knowledge of the ordinary mode in which the retina is affected by luminous

* See LEYDIG, *Histologie*; and FUNKE, *Physiologie*, where diagrams are given.

rays."* True, but the ordinary mode of conceiving the process we have just seen to be untenable. When Von Siebold says that the "mysterious phenomenon rests only on an imperfect knowledge of the structure of the organ,"† he seems to me to forget that the phenomenon is by no means peculiar to the Cephalopoda, but is characteristic of the Invertebrata generally. What, for instance, is the simplest form of an eye, disregarding those hypothetical "eye-specs" which have been noticed in Infusoria? It is that of a pigment spot on a ganglion, or a nervous expansion. Ascending higher in the scale, and reaching even the complex structure of the crab's eye, what do we find but a pigment layer covering the retina? If certain processes do pass through the pigment from the retina, it is very questionable whether these are nervous in structure, and, if nervous, they are still only conducting-threads insensible to the direct influence of light. They are held to be analogous to the rods and cones of the Vertebrata, which, as we have seen, receive their stimulus from changes in the pigment, not directly from the light. It is thus, as Leydig says, "in the Vertebrata the rods form the outermost layer of the retina; in the Invertebrata they form the innermost. Herewith is connected the fact, which at first seems so surprising, that the choroidal pigment lies in front of the retina, therefore the contrary of what occurs in Vertebrata."‡ In the blind Crustacea no pigment is present; and in Albinos, in whom the pigment is of lighter colour, vision is imperfect. If we remember that, according to the hypothesis, light only affects the retina after changing the temperature of the pigment, which change is communicated to the rods and cones, and

thence to the vesicular layer, there will be nothing paradoxical in this inverse arrangement of the retina in Invertebrata; in both the process is essentially the same, and the mere difference of position is not more than the difference of the chain of ganglia, which in the Vertebrata is dorsal, and in the Invertebrata ventral.§

Returning from this digression, and its surprises, to the eyes of our Nudi-branchs, we can have little doubt that their vision is simply the perception of light and darkness. The changes of temperature produced by the absorption of the rays in their pigment cannot be elevated into the perception of an image, because the optical conditions for the formation of an image are absent: an indefinite sensation, resulting from change of temperature, is all that they can perceive. Nay, even were their eyes constructed so as to form optical images, there is little doubt that vision, in our human sense, would still fail them, owing to the absence of the necessary combination of tactile sensations with sensations of light. We see very much by the aid of our fingers.

Apropos of tactile sensations, are those anatomists who assume the existence of invisible nerves in parts of the skin which, although revealing no nerve to the eye, seem to reveal it to the mind by the manifestation of sensibility, warranted in such an assumption? Kölliker has shown that there is no portion of the skin, however minute, which is not sensitive. But does this prove that every point must be supplied with a nerve? Admitting that sensibility resides only in nerve-tissue (which for my part I doubt, and next month will furnish my reasons), I think another explanation will do away with such an assumption.

* OWEN: *Lectures on Comp. Anatomy*, p. 585. But he confesses not to have seen such perforations.

† VON SIEBOLD: *Comp. Anatomy*, p. 284. Very imperfect our knowledge is; although on what authority Professor Rymer Jones (*Animal Kingdom*, p. 591) denies the existence of the choroid, I know not. I have not only seen it repeatedly, but have made a preparation which exhibits it very clearly.

‡ LEYDIG: *Histologie*, p. 253.

§ Lest it should be supposed I have overlooked it, I will notice one serious difficulty in the way of the hypothesis just expounded, namely, the existence in some animals of a strongly reflecting membrane—the *tapetum* between the retina and pigment layer. I do not at all understand the way in which this affects vision, either on the old or new hypothesis.

It is unnecessary that a nerve-fibre should be directly pressed upon at the immediate point of contact of the needle and the skin. The sensation will equally result if the pressure be communicated at some distance from the point of contact. Strictly speaking, this is always the case when the cuticle is not pierced. The needle presses on the cuticle, and the pressure is communicated from the cuticle to the nerve; and it is evident that this pressure may be lateral as well as perpendicular. If a nerve be within the range of this lateral pressure, it will be affected; and although those parts which are liberally supplied with nerves are necessarily more sensitive than others, because more filaments come within the range of lateral pressure, yet no part of the skin is insensible, because no part is without the range of a nerve.

Having proved that our Molluscs cannot see, we have now to inquire whether they can hear. As in the former case, the answer must depend on what is meant by "hearing." If every sensation of light and darkness is to be called sight, and every sensation of sound is to be called hearing, our friends certainly both see and hear—as blind men see, and deaf men hear. Let us examine the organ in a *Doris* or *Pleurobranchus*: instead of the complex structure found in higher animals, we find a microscopic vesicle containing pebbles suspended in liquid. In the *Doris* this vesicle has no nerve, but lies upon the cerebroid ganglion, immediately behind the optic ganglion. Nor have I, in a dozen dissections, been able to detect a nerve in the *Pleurobranchus*, although Krohn describes one in the sub-genus, *Pleurobrancha*. At any rate, embryology proves the nerve to be a subsequent addition, since in the embryos of all the Nudibranchs the ear is a simple vesicle containing a single otolithe, with neither nerve nor ganglionic attachment. The mention of embryological indications reminds me that Von Siebold has

shown the close analogy which exists between the permanent organ of hearing in the gasteropod molluscs, and the transitory form of that organ in the embryo of the fish.

With such an organ, a mere bag of pebbles in liquid, what degree of that exquisite sense, known by us as Hearing, can be claimed by the interesting animal which naturalists are fond of styling "the humble mollusc?" I never detected any humility in my molluscs; and if they seem humble in the eyes of haughty ignorance, a little knowledge of their structure will soon remove that misconception. It is true, they give no dinners, and are perfectly regardless of the higher circles; they trouble themselves very little about any of the "great movements;" they do nothing for the "Progress of the Species;" leave the Jews unconverted; have no views on the "Ballot;" and are utterly insensible to the advantages of "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister." But they have their little world, and are as perfectly constructed for it as we are, who condescend to notice and patronisingly admire them.* In that world they do not need what we need. They hear nothing of the marvellous inflections of speech, the tremulous tenderness of affection, the harsh trumpet-tones of strife, the musical intonations of mirth. They cannot hear the prattle of children's voices, which send such thrills along our nerves; nor can they hear the untiring eloquence of a vexed virago, which also sends thrills not of so pleasant a nature. Deaf as the deafest adder will they remain, charm we never so wisely. Equally insensible must they be to music. Beethoven's melodious thunder, Handel's choral might, Mozart's tender grace, Bellini's langorous sweetness, are even more lost on them than on the lymphatic dowagers in the grand tier, who chatter audibly of guipure and the last drawing-room, while Grisi's impassioned expression, and Mario's *cantabile* are entrancing the rest of

* "Les mollusques sont les pauvres et les affligés parmi les êtres de la création," says Virey, who originated Cuvier's classification, but who was talking at random when he thus spoke. In creation there is neither high nor low; there are only complex and simple organisations, one as perfect as the other.

the audience. The Mollusc can only perceive noises. Sounds are by us separately recognisable in their intensity, their pitch (or note), and their quality. The Mollusc only recognises intensity—loudness. A wave of sound agitates the otolithes in his ear, and their agitation communicates to the ganglion a sensation of sound, loud in proportion to the agitation.

Had we no other evidence, this would suffice to show the error of the vulgar conception of hearing. Sound is not produced by waves of air striking the drum, these waves being thence transmitted along the auditory nerve to the brain; but the waves agitate the sensory apparatus, which in its turn acts upon the Sensational Centre. That is why sounds are heard with painful distinctness when the sensory apparatus is affected by other stimuli besides the pulsating of waves of air. Few subjects are of greater interest to the philosophic mind than the gradual complication of the organ of hearing, with, of course, its proportional complication of function, in the animal series. Even in human beings we see differences only less considerable than those which exist between man and animals. The ear of one man is utterly incapable of appreciating those delicate intervals and harmonic combinations which give to another exquisite delight. The bird,

"Singing of summer in full-throated ease,"

is insensible to music, and probably distinguishes nothing in speech except the loudness of the tone. And this fact may lead us to question whether the general notion, so often insisted on, of the superiority in the senses of animals over those of man is not a fallacy. It is quite true that a bird sees distinctly at greater distances than a man; but can it see such delicate *nuances* of colour? A dog perceives some odours to which we are insensible; but in the immense variety of odours we are capable of perceiving, our superiority is manifest. In hearing, animals are demonstrably inferior. Some of them may be as susceptible to certain sounds, but none are susceptible to the immense variety of sounds distinguishable by

our ears. Indeed, when from Comparative Anatomy we learn how much more complex are the Sensational Centres in man, we may be certain that the sensations will be more various.

Before quitting our Molluscs, let us for a moment consider the shells with which the vast majority are furnished, and with which all are furnished in their embryonic stage. I do not mean that we should lose ourselves in the varieties of a conchologist's collection, nor that we should inquire minutely into the structure of the shell and its mode of growth; but that we should pause to consider its relation to the great forces of the universe. You may possibly look upon that phrase as mere rhetoric; but it is of strictly scientific sobriety; and you will admit it to be so, on learning that the mighty ocean-currents mainly depend on this said mollusc-shell. Strange, yet true. Were there no secreting animals in the sea capable of removing from the water its surplus lime, the stormy winds might agitate its surface, and rouse its waves like troops of roaring lions shaking back their manes of spray; but there would be no strong currents with beneficent effect; and in a little while the ocean would become a huge salt lake. Let us rest from our hot hammering and painful stooping under ledges, and let us enjoy a few minutes' repose on this reef, solitary amid the waves, and distant from the shore. Pleasant the breeze, pleasant the gentle cadence of the water at our feet, pleasant the sight of that snowy mass of cloud which lazily rolls landwards. It rose from the surface of this brilliant, buoyant, volitant sea in airy bubbles of vapour, and is now travelling towards those green cornfields over which the lark is poised in melody. If the cloud should there meet a current of cold air, it will drop gently down as rain. This rain will make its way through the earth to rivulets and rivers, till it finally returns once more to the parent-bed of ocean; but on its way it will have washed with it various salts, which it will dissolve and carry to the sea, thus adding to the already saturated sea-water an amount of solid matter such as

would impede its flow, were there no provision ready to restore the equilibrium. For observe, the rain-cloud, as it rose by evaporation from the sea, left behind it all the salts which it contained, and these would make the rest of the water denser; but now the rain-cloud returns laden with as much salt as it originally had, and the very fluidity of the sea is in peril, since evaporation is incessantly going on, and rivers are incessantly returning laden with lime. What becomes of this excess of lime? Polypes and Molluscs, Crustacea and Fish, but mainly the two former, clutch hold of it, wring it from the water, and mould it into habitations for themselves. It is thus vast coral islands and oyster-beds are formed. The sea is a great lime-quarry; but the lime is arranged in beautiful forms, and subserves a great organic end. Not only are animals thus furnished with houses and solid structures, but the water, thus relieved of its excess, is enabled to flow in mighty currents. This is the theory propounded by Lieutenant Maury in his fascinating book.* Assuming the waters of the sea to be in a state of perfect equilibrium, the animals would, by their secretion of salts from it, produce currents:—

“The Mollusc abstracting the solid matters has by that act destroyed the equilibrium of the whole ocean, for the specific gravity of that portion of water from which this solid matter has been abstracted is altered. Having lost a portion of its solid contents, it has become specifically lighter than it was before; it must, therefore, give place to the pressure which the heavier water exerts to push it aside, and occupy its place; and it must consequently travel

about, and mingle with the waters of the other parts of the ocean, until its proportion of solid matter is returned to it. . . . The sea-breeze plays upon the surface; it converts only fresh water into vapour, and leaves the solid matter behind. The surface thus becomes specifically heavier, and sinks. On the other hand, the little marine architect below, as he works upon his coral edifice at the bottom, abstracts from the water there a portion of its solid contents; it therefore becomes specifically lighter, and up it goes, ascending to the top with increased velocity to take the place of the descending column, which, by the action of the winds, has been sent down loaded with fresh food and materials for the busy little mason in the depths below.”

Was I not justified in saying that the Mollusc was deeply interesting in its relations to the great forces of the universe? Does not this one example show how the great Whole is indissolubly connected with its minutest parts? The simple germination of a lichen is, if we apprehend it rightly, directly linked with the grandest astronomical phenomena; nor could even an infusory animalcule be annihilated without altering the equilibrium of the universe.

“Nothing in this world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.”

Plato had some dim forecast of this when he taught that the world was a huge animal;† and others, since Plato, when they conceived the universe to be the manifestation of some transcendent Life, with which each separate individual life was related as parts are to the whole.

* MAURY: *Physical Geography of the Sea*, p. 167.

† PLATO: *Philebus*, p. 170, ed. Bekker.

MEMORANDA FROM THE MANZANARES.

How many Englishmen would visit Madrid within a year after the opening of a railroad between that capital and Bayonne? We have heard a very competent judge of English roving propensities and love of new tracks, fix the probable total at ten thousand. Allowing for round numbers and a rough estimate, this perhaps would prove not much beyond the mark. For what European capital is there, half so accessible as Madrid then would be, that is known to so few Englishmen? The railway made, you steam in fifty hours from London Bridge to the Puerta del Sol. Twenty-five years ago, you were nearly as long getting to Paris. What now deters foreigners from visiting Madrid is apprehension of the latter half of the journey; of bad roads, uneasy vehicles, filthy inns, odious insects, and an option between starvation and viands floating in oil and fragrant with garlic. Some of these inconveniences must be encountered, but others are exaggerated, and the distance itself is inconsiderable. Guide-books make it somewhat less than one hundred leagues; but the leagues are short for Spain; and, notwithstanding stoppages for food, great loss of time in changing horses, and three lines of mountains to crawl over, the mail does it in forty-eight hours when the weather is fine. In winter, when the snow-drifts are deep on the lofty ridges and passes of Salinas, Descarga, and Somosierra, the time of travel is very uncertain—often between sixty and seventy hours. As regards distances, however, in Spain it is difficult to ascertain them exactly, there being nothing exact in Spain, just as nobody is punctual. Exactness and punctuality are for busy and industrious countries—not for this one, where few persons have anything to do, few do it who have, and time is valueless. The English and French talk of *killing* time, but the Spaniard has a different name for idleness. When you find him, as you may any day and all day, rolling his paper cigar and gazing vacantly on a vacancy, he tells you he is mak-

ing time—*hacer tiempo*. To return, however, to the Madrid road. It is not much better than its reputation—at least after you leave the Basque provinces behind you—and we may doubt whether tourists will venture upon it in considerable numbers until such time as the rail be installed. There is no saying how long that will take; for, to say nothing of natural difficulties, such works go slowly on in Spain. The rail completed, however, Madrid will doubtless, for a time, be much resorted to by English. And, to speak without prejudice, there are capitals less worth seeing. Lovers of art would think little of a fifty hours' pilgrimage, when at its termination their eyes were to be regaled by the wealth and gems enshrined in the Madrid picture-gallery, including nearly all the works of Velasquez, that prince of Spanish painters, including, too, a prodigal collection of the pictures of Murillo, Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Teniers, and of a host of other names, of all schools and nations, whose sound alone is fame. Although some of the great Italian artists are represented scantily or not at all, the collection is generally admitted to be the finest and most copious in the world. To see it properly is the work, not of days, but of weeks, and for a *fanatico per la pittura* there are months of enjoyment in its spacious galleries and well-filled saloons. The eye is at first bewildered by the riches that on all sides present themselves, and it is not until after two or three visits spent in desultory wandering and wondering, that one settles down to a methodical examination. Few galleries can be seen with greater comfort and satisfaction, for the lights are generally good and the visitors not numerous. Modern Spaniards are by no means enthusiasts for art; and a few artists making copies, and a stray foreigner or two, are generally all that one encounters there. For the foreigner the Museo is the great marvel and attraction of Madrid. The next thing worth seeing here is a bull-fight, a national sport to which

all English who visit Madrid go once, although not all go a second time. But even those who detest its cruelty, and avert their eyes from the agonies of bull and horse, cannot but be struck and interested by the crowd of spectators, the vast circus around which twelve thousand persons sit at ease, the picturesque dresses of the bull-fighters, the excitement and enthusiasm of all classes, the glare and glitter and fever-heat on a Monday in July in the Plaza de Toros of Madrid—the nearest place to England where a really good bull-fight can be seen. To the tourist, then, bulls and pictures, pictures and bulls, are the two great attractions of Madrid; but there are also other things worthy of note, which will not escape an observant eye, nor fail to amuse and interest those visitors who have a taste for the study of national customs and peculiarities.

Built on a cluster of hillocks, in the midst of an arid and undulating plateau, composed, for the most part, of houses of mean aspect, with few handsome mansions or stately public edifices to relieve their monotonous insignificance, possessing few trees large enough to afford shade, and water barely sufficient to quench the incessant thirst of its parched inhabitants, alternately swept by piercing blasts and scorched by an African sun, whilst clouds of searching dust whirl through its ill-kept streets,—Madrid certainly does not take by storm the heart of the traveller who for the first time enters its gates. Nor do the qualities of the people go far to redeem the disagreeables of the place. The Spaniard was once a courteous and high-bred gentleman, hospitable, generous, and urbane, punctilious on the point of honour, scrupulously just in his dealings, setting his good name above self; faithful to his mistress, and loyal to his friend. But now, alas! how changed! With the decline of his country the decline of his character has kept pace. Revolutions have done their work upon him—if, indeed, the word revolution may be applied to the squabbles and skirmishes that have kept Spain in hot water for the last forty years, and that have been of continual recurrence during the last

twenty—impotent street-fights, military treasons, brigandage insurrections, paltry *pronunciamientos*, resulting in the installation of new sets of plundering place-holders, but in no real advantage to the nation, to whose pecuniary burthen, on the contrary, they have constantly and heavily added. All these convulsions, rebellions and civil wars, have had a marked effect upon the Spanish character, although less perhaps upon the lower orders than upon the high and middle classes. Spaniards have preserved a grave courtesy of manner, what we call a gentlemanly bearing, and a scrupulous regard for certain etiquettes and forms of speech; but this is merely skin-deep, the very thinnest varnish; they can be both rude and brutal upon occasion, and, as a general rule, to which, of course, there are most honourable exceptions, they are neither hospitable nor serviceable. They excel in a profusion of polite phrases and generous offers, but if you look to them for performance, they are sadly wanting. Everything they have is yours, verbally, and as long as you do not take it; the Spaniard whom you are introduced to for the first time, begs you, on parting, to know him for your friend, to bear in mind that his house and his horse, and everything that is his, are not his but yours, and conjures you not to fail to have recourse to him *si se ofrece algo*—if in any earthly way he can be of use to you. He tells you all this with an earnestness and vivacity very apt to carry conviction of his sincerity, and it is amusing to witness the embarrassment of an uninitiated foreigner, who thus finds himself overwhelmed, by a perfect stranger, with long-winded professions of the warmest friendship, and of the most ardent desire to endow him with all his worldly goods, and render him any possible service. The foreigner, however, if not very dull, soon finds out that all this verbal liberality and love are only an unmeaning ceremony, and he learns to take them for what they are, mere palaver, and for what they are worth, which is exactly nothing at all. If he be so simple, after either short or long acquaintance, as to take his Castilian *ou pied de la*

lettre, and to ask him to take trouble for him, or to do him a service of any kind, it is ten to one that the other will refuse, or shuffle out of it. As to hospitality, Ford, to whom, although an unsparing critic, a keen insight into Spanish character and feelings cannot be denied, says that a Spaniard's idea of it is to dine with every one who asks him. This is true enough, and is to be accounted for only by a complete blindness to the advantages of reciprocity, or else by a conviction, which a Spaniard is likely enough to entertain, that when he dines with a foreigner the whole of the honour and advantage is for the host. If you go into the room where he is feeding, he points to his dish of beef and beans, and asks you if you will be pleased to eat. In reply, you wish him *buen provecho* (that it may profit him), and, if you are wise, you decline: in the first place, because a Spanish dinner is usually a bad dinner; and, secondly, because, in reality, he neither wishes or expects you to accept, and would be rather annoyed than otherwise if you did. But although there is little dinner giving in Madrid, there is an abundance of evening parties or *tertulias*, varying from the large assemblage where dining is the chief amusement, down to the small habitual meeting of a few friends. The former are very much like similar parties in other capitals; in the latter, where the chief resource is conversation, or rather chat, the foreigner, even though he understand the language well, will find little to interest him, unless he choose to devote himself to the particular service of some one pair of bright eyes. The talk at such meetings has generally a local and personal character, wearisome to the stranger, who finds himself thus introduced into a circle of intimates, whose allusions and jokes are to him for the most part unintelligible. It is not very often that he will stumble on a Spaniard whose conversation is remarkable for either originality or instruction. This is to be perhaps accounted for by the fact that Spaniards, usually imperfectly educated, read very little beyond newspapers, the demand for which may be estimated by the fact that, at this

time of writing, there are twenty-three daily papers published in Madrid, a capital of barely 280,000 inhabitants. It is true that their average circulation is not large, for a small sale will support a Spanish newspaper, and some are kept up for political objects, and perhaps yield a loss rather than a profit. At the same time, the number is great in a country of only fourteen or fifteen millions of inhabitants, and whose provinces are abundantly supplied with local periodicals. Generally speaking, Spanish newspapers do not exhibit much ability or extensive information on the part of their writers, and are not likely to add materially to the mental stores of their readers. Their leading columns are filled with controversial articles on domestic politics; foreign politics are rarely meddled with, and when they are, it is usually that they may be grievously mishandled and blundered over; foreign intelligence is compressed into the smallest possible space, whilst a large one is frequently allotted to what is called the *Gaceta*, a collection of anecdotes, accidents, offences, small jokes, comments on the Countess Montijo's last ball, or on a foreign minister's last dinner, doggerel verses, and other trivialities, often of the silliest and most inane description, but well suited to a considerable proportion of the paper's readers. The *feuilleton* is generally a translation of a bad French novel, although now and then one sees Walter Scott or Bulwer drawn upon in that way, and the *Talisman* and *Ernest Maltravers* are at this present time coming out in daily fragments at the bottom of two Madrid papers—cheek-by-jowl with ardent remonstrances and diatribes against the new law on the Press now being forced through the Chambers by the unscrupulous government of Narvaez, and with vehement denunciations against the people and government of Mexico, who have had the misfortune to offend their European cousins, and are accordingly menaced with a bombardment of Vera Cruz, the extermination of their armies, and the capture of their capital.

Those few Spaniards whose hunger

of literature and knowledge is not to be satisfied by such very indifferent pabulum as their periodical press affords, will hardly be able to appease their appetite with modern Spanish books. It is rare indeed that a work of any merit is published in this country. Such a publication is quite an event. The Spanish writers of this period deal chiefly in poetry and plays—the latter often more or less borrowed from French sources, but also not unfrequently original, and occasionally of some merit. But in the other departments of literature, whether grave and important, or useful, instructive, and interesting, in art, science, and history, or in biography, memoirs, and travels, nothing ever appears, or, if anything does, it is generally found that it might as well not have done so. Good writers would perhaps make diligent readers, and possibly it is the consciousness that the latter are hard to obtain that dulls the pen and damps the wit of men who might prove the former. When, at long intervals, a book is announced by an author whose name inspires hope, disappointment usually waits on its perusal. Thus, the other day, a volume on Italy appeared, written by Pacheco, who has been a cabinet minister here, and has represented Spain at various foreign courts, at Rome amongst others. He had not lacked opportunities of observation, and something good was expected. The interest excited was put an end to by the book itself. Pacheco is a man of good education, refined tastes, general information, and agreeable conversation, but the most ordinary tourist could hardly have produced a more commonplace book than his. Yet, poor though it be, it is probably the best of its class that has appeared here for many years, for, in fact, such books are never published here. If one spoke to a Spaniard of the fallen state of his country's literature, he would probably point, with justifiable pride, to Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, and other worthies who, in former days, did so much for the glory of Spain. None will deny their claims or merit, but their works cannot serve to fill the great void felt here—that of a sound, intelligent, and varied modern litera-

ture, such as is found in England and in some other European countries, and which serves at once to stimulate the taste for reading, to continue individual education, and to swell the sum of a nation's accomplishments and knowledge. As such a literature does not exist in Spain, or seem likely soon to start into life, the most natural resource of Spaniards desirous of improving themselves would be foreign books. But Spaniards are poor linguists. Many of them have a smattering of French, and some have acquired a little English, but few are well acquainted with any language but their own; and that they do not care to read books in any other—unless they be the cheap reprints of French novels—is proved by a glance at the contents of the Madrid book-shops.

A foreigner, however, coming to Madrid for a short visit, will not be dependent, in order to pass his time agreeably, on Spanish conversation or society, especially if, as is probable, he arrives in the fine season, and limits his stay to two or three weeks,—quite enough, unless he be a great lover of art, and determined to examine the Museo picture by picture—departing then for lovely Andalusia, or for the verdant valleys and picturesque mountains of that Spanish Switzerland, the Basque provinces. He will probably get himself taken to a tertulia, to see the sort of thing; and will rub elbows with grandees, generals, and ministers that are or have been, at a formal dinner at his ambassador's. We take for granted that he has a friend or (better still) two friends with him, *Ford's Handbook* (of which, by the by, a revised edition will soon be wanted, for Spain is outgrowing it) in his pocket, and, with these and—if he and his companions be totally ignorant of the language—a valet-de-place, he will have every requisite for enjoying Madrid thoroughly. His eyes will have more occupation than his ears; although, if familiar with Spanish, he will do well to keep the latter open, especially when within earshot of the lower orders, who have a good deal of quaint humour peculiar to themselves and country. If he has not been to the south of Spain,

he will be struck by the Spanish characteristics of the capital, greater than they are sometimes said to be. The costumes will probably particularly attract his notice. The men of the upper classes have become completely *afrancesados* in that respect, and are bad imitations of boulevard exquisites; but the women, although not innocent of crinoline, preserve the graceful mantilla, which gives a peculiarly Spanish aspect to the streets and promenades. At one time there seemed danger that this most becoming and coquettish head-dress would be discarded in favour of the tawdry French bonnet, but since then there has been a reaction, and bonnets are very few, the mantilla being recognised as both prettier and more convenient. Amongst the lower orders there are still some remains of a national dress, even amongst the people of Madrid—the Spanish town into which foreign fashions most quickly find their way—were it only the brown cloak with red velvet facings, and the *gacho* hat of black velvet, with a low peaked crown and a brim turned up all round. And in Madrid, as the capital and centre of Spain, there is always a sprinkling of natives of all parts of the kingdom, Valencians, Andalusians, Basques, &c., more or less in the costumes of their respective provinces. Then there are the Maragatos, in their loose knee-breeches, coloured garters, peculiar coats, and broad-brimmed hats: and the bull-fighters, who in the season are to be seen in great numbers lounging about the Puerta del Sol, or at the corners of the Four Streets (*Cuatro Calles*) in the Carrera San Geronimo, distinguishable by their short jackets, gaudy sashes, swaggering gait, and devil-may-care mien, and by the single long platted lock of hair left at the back of their closely-cropped heads—not as a scalping-lock, or to lift them into paradise by, but whereto to fasten the *moño* or ribbon ornament which forms a part of their costume when in the arena. Allowing for the difference of national character, the bull-fighters correspond with the now nearly extinct class of prize-fighters in England; fellows of infinite pluck and daring, strength and agility, whose conversa-

tion is composed of slang and low wit, and whose habits, generally dissolute and extravagant, quickly rid them of the gold they earn by the daily risk of their lives. To these reckless courses, however, there are exceptions, and Guillen, better known as Cuchares or El Curro, now, in the opinion of many, the first bull-fighter living, is a man of property and a landed proprietor, whose strawberry gardens supply all Seville, and who, if a bull's horn do not terminate his career, will doubtless soon retire, after very many years' practice and innumerable triumphs, to repose, under the shade of his taumomachian laurels, in the ease and dignity of a country gentleman. If his admirers, whose name is legion, had their way, he would be created, at the very least, a *titulo de Castilla*, or Castilian nobleman, and perhaps would be returned to the Cortes, where he would doubtless cut as good a figure as many who now have seats there.

Generally speaking, in Madrid, as throughout Spain, the lower orders are better worth observation than the higher ones. The latter much resemble the same classes in other countries, at least upon the surface. If you go below that, you find them deficient in education and general information; and it is to be hoped that in few European countries have political and moral corruption taken such deep root as in the upper layers of Spanish society. It is amongst the people that the national character and qualities are to be sought, and that the foreigner finds abundant materials for curious observation. The higher classes offer an uninteresting and monotonous level by no means of attractive aspect. The two objects of their existence seem to be to kill time and to extract money from the country. Place-hunting is the curse of Spain, and the origin of half the evils that afflict her. It is a regular profession—the profession, indeed, to which all others are held subordinate. Political life is not here entered upon by a few, who feel or believe it to be their vocation, but by a multitude, whose only qualifications are self-confidence and audacity, their only aims idleness and lucre. Political honour and consistency are

things almost unknown. One might count upon ten fingers the public men in Spain who have never turned their coat or betrayed their party—often in the most barefaced and open manner. For by nearly all, in this country, the meanest personal interest is set above the greatest public good. Public spirit is unknown; patriotism is in every man's mouth but in nobody's heart. In this respect no distinction is to be made of parties or of professions. The most vehement Liberals, whose lips when they are in opposition, overflow with professions of disinterestedness, and their eyes with tears of sympathy with their country's woes, no sooner get on the upper side of the wheel than they show themselves as greedy and selfish as those whom they have been wont to tax with covetousness and corruption. Thus, in 1854, Espartero, nearly the only man in Spain whose honesty and disinterestedness have never been denied even by his greatest enemies, and are proved by the fact of his remaining poor after opportunities of which a tithe has sufficed to others to amass enormous fortunes, was unable, when he came to power, to stem the tide of greedy place-hunters, and was driven nearly distracted by the pressure put upon him. The *Progresistas* had been eleven years out of office; their appetite was keen, and they held themselves entitled to both compensation and reward. This is invariably the case when one party goes out and another comes in. To content the new applicants, a number of government servants must be removed; most of these are entitled to a retiring allowance, and so the charge on the treasury continually increases. Much the same system is observed with the army. Officers do not strive for promotion by diligent attention to the theory and practice of their profession; they study the dirty intricacies of Spanish politics, and live in hopes of an opportunity to "pronounce," a slang word which means to mutiny and rebel. They upset the government they are pledged to obey and defend, welcome the new one with cheers, and are duly rewarded by promotion to the brevet or even to the full rank above that they hold. It

were easy to establish a regular tariff of the rewards thus given for the greatest military crime—for which, however, the regimental officers are to a certain extent to be excused, since it is invariably their generals who set them the bad example. An ordinary pronunciamiento, after the revolution has already been begun by civilians, is worth one step; if the military commence the movement, and come to blows with their comrades, they are heroes, and well deserve double promotion. Major-General Domingo Dulce, who, being then inspector-general of cavalry, took out two thousand horsemen under circumstances of peculiar treachery, and defied the government of the day, was made lieutenant-general and grand cross. For the same thing, in another country, he would have been broken, and rewarded with a rope instead of a ribbon. A foreign officer, on half-pay in Madrid, who went out and met a regiment marching upon the capital, and succeeded in seducing it from its allegiance, was actually thrice promoted within a few months. Officers who resist temptation, and remain faithful and obedient to the government of the day, whatever that may be, have the satisfaction of seeing their inferiors cantering in troops over their heads. The system adopted is a premium to insurrection.

All this, however, is a trite tale, and moreover politics were not contemplated when we sat down to scribble, for the benefit of future rambles on the banks of the Manzanares, these slight sketches of life and manners in Madrid. To return to the lower orders, as affording curious studies. Some of the very lowest do this, as, for instance, the beggars and ballad-singers. That poverty and oysters walk hand-in-hand in London town was justly remarked, but, if our memory serve us, never explained, by that philosophic Jehu, Mr Weller, senior. Here mendicancy and melody do the same thing; and it is hard to say why a beggar should think the sight of a cracked guitar, upon which he often cannot or does not play, a necessary accompaniment to a petition for a copper. To talk of melody, however,

is basely to sacrifice truth to an alliteration, for nothing can be more discordant than the senseless twanging that greets one's passage through the thoroughfares of Madrid, proceeding from wretched objects, for the most part blind, maimed, or deformed, squatted in the gutter, with their back against the wall, or on the stairs and in the halls of clubs and public buildings, or at the foot of the trees that line the roads to the Retiro gardens. They change their station according to the season and to the time of day. If it be a fine afternoon, and the crowd streams towards the Retiro, every tree, from the artillery barracks at its gate to the Prado, has a beggar in its shadow, whilst others sit and crouch against the wall of the gardens, on the side of the Calle Alcalá. They often hunt in couples, a man and a woman together, and this is particularly the case with the blind. Nearly all the blind beggars have blind wives, probably because they require less looking after. There is nothing picturesque in their general appearance, although one sometimes sees amongst them excellent studies for blind heads. Their dress is squalid and commonplace, and might be that of their class in many other countries, except that the men usually wear the *calanés* hat. The women are dressed as English beggarwomen, in draggled gowns, but instead of those horrible, filthy and dilapidated bonnets which so shock foreigners amongst our pauper population, they cover their heads with a handkerchief of the commonest Glasgow print. The man is usually the musician. His guitar lies across his knees, and he occasionally lazily tortures its strings and the ears of the passers-by. "By the blessed Virgin of the Song!" he is apt to implore you, just as a mendicant of old might have appealed to you in the name of St Cecilia. He has various forms of address, and some of them, translated into English, appear very familiar, but here the beggar uses them to the Duke. "*Hérmánitos! por el amor de la santísima Virgen!*" cries a stalwart blind man, with bare legs and feet, not over clean, and a face hideously seamed with the small-pox, to a party

of *grandees* as they step from their carriage to enter the gardens: "My little brothers! for the love of the most holy Virgin!" And this is not moaned out, but spoken boldly, and contrasts with the shivering melancholy appeal of a London street beggar, or the unctuous "*Mon bon Monsieur*" of the regular Parisian mendicant. This is the country of practical equality, and, moreover, the religious element still predominates in certain ways, and we are all brothers in Christ. A little further on you come to another "dodge." A girl or woman holds a strip of paper, an eighth of a lottery-ticket, worth at the office from three to ten francs. "Number 24,395!" she shrieks out. "See, gentleman, what a beautiful number—what a lovely number! It is thirty thousand dollars that I hold in my hand." She will be delighted, however, to part with the winning ticket for a few pence above the office price, or rather she gives it to you, and trusts to your generosity. As night comes on, and promenaders return into town, there is a general change of position amongst the begging fraternity, who then resort to the most frequented streets, and hang in numbers about the doors of clubs and cafés. The musical mendicants, those who do something more than twang, and have the pretension to give you value for your money, establish themselves in their favourite stations. Some of these play duets on guitars and *bandurrias*, a sort of mandoline, which is played with a horn peg instead of with the fingers, and others sing. Celebrated amongst these is Perico el Ciego, the blind Perico, a fellow of infinite fun, a tolerable voice, and considerable skill on the guitar. Attended by his blind wife, who sometimes accompanies him with voice or instrument, he is often to be heard in the Calle de Sevilla, a flagged and much-frequented street, inaccessible to vehicles, which connects the Alcalá and the San Geronimo. His repertory and his popularity are alike prodigious, and he commands a crowd, consisting by no means exclusively of the lower classes. Scarcely a person passes without pausing for a moment or two to hear at least a

couplet. Grinning countenances always abound in his vicinity. It is impossible to ask him for a song that he does not know, and numerous are the novelties with which he astonishes his habitual auditors. In the intervals of his chants he holds a conversation with his wife or a facetious monologue. He appeals with perfect confidence—a confidence rarely disappointed—and infinite *bonhomie*, for the reward of his performance. “Now then,” he says, “I will sing a song you have never heard before, and which it will do your heart good to hear.” Or he announces some popular favourite which he knows will detain his audience. “But first,” he adds, “let those who are able, and those who are willing, and those who have got it, and those who can spare it, find some coppers for Perico.” And he runs on in a comical strain whilst turning about in the crowd with an extended palm, which he never withdraws empty. His ditties—as will be easily imagined, if we remember how much is tolerated in Spain for the sake of wit—are not always of the most decorous description; and although one may now and then see couples, returning from theatre or tertulia, linger for a moment within earshot, attracted by the contagious gaiety and vivacity of Perico’s strains, they are for the most part utterly routed and put to precipitate flight before they have heard half a song. On the other hand, at yonder street corner you shall see three or four Madrid grisettes, whose ears are less squeamish, capering a fandango or bolero, having been put into what promises to be perpetual motion by the irresistible notes of the cunning blind man.

After the theatres, from eleven till one, when the cafés are at the fullest, beggars of a certain class are in their glory, and reap their harvest. These are the thoroughly professional mendicants with children. The toleration extended to beggars, and especially to the juveniles amongst them, is very great, and rather astonishes a foreigner. Match-sellers, lottery-ticket vendors, dealers in toys and soap, all enter the cafés, and are seldom ejected. At the door of

the Café Suizo, at the corner of the streets of Alcalá and Sevilla, a woman nightly stations herself, attended by a troop of children. These, acting under her direction, make raids into the café, and show extraordinary adroitness in ducking under tables and concealing themselves behind burly individuals in cloaks, when they see a waiter approaching. Now and then he detects them, and flaps them out of the place with his napkin, like flies; but, like that persevering insect, he no sooner turns his back than they are in again, with one eye, vigilant, on him, with the other, imploring, on the guests. One great object of the desires of these incipient guerillas is the cigar-ends that lie about the floor, and in the pursuit of which they display a suppleness that seems to argue a complete absence of bones, or, at the least, a double allowance of joints. Some of them carry bags, wherein they collect the coveted fragments of moist tobacco, which are afterwards dried, chopped up, and converted into *cigaritos* (paper cigars) of the best quality. One small urchin, about three feet high, and apparently not much more than six years old, is a most active and valuable member of this mendicant association. To see him darting under benches and tables, and into impossible corners, and between people’s legs, and collecting his spoil under the very nose of the waiters, and doubling like a hare, and scouring out at the door when they make a move in his direction, is quite wonderful. He wears a scrap of brown cloth over his shoulders in imitation of a cloak; his features are pretty, although sickly; his complexion pallid, as may be expected in a youth of his years who frequents cafés until one in the morning; and it is to be feared that his diminutive size and tender age earn him so many coppers that he will finally make a fortune by beggary, and bring up his children and grandchildren to the same trade.

The circulation of beggars in cafés does not strike one in Madrid so much as it would in most large towns, since here it is common for people scarcely better dressed than beggars freely to enter such establishments, where they are served quite

as promptly as if they were blue-blooded grandees. Basque peasants in round jackets, and red or white flat caps (the Biscayan *boina*, which was the Carlist uniform cap during the civil war, and was worn by Zumalacarregrui and Cabrera), muleteers, and men who, from their appearance, might be of any low rough occupation, walk in, accompanied by their females, establish themselves round the marble tables, contemplate their stubbly and not always very clean countenances in the handsome mirrors, repose luxuriously against the padded velvet that backs the benches, and take their coffee as coolly, converse as unconcernedly, and seem in all respects to consider themselves quite as much in their right place as any of the *Excelencias* and *Señorías* around them, and who show no more surprise at their intrusion than *they* manifest discomposure on finding themselves in such exalted society. But, as before said, Spain is the land of real equality—more so than France, where it is much more talked about.

Travellers to the south of Europe are apt to build on the magnificent processions of the Roman Catholic Church. In Madrid they will be disappointed in this respect. Processions are frequent there, and of some of them the *personnel* is numerous, and the pomp great; but their aspect is dingy and shabby; the rich vestments, canopies, banners, &c. are faded and fawdry; and, upon the whole, better things are to be seen in other Spanish towns, even in some which are second-rate in point of size and population. The balconies, crowded with ladies, form in the capital a more attractive show than the procession. In the Holy Week and on *Corpus Christi* day—the latter a movable festival that occurs about the beginning of summer, and the promenade after which is a sort of Longchamps, where the ladies display the latest fashions and their newest dresses—are the most remarkable religious ceremonies of the year. On Easter Sunday the Host is sent round in one of the queen's coaches, preceded by bands of music, and escorted by a body of troops. It stops at the houses of sick persons, and is

taken in to them. Three priests alight from the carriage, the centre one wearing a gold and silver robe, and bearing the consecrated wafer, which, in common Spanish parlance, is called, with a familiarity that strikes Protestants as rather irreverent, *Dios* or God. Four assistants carry, by means of four sticks, a silken awning over the priests and their sacred charge. The centre of the awning sinks a little, and on it rest fresh flowers. The royal carriage is of an antique form, of a deep cherry-red, with burnished gildings. It is drawn by six greys, with postilion and coachman. The equipage might not excite much admiration in Long Acre, but nevertheless the effect of the whole turn-out is rich and royal. On the 19th April last, which was Easter Sunday, as we were observing the procession from our balcony in the Plaza Mayor, we took the liberty of seeking a little information from a mature and most respectable-looking Spanish dame whose station was close to ours. This, she told us, was *Dios grande*—the great *Dios*—in contradistinction to *Dios chico*—the little *Dios*—which had passed the day before. It was the same *Dios*, she kindly informed us, only the little one had no soldiers or music. The line of the procession had been indicated the previous evening in the usual manner, and indeed we remembered to have seen two dirty boys in red and yellow dressing-gowns, looking like victims intended for an auto-da-fé, marching through the streets, beating drums, and attended by a host of ragged urchins, with whom the ecclesiastical drummers apparently kept up an animated and jocose colloquy. When the Host descended from the carriage, the military band played the Royal March—played only on such occasions, and in the Queen's presence. The people at the windows threw out flowers and little squares of paper of various colours, with grotesque woodcuts and barbarous verses printed upon them. These *alcuzias*, as they are called, are the invariable accompaniments of processions here, and are thrown out in great quantities, thickly strewing the ground, much to the delight of the street urchins, who make collections of them. They are sold for a penny,

in large sheets, each one containing several dozens of the small squares; they are then cut up, and tossed by handfuls from the windows under which the procession is passing. Their subjects are very various, comprising all manner of quaint fictions, often ludicrous enough; histories of famous robbers and criminals; occasionally the libretto of a comic opera abridged into some fifty hobbling Spanish couplets of two lines each, serving to explain the rude drawings above them. It is difficult to trace any connection between these pictures (which are got up something in the style of those that issue from Seven Dials' printing establishments) and religious processions. Probably their subjects originally had reference to the events commemorated on the day; but, in course of time, sketches of the life of the Virgin or of the saints, accompanied by texts of Scripture or pious distichs, have degenerated into the profanities now in vogue. In like manner, at the *verbenas*, or night-festivals, held in honour of St John, St Peter, and other saints, a vast number of plaster figures are exposed for sale. These were perhaps originally effigies of the saints of the day, the object of which was gradually lost sight of, and their nature changed.

We were rather surprised at the free-and-easy and almost flippant manner in which our intelligent and estimable neighbour, who was in aspect almost ascetic, and whom we happened to know was a scrupulous attendant on all manner of masses, spoke of *Dios chico* and *Dios grande*, and at the unceremonious tone of some of her remarks respecting the pomps of the day. But the truth is, that one not unfrequently finds in Spain this kind of irreverence co-existent with a great deal of bigotry and superstitious observance of outward forms. One of the most amusing instances of external piety we remember to have witnessed was in a Madrid club, where every night, towards twelve o'clock, a *rouge-et-noir* table opens. Occasionally it has happened that, when the game was at the hottest, the table strewn with gold and notes, eagerness to be read on the flushed countenances that craned over the green

cloth, there was heard, in the street without, the tinkle of the bell that announces the passage of the Host. Instantly the game was suspended; the gamblers knelt upon their chairs or on the floor, and crossed themselves and mumbled prayers whilst the consecrated wafer passed on its way to some dying man's bedside. The sound of the bell, and of the steps of the priests, grew fainter, and, as it died away, the gamblers resumed their seats, again grasped their gold, and stretched their necks, and once more it was "*Rouge gagne et la couleur*." The Queen, when she meets the Host, invariably gives up her carriage to it, and proceeds on foot; and only the other day some of the Spanish newspapers overflowed with indignation because one of the mails, on entering Madrid, overtook the Host, and instead of following it at a snail's pace down a very long street, was so disrespectful as to pass it, and make the best of its way to the post-office.

An Englishman acquainted with Spanish, but not with Spaniards, and coming to Spain for the first time, must inevitably be struck by the diverting examples of eccentricity of thought and action observable amongst the indigenous population. Many of these spring from their dislike of innovation, and from their huge national self-conceit; it being the firm conviction of all but a minute minority of travelled and enlightened men (who can scarcely venture to express what they really think), that Spanish ways are better than any other ways. You show them a simple and obvious improvement to be made, and they listen to you with incredulity, if not with disdain, and rarely adopt it. If you go to a tradesman or artisan for some article he deals in or fabricates, and request him to prepare it for you in rather a different manner from that usual in Spain, it is ten to one that he refuses, says it cannot be done, or demands some exorbitant increase of price,—as much as to say, that if you will have caprices you must pay for them. Spaniards have no natural turn for trade; they are deficient in application and speculative enterprise, and have no idea of the miracles

that may be wrought by an energetic will. Frugal, temperate, and contented with little, they would rather live poorly than put themselves to extraordinary exertions, or deviate from established routine. Hence their slow progress in the arts of life, and hence it is that foreigners, notwithstanding the jealousy entertained of them, and the denial of fair play they frequently meet with, beat them at every turn on their own ground and in their own capital. In Madrid a large number of the best shops and most lucrative trades are carried on by foreigners—by French, Italians, and Germans. The milliners, the hair-dressers (not the barbers—the Spaniard has always been a first-rate shaver), many of the bakers, the best bootmakers, nearly all the dealers in toys, trinkets, porcelain, and foreign wares, are natives of other countries. The principal brewery (a vast deal of thin beer is consumed in Madrid, and, mingled with iced lemonade, forms an excellent beverage in hot weather) is in the hands of foreigners; the only dentists whom a prudent man would allow to look into his mouth are an American and an Italian. Gas and hackney-coaches were introduced here by Englishmen. There are a great number of Italian cooks here; the largest hotel, the most noted eating-house, the best café, are kept by foreigners. This list is merely the result of casual observation; a little investigation would doubtless enable one greatly to prolong it. The scarcity of water (to be amended, it is hoped, in a few months, by the opening of the “Canal of Isabel II.,” by which water is to be brought from a distant stream) is probably the cause that there are no market-gardens round Madrid. The soil is arid, and the summer sun parching and unfavourable to vegetation; but still there can be scarcely a doubt that, if this were an English or French town (or in possession of the Spanish Moors, those adepts in gardening and hydraulic science), something would ere this have been made of the environs. The barren sandy earth might have been enriched by artificial means, at least to the extent of supplying the capital with choice fruits and vegetables. In

most places manure is a saleable article; here you pay for its removal, and it is in great measure wasted. Asparagus and strawberries (the small wood kind) come from Aranjuez, but nearly everything else in the way of vegetables and fruit comes from very far, and consequently is extremely dear, and lacks freshness. Persons who expect to find in Spain, on the strength of its climate, fruit of delicious flavour, will be much disappointed; a great deal of that eaten in Madrid comes from Valencia, and is faded, watery, and tasteless. Climate is of little avail if skill in cultivation be not there to supply savour. This rule may not hold good in the tropics, but it certainly does in Spain.

Owing to the small temptation afforded by the environs, there is perhaps no place in the world whose inhabitants take so little exercise, equestrian or pedestrian, as those of Madrid. There is no great pleasure in riding over an expanse of treeless sand: the *Casa del Campo* is a poor apology for a park, and one must have permission to enter it; if you walk out of the town, no verdant plain or smiling landscape rewards your fatigue; and in some quiet hollow you may chance to be met with by ill-looking miscreants with knives as long as your arm, in which case you will feel thankful if you escape pursuless, but without bloodletting. Madrid abounds in ruffians to whom robbery and murder are pleasant pastimes, and who occasionally stroll a few miles out in quest of prey. So nearly all the riding and walking are done within the limits of the town, the former chiefly in the promenades known as the Fuente Castellana and the Prado, where at summer eventide a few score equestrians may be seen, principally what are here called *pollos* (*Anglicè*, chicks), a cant term meaning semi-fledged diminutive dandies of the bantam breed, who give themselves all the airs and pretensions of old cocks. The horses are generally Spanish and of small mark, often trimmed and docked so as to give them *un faux air* of English or French hacks: like their riders, in short, they are bad counterfeits of foreign originals. As to walking, the best place is unquestionably the

Retiro, used by Spaniards as a summer lounge, but where an Englishman, desirous of good honest exercise, may obtain it at almost any season. Hardly any Spaniards walk for exercise. They idle and saunter about, stopping occasionally when the conversation gets earnest or fast, as if they could not move legs and tongue simultaneously; now sitting on a bench, now lingering to roll a paper cigar, and wait the arrival of some smoker whom they see approaching with a light. Then, from the lowest to the highest, and except in the great heats of summer, they are a cloak-wearing people, and the cloak is the lounge's garment *par excellence*. But whilst they dawdle by the pond and look at the gold fish, a foreigner, bent on opening his pores and appetite, may get a pleasant walk enough by striding two or three times completely round the Retiro. Not that this garden (for particulars of which Ford may be consulted) will appear otherwise than scrubby, stunted, and paltry compared with Kensington or the Tuileries, amidst whose brilliant flower-beds and rich masses of foliage one may fancy oneself remote from towns; but, nevertheless, when one's eyes have got parched and irritated by the dust and glare of Madrid streets, it is a relief to seek the shades of the Buen Retiro, which one is fain to admit is really a good retreat. In Spain, if one would be contented, one must not compare with other countries; and so we must not too severely criticise the dwarfish trees, artificially but imperfectly irrigated, the seedy flowers that tell of bad gardening, the want of that fresh soft emerald turf the eye delights to rest upon. There is a mixture of cultivation and wildness in the Retiro which is not disagreeable; to some portions a good deal of care is evidently given; elsewhere you come upon patches of waste ground serving as nurseries for young trees, and overgrown with poppies, yellow colt's-foot, rank dog-daisy, scentless wild mignonette, and particularly with the rose-pink blossom of the marsh-mallow, which one might imagine nature had scattered there in such abundance that its emollient properties might serve

as a corrective of the scorching irritating climate. Here and there are cypress-grown bits, which, combined with the bright clear climate, remind one of Turkish cemetery scenery. For adopting the Retiro as an habitual walk, there is the additional reason that there is very little pleasure in walking in the streets of Madrid. When one has got accustomed to their aspect, and the charm of novelty has worn off, they offer little attraction; and in most of them, moreover, the footpath is too narrow, and the passengers are too numerous, for rapid progress to be practicable. The stranger will be struck by one of their features; the immense number of second-hand shops, miscellaneous stores, a low description of what the French call *bric-a-brac* shops, in which are offered for sale ancient furniture and curiosities, brass chandeliers and ornaments, fantastical wearing apparel, oil-paintings without frames, and soiled engravings with frames—in short, a few things that are either useful or ornamental mixed up with an immensity of rubbish. Foreigners who come to Spain with a notion that they cannot fail to pick up precious and cheap specimens of the Spanish masters, will hardly find it worth while to rummage these shops, in which the works of art are generally of an extremely low class, most of them mere daubs from the brush of artists who have evidently mistaken their vocation. The engravings are rather better worth notice. The majority of them are of an uninteresting kind—old French engravings, portraits of Ferdinand VII., of Maria Christina, and of Isabel II., and of Spanish generals, many of whom are unknown to fame beyond their native land; engravings of naval battles at the end of the last century, and lithographs of actions during the War of Independence and the conflict with Don Carlos. The rising in Madrid on the 2d May 1808, and the defence of Saragossa, are very favourite subjects, although we regret to say that the heroic maid of Saragossa, she

"Who hung so fiercely on the flying foe,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a
batter'd wall," *

(and who died, by the by, the other

day, full of years, and much honoured, in the Spanish-African possessions), is not represented, by the artists of her own nation, as that graceful, gazelle-eyed, thorough-bred sort of beauty into which she has been exalted by the poets, painters, and graveurs of England and France; but that, on the contrary, in sundry Spanish engravings we have seen, she appears as a strapping, coarse-featured, broad-shouldered, Arragoneese wench, with big hands and brawny limbs—in short, not at all a bad cut of a gunner, if she were differently dressed. It perhaps says little for Spanish morality that the exploits of notorious robbers seem to be quite as often pictorially celebrated as the feats of patriots and heroes. Some of the knights of the road have had their adventurous lives chronicled in long series of illustrations, and prominent amongst these is the Maragato, a renowned brigand, the scene of whose achievements was the province of Murcia, where many a tale of his prowess and atrocities, and of his death at the hands of a bold priest, may still be gathered by those who choose to wander into that district, either to pluck oranges from the tree in the rich *huertas*, or to bathe their bodies in the hot medicinal springs of Archena. As regards portraits, the only interesting one we ever stumbled upon was an oval line-engraving, not badly executed, which bore beneath it, in Spanish, "The Most Excellent Lord Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo." The inscription might not have struck us, but the features did; there was no mistaking the aquiline nose, and the falcon glance of the clear well-opened eye. It was *the* Duke, with his Spanish title, which he so well earned, but by which he is least known—a very handsome pleasing likeness of him as a young man, in a plain uniform, with the collar and badge of the Golden Fleece round his neck and a couple of stars on his breast. No painter's name was signed, but the engraver had taken care to inform all beholders that *Josef Rico lo grabó en Cadiz*. The shopkeeper did not seem to have any clear idea who this Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo was; he was a *grande de España*, of that there could be no

doubt, but whether a general, or a minister, or a great gun belonging to the palace, he declined deciding, kindly leaving us to choose. We are ashamed to say for how few reals we acquired this effigy of the hero of Salamanca, and that upon the very spot where, after that well-won and glorious fight, he was worshipped by an enthusiastic nation, borne on men's hands, and contended for by the loveliest of the land. Now, he is thought of by Spaniards as the rather clever chief of a small auxiliary force, which rendered them some assistance in driving the French out of the country. It would be too painful to their vanity to teach their children the truth; to own that it was he and his invincible army (which he had himself made) that fluttered the eagles of France from Vimiera to Vittoria, from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, and saved Spain, not with the aid of her generals and armies, but in spite of their ignorance, obstinacy, and cowardice. But gratitude, thought we, as we carefully and respectfully rolled up the portrait of a hero, is not to be sought in Spain, where it is a plant of scanty growth, and where all that is exotic is envied and disliked. As the thought crossed our minds, our attention was attracted by a show-board, on which were pasted a number of engravings, and amongst these some caricatures, one of which, of ancient date, greatly delighted us. It was entitled, *Marcha precipitada del Ejército Ingles, iendo a socorrer a sus aliados*—"Precipitate March of the English Army going to succour its Allies." On a crawfish was seated an English general, with his hands in a muff; behind him came his second in command and his army, all in magnificent red coats, and arrayed on the back of a large tortoise. Up in the clouds, in the distance, Spain was typified by a soldier in Spanish uniform, with a vulture perched on his shoulders, and preying on his vitals. He calls out for help, and bids his allies hasten. "We shall get there in time," the English commander replies. "*Ya llegaremos, así, así.*" As a caricature it was not bad, and it was also an exemplification of the habitual ingratitude of Spaniards to

all who render them services. It was the last copy, and the shopman could not part with it, for it was pasted tight on a window-shutter. He had had a number of them, he said, proceeding from an old stock, and had sold them rapidly.

Although the publisher's trade is a poor one in Madrid, there is perhaps no town of the size where one sees more *al fresco* bookstalls or *puestos*, arranged in a careful manner, generally in the portals of houses, or else, as before the Ministry of Public Works, long bookcases of numerous shelves, with doors that are closed and locked at night and in wet weather. As the Madrileños are decidedly not a reading people, it is difficult to conjecture how these open-air booksellers make a living, unless it be that their stock consists of the old libraries of illiterate grandes and hidalgos, sold as waste paper, so that if they sell a book a-day it supplies the *puchero*. Most of these books are bound in the rude Spanish manner—foreign-bound books being prohibited in Spain, and liable to have their covers torn off at the frontier. Their contents are excessively various, and the majority of them are old and utterly worthless, but we have heard instances of persevering bibliomaniacs picking up rare and curious works. Some patience and resolution is necessary for the hunt amongst the mass of trash; in winter and spring one risks a *pulmonia*, from the cold wind streaming through streets and corridors, and in summer the emanations from the portals of Madrid houses are anything but fragrant, seeing that it is the general custom with this not very clean or scrupulously decent people to put them to the same use as the columns on the Paris boulevards. The street-doors of all houses are left open here, but only a minority—still small, although increasing—can boast of porters, and the entrance-hall or passage of those that have no such guardians becomes a public property and convenience. So it is not unusual to let the doorway to a tailor or cobbler, or to some small dealer in fruit, phosphorus matches, fresh bread, or old books. Amongst the last-named commodity

our own investigations have been neither frequent nor successful, and indeed the only interesting volume we ever hit upon was one entitled "Collection of Refranes (proverbs), Adages and Proverbial Sayings, with their Explications and Interpretations," which may perhaps, at some future time, form the subject of an essay for Maga. Spaniards, it is well known, are great lovers of proverbs. In Spain it is not, as in England and France, a sign of inferior breeding to employ them in conversation. The Spaniard loves to sprinkle his discourse with them, and is pleased when a foreigner appositely introduces them. Many of them are rich in humour and point, and one class is particularly worth notice; that, namely, which artlessly satirises the most prominent defects and vices of the Spanish character, often embodying in a terse maxim principles diametrically opposed to Spanish practice. Others note abuses without applying censure. Thus, appropriate to the common usage of Spanish governments and public officers of all classes, we find the saying, *Quien el aceite misura, las manos se untan*—"He who measures oil greases his hands." At this moment, Espartero and the fallen, depreciated, and much vilipended Progresistas—to whose hands, it must be admitted, very little oil clung during their brief tenure of power—might quote the saying, *A muertos y a vivos, no hay amigos*—"The dead and the departed have no friends;" and this one, *Del árbol caído, todos hacen leña*—"From the fallen tree all cut faggots." Had they made that use of their opportunities which their successors are actively doing, they might have consoled themselves for the scoffs and vituperation of their enemies; for, says the proverb, *Quien tiene argen, tiene todo bien*—"He who has money has everything;" but again, it is said, *No se hizo la miel por la boca del asno*—"Honey is not for the ass's mouth;" and people who could remain for two years at the head of affairs in Spain without filling their pockets, do not deserve another chance. But perhaps the happiest and truest proverb, as applied to Spain, that is to be found amongst the two thousand contained in this

amusing little book, is one that says, *Fray modesto nunca fue prior*—"The modest friar was never prior;" for there surely never was a country where diffident merit had so little chance, and where so many ignorant knaves attained to the highest places by dint of mere assurance, and in virtue of the ridiculously exorbitant value they set upon themselves.

But we are in Madrid, Ebony, and in the dogdays. The sun blazes pitilessly out of an indigo sky; there is no coolness in the feeble breeze which scarcely stirs the striped awnings of the balconies, or rustles the leaves of the rose-laurels in the window; the streets are deserted; at yonder corner a group of porters and lazzaroni lie sleeping on the pavement; on the other side of the *plaza*, the flower-

sellers have withdrawn themselves and their merchandise within the deep shadow of the arcades, and slumber on their chairs, insured against customers at this torrid hour; the puffy quail, which hangs, in what appears to us a cruelly small cage, at a neighbouring window, has ceased his monotonous call, and is taking the siesta; the last lingering streaks of snow have melted from the Guadarama summits, now dimly seen through the sultry mists that shroud them: it is fine weather for sleep—also for brain-fever and hydrophobia, but certainly not for any kind of exertion. And so we lay down our pen, retaining it only long enough to sign, now as ever, your faithful

VEDETTE.

Madrid, July 1857.

THE BENGAL MUTINY.

THE British public is notoriously slow to realise a great disaster. The national self-reliance seems impetrable to the voice of warning: at the first note of evil tidings, the money-market—our only sensitive organ—is kept quiet by assurances that the accounts are exaggerated, and the worst is over. In Parliament, a Government which has no secrets from the enemy either evades inquiry, or answers with a misplaced vaunt. It is only by degrees that the truth creeps out. Private information appears in the papers; admissions are gradually extorted of all the red-tapists, denied before; and as the different statements get pieced together, the public wakes up with a roar, and incontinently plunges into a panic. Then a minister or a cabinet must be sacrificed; committees and commissions are voted to inquire whom we shall hang; millions are flung about in frantic profusion; reforms long talked of are adopted with bewildering precipitation—till, having put itself through all its paces, and beginning to suspect that its indignation is hardly more creditable than the original impossibility, the magnanimous public subsides into a calm, and finishes with the indis-

criminate decoration of accusers and accused.

Such is the routine: it has been faithfully followed, up to the time we write, in the matter of the Bengal mutiny; it may have completed its circle before what we write can appear in print. The disaffection which, long smouldering in the Bengal army, began to show itself in action as early as January last, attained to a crisis in the second week of May. An official narrative of its rise and progress was despatched from Calcutta on the 18th of that month. Lord Ellenborough, with his usual vigilance, adverted to the subject in the House of Lords on the 9th June, and was answered by Lord Granville, that he hoped the accounts were exaggerated! Two days after, Mr Vernon Smith, in opposing the petition of some missionaries in Bengal, told the House "it could not be disguised that considerable disaffection prevailed among the troops, in consequence of a prevalent notion that a *compulsory conversion of the natives was intended*." He added, that "it was not his wish to alarm the House or the public—the agitation, he trusted, was limited to a few of the troops, and would speedily be

repressed!" The President of the Board of Control was at this time in possession of despatches announcing the disappearance of six regiments from the strength of the Bengal army, the commission of horrible atrocities by the Sepoys on their officers, and the seizure of Delhi with the proclamation of a Mussulman emperor! To Lord Ellenborough's suggestion that a proclamation should be issued to tranquillise the angry suspicions of the native soldiery, Lord Granville replied—for there must always be a reply—that the Indian Government had acted judiciously in not taking any such step. Yet, if his lordship had read his despatches, he would have found that a similar suggestion had proceeded from the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-western Provinces; and the proclamation was actually issued by the Governor-General on the 16th May!

So unequal, too, was the action of the home authorities to the emergency reported, that, notwithstanding the loud cry from India for the immediate despatch of every English soldier that could be spared, it was thought enough, as late as the end of June, to have placed four regiments *under orders to embark* for India. Happily 10,000 men had returned to Bombay from the Persian expedition, and the force despatched from this country for China will have been diverted to a duty more consonant with justice and the security of the British Empire. For these reinforcements, however, the Indian Government is no way indebted to the foresight or judgment of the Cabinet at home. Their mouthpiece in the House of Lords again assured us, on the 29th June, that the disaffection in India was "exaggerated by the noble earl. There was no occasion for alarm, and it was quite unnecessary to call out the militia." On the same evening the President of the Board of Control told the other House that the additional forces were sent out simply as a measure of security, not at all as believing the empire of India to be in peril.

Very different, and much more sagacious, was the language held by the leader of the Conservative Opposition.

"No one," said Mr Disraeli, "could shut his eyes to the extreme peril to which, at this moment, our authority is subject in that country; but I cannot say—little as my confidence has ever been in the Government of India—that I take those despairing or desperate views with respect to our position which, in moments of danger or calamity, are too often prevalent. I would express my opinion, that the tenure by which we hold India is not a frail tenure; but when we consider that that great country is inhabited by twenty-five nations, different in race, different in religion, and different in language, I think it is not easy—perhaps it is not possible—for such heterogeneous elements to fuse into perfect combination. EVERYTHING, HOWEVER, IS POSSIBLE—EVERY DISASTER IS PRACTICABLE—IF THERE BE AN INEFFICIENT OR NEGLIGENT GOVERNMENT."

These are the sentiments which actuate, to a man, the persons now in England best acquainted with the condition of India. Of all dangers or disasters, there is none which more quickly sends the blood out of an old Anglo-Indian's face than the prospect of mutiny among the native troops on the ground of *caste* or religion. Yet this is the very danger of which the Home Government and the public generally were apprised with so little emotion. Anglo-Indians, however, are in sufficient numbers at home to impart their apprehensions to a large portion of society. By the middle of July, Ministers had roused themselves to the determination of sending 20,000 troops to India. The President of the India Board—of whom Lord Ellenborough, with more candour than politeness, declared that "in his constant and extensive communications with gentlemen connected with India, he never met a man who had not the most thorough distrust of the right hon. gentleman,"—promised to lay "papers" on the table of Parliament; and on the 27th, the question attained the dignity of a field-day in the House of Commons. Mr Vernon Smith was then content to maintain that it was a "mere military mutiny," not a national revolt, we had to deal with. Admitting the delicacy and importance

of the religious question, he coolly observed it was nothing new, having been agitated so long ago as the mutiny of Vellore! and to remove all remaining uneasiness, his Grace the Duke of Argyll was good enough to promise in the House of Lords, that "Government would put down the insurrection with a high hand, and spare no exertion to maintain our Indian empire!"

August comes, and with it the assurance that the troops to be despatched to India amount to 30,000. Now, too, Lord Ellenborough's suggestion—ridiculed by Lord Granville two months before—to embody the militia, is adopted with the entire approval of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. Still, as late as the 11th, General Evans denounced, with reason, the tardy despatch of the troops, while many leading military members joined in his complaint that Government was not sufficiently alive to the danger.

Three months have now elapsed since the despatch of that mail, which, Mr Vernon Smith so pleasantly told us, came away a day or two too soon to bring the intelligence of the recapture of Delhi and the entire suppression of the revolt. Each succeeding mail has brought tidings only of its extension. The armies of the other Presidencies are happily still stanch; but it would be rashness, rather than wisdom, to predict for one week the fidelity of any native troops, while insurrection maintains itself in Bengal. We are far enough from despair, but we are more than ever impressed with the correctness of Mr Disraeli's remark, that "*any disaster is practicable if there be a negligent or inefficient government.*"

We agree at once with the Government and the journals, that it is a military mutiny, not a national revolt, which threatens us: but we are unable to share the consolation which they derive from the distinction, when we remember that it is *exclusively on the military arm* that the possession of India depends. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, the use of the term "national" is in India a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The great continent to which we assign that appellation, contains (exclu-

sively of its Mahommedan invaders) a good score of native populations, far more distinct from each other in language, customs, and religion than the nations of Europe. We lump them together in common parlance under the term "Hindu," just as, with much nearer approximation to correctness, the native accepts "European" for the distinctive appellation of his pale-faced rulers. But the populations of India not only never formed a nation, nor even a confederacy, but they have nothing "national" within themselves. The ancient peculiar polity of the land has been called, without much forcing of the term, *municipal*; every village has a government and a society strongly compacted within itself; but its connection with the neighbouring communities is feeble, and its relations to the Supreme Government are simply those of a tributary. The native cultivator, mechanic, or merchant, has little further concern with the ruling power, whether Hindu, Mahommedan, or British, but to contribute his share of the rent or taxes levied from the community to which he belongs. All that he desires in return,—and usually desires in vain,—is the protection of an efficient police, with the administration of justice in matters above the reach of the village conclave. For the rest, he only asks to be let alone—to tread the little round that his parents trod before him; to scratch the fields with the same crooked stick that served his father for a plough; to shave with the same razor the children of those whom his father shaved of old; to beat upon the same great stone, with the identical jerk and groan wherewith his father made the river's bank resound, the scant apparel of his dusky clan; to tell the same stories, eat the same food, share the same ceremonies, lead the same stolid life, and die the same apathetical death, which millions have done, are doing, and will continue to do, before, around, and after himself, in most supreme indifference whether Prospero or Stephano be king of the island.

To talk of national insurrection, national discontent, national education, or national *anything*, among

a population of this description, is to talk ignorantly. The utmost extent of their political cohesion is that of marbles in a bag; the sole questions open to debate are the colour and texture of the bag, or whether a marble more or less shall rattle in its interior. It is this condition which has made India, from the most ancient times, the easy, almost willing, prey of every adventurer, native or foreign, who had a mind to put the marbles in his bag. The means by which each successive change of government has been effected and perpetuated, was invariably military power. So that to be told this is no national insurrection—this is only a military mutiny—is, in other words, to be assured that we are not experiencing that which never was, nor can be, experienced in Hindustan; we are *only* threatened with the defection of that organisation upon which the possession of the country is entirely and exclusively dependent!

In endeavouring to estimate more correctly the nature and progress of the danger before us, we would glance back for a moment to the origin of the force from which it has arisen. The Bengal Native Army dates its birth from exactly one hundred years ago. It was in January 1757, when Calcutta had been recaptured from Surajah Dowla, and the British Government re-established by Clive after the disaster of the Black Hole, that the first battalion of Bengal Sepoys was raised and officered from a detachment which accompanied Clive from Madras. Its establishment was *one* European captain, lieutenant, and ensign, who acted as field-officers; a native commandant and adjutant, with one subadar (captain), and three jemadars (subalterns), to each of the ten companies. The company consisted of five havildars (sergeants), four naiks (corporals), two tomtoms (drummers), one trumpeter, and seventy Sepoys: each company had a colour (carried by a havildar), in the centre of which the subadar was allowed to bear his own device or

badge, such as a sabre, dagger, crescent, &c.*

Such was the rude organisation—such the feeble establishment of European officers—with which Clive was satisfied to lead his Sepoys against the native armies of Hindustan, fighting under their own chiefs, and in possession of a dominion which they deemed insuperable. The total force with which the great founder of this army undertook the subversion of the kingdom of Bengal consisted of 3100 men, of whom only 900 were Europeans! The army he encountered at Plassey numbered 50,000 foot, 18,000 horse, and a strong train of artillery. Such was the unequal match played on the 23d June 1757, directly for the fair provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, but ultimately for the imperial sceptre of India. Clive was aided, it is true, at Plassey, by treachery and defection within the ranks of the enemy. The nabob himself, no less cowardly than cruel, fled with a numerous army as soon as he learned the desertion of Jaffier. Many a bloodier field has since been fought in India, but it was Plassey that first witnessed that simple policy which established, and which alone can perpetuate, the British ascendancy—the unhesitating advance of the English soldier on every enemy that presents himself, be the disproportion in numbers or *matériel* what it may.

When Lord Clive returned to the supreme command in 1765, the Bengal army was but little increased in numerical strength. Yet the Great Mogul and his principal feudatory the Nabob of Oude, were soon after prisoners at one time in the British camp; while of the two pretenders to the kingdom of Bengal, one was a puppet appointed and governed by the Council at Calcutta, the other a hopeless fugitive on the banks of the Indus. Even at that early period, however, mutiny frequently agitated an army which was almost a stranger to defeat. Sometimes German or French adventurers, in the service of the Company, proposed to carve out an

* WILLIAMS'S *Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Native Infantry.*

independent career for themselves. Occasionally the more vulgar deficiency of pay and provisions was the exciting cause ; but the most frequent and formidable ground of discontent was that which now meets us again, a century later—the suspicion of encroachment on the native *caste*. The fear was then chiefly of being ordered to sea, which, though in itself no violation of caste, entails so many difficulties in the observance of the prescribed diet and ablutions as to be readily regarded in that light. It was not, indeed, till after the shipwreck of part of the third battalion *en route* from Madras to Bengal in the year 1769, that the sea became a prominent difficulty. The native, it may be remarked, habitually extends his “custom” beyond the strict requisites of caste, and some craft has been shown both in advancing the plea of religion against a disagreeable duty, and in modifying it to suit a secular convenience.* Four regiments were broken in 1782 for mutiny, originating in a mistaken suspicion that they were to be sent to sea. Seven years later, Lord Cornwallis called for *volunteers* from the regiments at the Presidency to proceed to Sumatra ; and after some opposition from the native officers, this experiment was effected by a bounty of ten rupees to every Sepoy before embarkation, with a gratuity of a month’s pay, and full *batta* on their return. Expeditions by sea have since been effected without difficulty ; yet it was thought another triumph over the prejudices of caste, when in our own time the Bengal Sipoys were led without a murmur across the Indus, which forms the opposite boundary of their sacred soil. Brahminism is in truth as much an invader in India as Mahomedanism, but having, like all other invasions, entered from the north-west, and settled in the fertile plains which are watered by the Ganges, it had the wisdom to invest that mighty river with a religious character, and consecrate its new-found home as

the land of the gods. The provinces on either side of the sacred stream thus became the headquarters of Brahminism, as for similar reasons the strength of the Mussulman religion is still found in the upper portions of the same territory, where the Mogul invader established his throne. Neither religion ever pervaded the whole of India. In the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, the older worship of various aboriginal or immigrant populations subsist to this day.† Hence the native armies of those Presidencies are comparatively little affected by religious questions ; while that of Bengal, recruited for the most part in the heart of Brahminism, and largely composed of its two superior castes, has demanded and obtained a consideration for religious scruples, which has at once impaired its own discipline, and largely excited the jealousy of the sister Presidencies.

Sprung from a class which regards the profession of a soldier as only second in honour to that of a priest ; infinitely superior in pay and material comforts to the native cultivator or the mechanic ; treated both in cantonments and in the field not simply on a par with, but in many points with more solicitous consideration than, the European soldier ; indulged with regular furloughs to visit the home of his youth, his family, or the shrines of his religion ; rising to commissions by seniority ; decorated with an Order of Merit ; and finally assured of a handsome pension on retirement,—no private soldier in the world enjoys the advantages of his profession to the same extent, or with so few of its burdens, as the Bengal Sepoy. His position was declared by Lord Dalhousie to be incapable of improvement. All his temptation, in short, arises from having his own way too much and too often ; and of this the Government have latterly become so sensible, that orders have been issued to abstain from the old practice of recruiting exclusively or chiefly in

* *Ex. gr.* The natives have managed to except their European superiors from the pariah caste, with whom they could hold no communication without pollution. Infanticide and the rite of suttee were “custom,” but not *caste*.

† General Briggs estimates the Aboriginal sects still remaining in India at 16,000,000 in number.

the same districts, and to promote a due admixture of castes in the ranks. Every regiment ought to contain at least two hundred Sikhs—men who, maintaining a sufficient amount of *amour propre* on other grounds, regard the Brahminical pretensions with contempt. The Brahmin, however, is tall and well-formed, docile, polite, and gentlemanly in his demeanour. Six feet in height, and forty inches round the chest, are attractions irresistible to recruiting officers and commandants; and in spite of the orders, the two higher castes have continued to maintain their preponderance in the Bengal infantry.*

At the opening of the present year the native army of Bengal consisted of 11 regiments of light cavalry, and 74 of regular infantry, with 4 troops of horse-artillery and 2 battalions, of six companies each, of foot-artillery. Augmented by irregular troops to the extent of 23 regiments of cavalry, 7 battalions of Sikh infantry, and upwards of twenty other corps, it was further supported by the contingents of various native states, disciplined and commanded by officers from the regular regiments. The Company's European forces were 3 brigades of horse, and 6 battalions of foot, artillery, with 3 regiments of infantry. The Queen's troops were 2 regiments of cavalry and 13 of foot. This magnificent force was distributed, in nearly a hundred military stations, over a country stretching from the mouths of the Ganges to Afghanistan, and from the Himalayas to Nagpore—nearly equalling in extent, and considerably exceeding in population, the united possessions of France, Austria, and Prussia, in Europe.†

We have now to relate the occurrences which in a few weeks have dissipated this army like a summer cloud, and perhaps destroyed for ever the confidence so long reposed in Sepoy fidelity. An uneasy feeling, at times approaching to insubordination, had been visible among the Bengal native troops for some years past. Lord Hardinge is said to have been afraid to assemble them in force; and passages are quoted from Sir Charles Napier's writings which abundantly establish the dissatisfaction of that gallant, but not uncomplaining, general with their discipline, though we confess we search them in vain for any distinct apprehension of a *general mutiny*. In January last, a *classie* (or workman) attached to the magazine at Dum Dum (the artillery station near Calcutta), being refused a draught of water by a Sepoy of the 2d Native Infantry on the ground of caste, replied, "You will soon lose your caste, as you will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows." At this place there is a dépôt of musketry, where the native soldiers are instructed in the use of the Enfield rifle. The cartridge for this weapon is made of a thinner and tougher paper than the old one, and requires to be greased on the ball. The above remark having reached the ears of the commandant, he inquired, and found the new cartridge was regarded with general suspicion. The native commissioned officers stated, but in a manner perfectly respectful, that the mixture used in greasing the ball was open to objection, and suggested the employment of wax and oil. They were assured the grease was composed of mutton-fat and wax; but they replied, that

* The following was the distribution of castes in the 34th regiment at the time of its recent mutiny and disbandment:—Brahmins 335, Rajpoots 237, Hindus of inferior caste 231, Mussulmans 200, Sikhs 74, Christians (drummers, &c.), 12; total, 1089. The 19th contained 409 Brahmins and 150 Rajpoots.

	Square miles.	Population.
+ Bengal,	412,627	59,445,299
North-Western Provinces, .	100,389	33,742,766
	513,016	93,188,065
France,	201,961	35,783,170
Austria and Prussia, . . .	364,470	52,081,808
	566,431	87,864,978

These figures are taken from a valuable little book just published by General Briggs.

a report to the contrary had spread throughout India, and that if they touched it, their friends would not believe the explanation, and would refuse to eat with them. The matter was immediately reported to Government, General Hearsy remarking, that "though totally groundless, it would be most difficult to eradicate the impression from the minds of the native soldiers, who are always suspiciously disposed when any change of this sort affecting themselves is introduced." Orders were promptly issued to allow the Sepoys to obtain the ingredients from the bazaar, and grease the bullet themselves, as the native officers had suggested.

It must be observed that at this time, the practice at the dépôt had not reached the stage of loading; consequently none of the objectors had actually been called upon to bite, or even to handle, the new cartridges. *In fact, it is stated by Government that not a single one has been issued to any native soldier from first to last.** The objection was wholly speculative, put into the Sepoys' heads in anticipation of the occasion, and by persons who could know nothing of the fact. General Hearsy attributes the report, with great probability, to the agents of the *Dhurma Sabha*, a Hindu association allowed to exist at Calcutta, with the avowed object of defending their religious customs against encroachments by the Government. This officer commands the Presidency Division, and has his headquarters at Barrackpore. He observes that all the disaffection is introduced from Calcutta; the detachments sent thither on duty constantly returning imbued with suspicions never exhibited before.

In a few days the ill-feeling had extended to all the regiments at Barrackpore, comprising the 2d, 34th, and 70th regiments, N.I.; but the objection to the grease *on the ball* having been so summarily got rid of, it was now transferred to

the *paper*, which was said to have the unclean mixture spread upon it, or mixed up with it in the making. The paper is, in fact, more highly *glazed* than the old, though not more so than is common in paper of native manufacture. The Enfield rifle being much smaller in the bore than the musket, it was not so easy to meet the scruple in this new form by reverting to the old cartridge-paper; but every effort was made to explain the truth: the cartridges were broken before the men on parade, and their manufacture explained. Still the objection was not removed, and though on parade the men answered in a respectful and soldierlike manner, several incendiary fires attested the presence of a mischievous spirit in the ranks.

On the 6th February information was given by a Sepoy of a plot to rise upon the officers and fire the cantonment. Two days after, this was confirmed by a jemadar of the 34th regiment. No names, however, were divulged by either, though they had attended a meeting of three hundred Sepoys, held, they stated, on the parade-ground after eight o'clock roll-call, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on the part of any European officer. The General harangued the brigade on the absurdity of supposing that Government wished to make them Christians by a trick, when they would not be admitted to our religion without a full and intelligent conviction of the truths of the "Book." The address appeared to be well received; the ill-feeling, however, continued, and it was soon discovered that a messenger had been sent from one of the regiments to Berhampore and Dinapore. The former station was garrisoned by the 19th regiment, which up to the middle of February had exhibited no sort of uneasiness. On the 25th of that month, a havildar's guard from the 34th arrived at Berhampore, and was relieved by the 19th.† The very next day the 19th refused to receive their cartridges,

* Circular of Governor-General, enclosed in despatch 5th June 1857, No. 19 in Parliamentary Papers, Appendix, p. 340. Nevertheless, it appears they were used at the three rifle depôts. See p. 370.

† A guard of the 65th Native Infantry had communicated the story of the car-

though they were old ones made up by another native corps a year before. Expostulation and warnings of the severe punishment to which the men exposed themselves by their refusal to obey their officers were made in vain. The Sepoys tumultuously seized their arms. The artillery and cavalry were called out, but again withdrawn, and the affair terminated without bloodshed.

This regiment subsequently sent in a petition acknowledging that they had committed a great crime through the advice of wicked men, and offering to become a "general service" regiment if their first fault might be pardoned. But the Governor-General had determined that such an act of "open and defiant mutiny" should be punished by disbandment; and as there was no doubt the seeds of the insubordination were sown from Barrackpore, the sentence was ordered to be carried into execution at that station, in the presence of the regiments whom it was sought by this warning to restrain from revolt. Reasoning after the event, it would certainly appear to have been a sounder policy to have accepted the offer of the repentant regiment, and in place of reducing one thousand men of varying degrees of guilt to indiscriminate want, to have endeavoured to *execute* the ringleaders, and send the remainder to Burmah or China.

Two days before this lesson was read to the mutinous troops at Barrackpore, a Sepoy of the 34th, having intoxicated himself with *blang*, fired upon the adjutant in front of the main-guard, the whole of whom, with a native officer at their head, looked quietly on. A European sergeant-major, who ran to the adjutant's assistance, was ill-treated by some of the guard; others, proposing to seize the mutineer, were kept back by the jemadar. The Sepoy and the jemadar were both executed, by sentence of native court-martials. These convictions occasioned a full investigation into the condition of the

34th regiment, when it was reported that the Sikhs and Mussulmans were trustworthy soldiers, but the Brahmins and other Hindus could not be relied upon; and this regiment, therefore, was also disbanded, with the exception of three companies detached at Chittagong.

Upon this investigation some particulars were elicited, which we hope are extraordinary. Colonel Wheeler, the commanding officer, had been in the habit of circulating tracts, and addressing the men, both of his own and other native corps (but not within the lines), with the declared object of converting them to the Christian religion. It is nowhere stated that any ill effect had ensued from his preaching; but assuredly neither the colonel nor his officers possessed that ordinary respect from the men which we should have thought impossible to be wanting in the worst disciplined corps. He was obliged to confess, that if his regiment were ordered on field service, he could not place himself at their head, in full reliance upon their loyalty and good conduct.* The same disgraceful fact was deposed to by four other European officers, including the adjutant and the quartermaster and interpreter. One captain and one lieutenant were bold enough to declare the feelings of the Sepoys, with the exception of a few instances, which they could not name, to be good, and their own confidence unbounded; and another says he would have as much confidence in them as in *any* native regiment. It was alleged that the discontent had commenced with the establishment of the rifle depôts; but we know not how to reconcile this statement with the repeated acts of insolence on the part of the *native officers* complained of by their European superiors, nor with Colonel Wheeler's confession, that if he noticed insubordinate expressions, he should have to put half the regiment in confinement! It appears also, that in October and November last, *before the first introduction of*

bridges on the 11th February, and another from the 34th on the 18th, yet no report was made to the colonel, and on the 16th all the native officers denied that any such report had reached them.

* *Parl. Papers*, App. p. 143.

the rifle practice, the regiment was coming down the river, and encountering a gale, in which three boats were wrecked, *not a single Sepoy came forward to assist the European officers!** It can surprise no one that the Governor-General in Council should have come to the conclusion that Colonel Wheeler is unfit for regimental command, and directed the Commander-in-Chief to order a court-martial on his conduct.

During this first act of the tragedy, the proceedings were under the immediate direction of the Governor-General in Council, who exhibited no lack either of vigour or moderation. Every possible effort was made to remove the unfounded and unreasonable suspicion of the Sepoys. If there was some inadvertency at first in permitting cartridges to arrive from England, greased with a mixture of which the materials could not absolutely be defined, the mistake was arrested before a single native could be affected. The matter was carefully and clearly explained by General Hearsey and the commanding officers of the several regiments, and the general orders issued on the occasion of each disbandment, and read at the head of every regiment, troop, and company in the service, contained the most explicit assurances of protection to religious scruples. Such was the anxiety, indeed, to remove all ground for complaint, that a suggestion of Major Bontein to tear off the end of the cartridge with the hand, instead of biting it, was promptly sanctioned, and ordered to be introduced into the platoon exercise of the native troops.

The scene now suddenly shifts to the opposite side of the Presidency, where the controversy is conducted on both sides in a far more summary spirit. The pensioned descendants of the Great Mogul have been permitted to reside with a titular sovereignty, not in the ancient capital of their empire, which has long been in ruins, but in a new city of Delhi, fortified by British engineers, and containing ordnance-stores and treasure to a considerable amount, the pro-

perty of our Government. To gratify the Mussulman feeling, the custody of this important fortress and station has of late years been confided wholly to a native garrison, which in May last consisted of the 38th, 54th, and 74th regiments, with a company of native foot-artillery. Forty miles north-east of Delhi, and therefore on the other side the Jumna, is the large military cantonment of Meerut, where were stationed H.M. 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), a battalion of the 60th Rifles, a light field-battery, and a party of European horse-artillery, with the following native corps—viz., 3d Light Cavalry, 11th and 20th regiments of infantry, and some Sappers and Miners. A depôt of rifle instruction had been opened also in this station; and while the Governor-General was consoling himself with the hope that the cartridge question was finally disposed of by the proceedings we have narrated, it suddenly appeared in a more aggravated form at Meerut.

No account has been sent home of the initiatory stages of this dispute. The official narrative opens with the abrupt intimation that eighty-five troopers of the 2d Light Cavalry had been tried by court-martial for refusing to use their cartridges. This proceeding was ordered by the Commander-in-chief, General Anson, who appears to have been absent from the seat of government at Simla while disaffection and mutiny were spreading through the army: he was sent out to command. The Commander-in-Chief is a Member of Council at Calcutta, and enjoys, we believe, an additional salary of some £6000 a-year in that capacity, yet his name nowhere appears in the proceedings up to this time. While the Governor-General was reviewing at length the condition of the native corps, and all the other members of Council, *including the lawyer*, discussing, resolving upon, and ordering the disbandment of two regiments, General Anson apparently never once favoured his colleagues with the benefit of the military judgment and experience which are supposed to belong to a

* There were four hundred men in the lines looking on when the attempt was made to assassinate the adjutant and sergeant-major at noonday!

commander-in-chief. It is whispered that differences prevailed between his Excellency and Lord Canning. Be that as it may, the Commander-in-Chief had little to value himself upon when the direction of affairs fell into his own hands. No account, we say, is given of the origin of the dispute at Meerut. The Government, relying, perhaps, on their order to discontinue the new cartridge, state that it was the *old ones* which the cavalry refused to accept. But this would appear to be an error, since a letter from the Adjutant-General, dated at Simla, 4th May, reports that at all three of the rifle depôts, "the men of all grades have unhesitatingly and cheerfully used the *new* cartridges."* And on the 14th May a general order of the Commander-in-Chief *withdraws* the objectionable cartridge. The *Friend of India* also distinctly asserts that it was the new cartridges which the troopers objected to. In the Meerut rifle depôt, then, at least, the concession ordered by Government to avoid "fighting with shadows" was apparently not carried out; and the offending troopers were probably the fifteen of each troop ordered to be supplied with carbines, in the use of which they were being instructed at the rifle depôt. This is the only way by which we can reconcile the contradictory statements which appear in the papers before us.

There is no account of any explanations being addressed to the Sepoys, such as were attempted at Dum Dum and Barrackpore. The date also of the mutinous act is wanting; it was probably, however, subsequent to the receipt of the general orders of the 27th March, issued on the disbandment of the 19th regiment, so that the objectors were in full possession of the renewed assurances then given, that Government would continue to observe its "unvarying rule to treat the religious feelings of all its servants of every creed with careful respect." It may be inferred also—though we could wish that this too had been distinctly stated—that the court-martial was composed of *native* officers. These remarks are

necessary, because the sentences were undoubtedly severe, and the consequences have been disastrous in the extreme.

The men were adjudged to imprisonment for ten years, *with hard labour in irons*, a sentence doubtless designed to vindicate discipline and kill rebellion in the bud; but from the weakness, we might say imbecility, with which it was carried out, producing exactly the opposite result. The proceedings of the court-martial were read before the whole force on the 9th May. The prisoners, stripped of their uniforms, were fettered, and marched from the ground to the *common jail*. With this proceeding, General Hewitt, who commanded, appears to have considered his duty at an end. A guard was indeed placed over the jail (which contained, it seems, some 2000 malefactors of various descriptions), but no precautions were taken for the safety of the cantonment, or the neighbouring fortress of Delhi. A squadron of the Carabineers patrolling the cantonment, a brigade of guns pointed on the native lines, or a wing of the Rifles encamped on the parade-ground, could hardly have been deemed any unnecessary display of force after what had occurred at the other stations, and with the knowledge of the disaffection that must have prevailed on the spot when eighty-five men in one regiment had been guilty of open mutiny. The Commander-in-Chief was clearly in ignorance of the facts when he ordered his Adjutant-General to report that the men of all grades were "unhesitatingly and cheerfully" using the new cartridge; but his eyes being opened on that point, he might have remembered the proximity of Delhi with its inflammable contents, and ordered over a wing of the Rifles with a troop of European artillery, before he determined on crushing the sparks of rebellion under his heel in the immediate vicinity. All was neglected, as if to prove the truth of the assertion "that every disaster is practicable with a negligent or insufficient Government."

The 10th May, which happened

* *Parl. Papers*, App. p. 370.

to be Sunday, passed in apparent tranquillity. The Queen's troops marched to church, had their dinner, and were quietly sauntering in their lines. The officers and ladies (poor souls!) were preparing to go to the evening service, the chaplain was driving thither in his buggy—all was as it had been in every station in India for scores of years past—when *the mine exploded*. The men of the 3d Light Cavalry, having probably spent the day in drugging themselves with bhang for their intended revenge, suddenly rushed from their huts to the lines, and mounted their horses. A party galloped to the jail, overpowered the guard, and liberated the prisoners. The rest, calling aloud to the Sepoys of the 11th and 20th regiments, by whom they were immediately joined, commenced an indiscriminate attack on the European residents. Colonel Finnis, their commander, was shot down by the men of the 20th. The other officers were eagerly fired at and sabred. Their houses were set on fire, and those barbarities practised which have been read with horror throughout the empire, and to which we remember no parallel in the bloodiest scenes of storm or piracy upon record. While our countrymen and countrywomen were thus abandoned as a prey to atrocities more than fiendish, 1500 of the Queen's troops—nearly double the European force with which Clive won the battle of Plassey—were in the same cantonment. The tidings were long in reaching them; the Carabinciers were badly mounted, and when they issued at last from their barracks, *lost their way* in reaching the other end of the cantonment! When they arrived it was dusk, and soon after dark; the Sepoys and their fellow-scoundrels from the jail having pretty well finished their butchery and rapine, declined to engage the Europeans, but took the road to Delhi: and, to the eternal disgrace of all who were guilty of the *laches*, were allowed to pursue it unmolested. British troops of every arm remained to guard the burning bungalow, the corpses of the slain, their own barracks, and the slumbers of the division headquarters; while three

regiments of natives, without leaders or guides, made good a march of forty miles to seize the native capital of the country! Why were they not followed and cut up to a man by the carabinciers and horse-artillery? The road from Meerut to Delhi crosses the Hindun, a stream which falls into the Jumna by a narrow suspension-bridge, easily held by a few against a much larger force. The mutineers had the sense to post a hundred troopers at this bridge; why was it not seized by a troop of horse-artillery from Meerut? Why, in short, was *nothing* done or attempted before the insurgents could reach Delhi, to arrest their murderous progress, and protect the unfortunate residents in that city? Why, but that our leaders were unequal to their duty, and that General Anson had rushed into a menacing display of authority, without troubling himself to consider the means or the persons by whom it was to be sustained.

The Sepoys had a plan, if the generals had none. Pushing forward unmolested, they reached Delhi on the following day. Brigadier Graves, who commanded there, had notice of their approach, and was urged to occupy the Hindun bridge with some of his guns. This move would at once have arrested the mutineers, and, with the prompt co-operation of General Hewitt, might have suppressed the flame. But the fatality continued: he preferred to move his guns out on the road to Allyghur, hoping to cover the retreat of the ladies and children; but there the river was fordable, and the rebels being supplied with cavalry, it was judged imprudent to make a stand. Meantime a few troopers who headed the mutineers rode fearlessly in at the principal gate. The 38th native infantry were hastily ordered against them, but the troopers galloped straight at the regiment, calling on the Sepoys, and pointing to the place where their legs had been fettered. The regiment parted to the two sides of the road, leaving their officers in the midst, where they were cut down by the cavalry. The revolt was immediately joined by all the native corps in Delhi, the artillery alone exhibiting some reluctance, and protecting

their officers. Mr Fraser, the civil commissioner, with all the European residents that could be found, were slaughtered without mercy. The Government treasure, to the amount of half-a-million, was seized; but a similar attempt made upon the magazine gave occasion for one act of heroism which illumines the dark story, and assures us that the spirit which conquered India is not extinct among its defenders. The Commissary of Ordnance, Lieutenant Willoughby, finding himself unable to protect his charge, fired it with his own hand, blowing up himself and some hundreds of the rebels who had come to seize it. We regret that it is not yet certain, though reported, that this gallant officer has escaped alive.

The mutineers now occupied themselves for a day or two in plunder. They then proclaimed the heir-apparent of the titular emperor, king, and began to organise a government. The new-made monarch and his father are said at first to have sent a message to the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra that he was in the power of the insurgent troops. He would seem, however, to have quickly come into the rebellion, for it is reported that the Rev. Mr Jennings, an English clergyman, and his daughter, being brought before him for orders, he remitted them to the pleasure of the troops; in other words, to be stripped, tortured, and hewed to pieces in the streets!

The flame, now fairly kindled, leaped from station to station till it overspread the whole of the upper provinces. We have no intention of following the sickening tale of horror in all its details. Suffice it to record that the brutal atrocities of Meerut and Delhi were too faithfully copied at every station where the news arrived, and the native forces were not overawed by Europeans. Officers were murdered, and their dead bodies stripped and mutilated; ladies were violated in the presence of their husbands, parents, and children, and then cruelly mangled and slain; children were thrown up in the air, and received on the points of bayonets as they fell; others

had their limbs cut off, and scattered on the roads. Everywhere the determination was avowed to exterminate the hated Europeans, and after each successive outbreak the road was taken to Delhi. Many of these atrocities were no doubt committed by the thieves and camp-followers who rose in the wake of the Sepoys; but the native soldiery, both Mussulman and Hindu, were at the head of all; and though some regiments stood firm for a while, small indeed is the number of the permanently faithful. The 9th regiment, at Allyghur, seized one of the emissaries of treason, who had found his way into the fort, and handed him over to the commanding officer. A court-martial of native officers condemned him to death, and he was executed; but before the traitor was cut down from the gallows, a rifle company marched in from another station. One of these instantly threw himself on the ground, and casting up dust, exclaimed, "They had destroyed a martyr to the cause of religion." The Sepoys began to debate, wavered, and finally broke up with a loud shout for Delhi; an intention immediately put in execution, though without injury to their officers. The 6th, again, at Allahabad, demanded to be led against the insurgents, and were publicly thanked in general orders for their fidelity; yet they afterwards murdered their officers with peculiar ferocity, and went to Delhi in another character. The 70th, whom Lord Canning thanked in person on the 28th May for their offer to march against Delhi, and the three companies of the 34th, who were reported to have followed the honourable example, were disarmed on the 14th June, with all the native corps at Barrackpore, in order to prevent a rising, and were then found to have secreted a large supply of murderous weapons for the slaughter of the Europeans.

The prolonged stand of the mutineers at Delhi has given countenance to the prophecies circulated by the Brahmins, that destiny limits the British power to the exact duration of a century. The confidence once felt in the Company's good fortune

gives way, as the intelligence is received in every station that a rival authority is in arms in the capital of the Mogul Emperor, and can maintain its stand. The Sepoys hasten to inaugurate the new domination. The infection has extended to the Sikhs and Goorkas, no less than to Mussulmans and Hindus. The Irregular corps have followed the example of the Regulars, and the contingents of Scindia and Holkar, promptly ordered to our assistance, have exhibited symptoms scarcely less alarming. Mutinies have occurred both at Gwalior and Indore. In the former, circumstances have occurred which seem to call in question the good faith of the Maharajah, though he promptly offered his aid at the outset, and undoubtedly preserved the lives of the officers and women. Holkar continues steadfast, and bids fair both to restore order in his dominions and restrain the smaller states. The lately annexed kingdom of Oude, as might be expected, is all in a flame. Sir Henry Lawrence, after performing prodigies of valour with his handful of Europeans, and for a time arresting the rebellion, is now in a state of siege at Lucknow. Sir Hugh Wheeler just maintains himself at Cawnpore, with several thousands of rebels encompassing the station, and bold enough to sustain successive sorties from the garrison. General Reed, in the Punjab, has succeeded in disarming the Sepoys without mischief, and manages to keep those districts quiet. Mr Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the north-western provinces, supports some show of authority at Agra, while confidence is restored at Calcutta, and the lower provinces generally are in tranquillity.

The following is a chronological sketch of the progress of the revolt to the 14th July :—

- April 3. *Burrackpore*.—19th Native Infantry *disbanded*.
 May 5. *Burrackpore*.—34th N.I. (seven companies) *do*.
 „ 10. *Meerut*.—3d Light Cavalry, 11th N.I., and 20th N.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 12. *Delhi*.—38th, 54th, 74th N.I., and 3d comp. 7th batt. artillery, *mutinied*.
 „ 13. *Meerut*.—Sappers and Miners *mutinied*.
 „ 13. *Ferozepore*.—45th and 57th N.I.

mutinied; attacked and dispersed by artillery, H.M. 61st Foot, and 10th L.C., which remained staunch.

- May 14. *Meeran Meer* (Punjab).—16th, 26th, 49th, N.I., and 8th L.C., *disarmed*.
 „ 18. *Roorkie*.—S. and M. (300) *mutinied*.
 „ 22. *Peshawar*.—21st, 24th, 27th, 51st, N.I., and 5th L.C., *disarmed*.
 „ 23. *Allypore and Mynpoorie*.—9th N.I. *mutinied*, opened the jail, and went to Delhi.
 „ 23. *Umballah*.—5th N.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 25. *Murdaun*.—55th N.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 29. *Nusseerabad (Ameer)*.—15th and 30th N.I., with a company of Gwalior artillery, *mutinied*, and went to Delhi.
 „ 31. *Agra*.—44th and 67th N.I. *disarmed* (two companies having *mutinied*).
 „ 31. *Lucknow*.—Disturbances on the 29th; *coute* on the 30th; 31st, 7th L.C. (two troops), 13th N.I. (part), 48th (half), and 71st (half), *mutinied*, and fled toward Seetapore, followed and dispersed by Sir H. Lawrence.
 „ 31. *Bareilly*.—18th and 68th N.I., 8th Irreg. Cav., 6th comp. of artillery, *mutinied*; 3000 prisoners liberated; officers and chaplain escaped by riding 70 miles in the sun.
 „ 31. *Moradabad*.—29th N.I., and detail of foot-artillery, *mutinied*; officers escaped while Sepoys were plundering.
 June 3. *Necmuck* (Gwalior).—72d N.I., 7th Gwalior Inf., 1st Gwalior Cav., 4th comp. Gwalior Artillery, *mutinied*.
 „ 3. *Azinghur*.—17th N.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 3. *Aboozic*.—14th N.I. *disarmed*.
 „ 4. *Benares*.—37th N.I., 100th Indian Regt., 13th I.C., and Hurreeannah L.I., *mutinied*.
 „ 4. *Allahabad*.—6th N.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 4. *Manzi*.—4th I.C. and Hurreeannah L.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 5. *Jhansi* (Bundelcund).—12th N.I. (left wing), and 14th I.C., *mutinied*, and killed officers; twelve massacred!
 „ 5. *Cawnpore*.—1st, 53d, 56th N.I., and 2d L.C., *mutinied*. Sir H. Wheeler holds out.
 „ 5. *Mooltan* (Punjab).—62d and 69th N.I. *disarmed* after mutiny.
 „ 7. *Tyccabad* (Oude).—22d N.I., 6th Oude I.I., and 5th comp. 7th batt. artill., *mutinied*; officers protected.
 „ 8. *Jullundur* (Punjab).—36th, 61st N.I., and 6th L.C., *mutinied*.
 „ 8. *Shahjehanpoor* (Oude frontier).—28th N.I. *mutinied*.

- June 13. Before *Delhi*.—60th N.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 14. *Banda* (Bundelcund).—50th N.I. and Nawaub's troops *mutinied*. Nawaub protected the officers.
 „ 14. *Gwalior*. *Augur*, *Seepree*, *Lut-laspore*. — Gwalior contingent all *mutinied*. Maharajah protected the ladies, &c.
 „ 14. *Calcutta* and *Barrackpore*.—2d (Grenadiers), 25th, 43d, 50th, 51st, and 70th N.I., *disarmed*.
 „ 19. *Jubbulpore*.—52d N.I. threaten to mutiny if ordered to disarm; the adjutant's life attempted, and ladies removed.
 „ 23. *Nagpore*.—I.C. *disarmed*.
 „ 23. *Juanspore*.—2d Regt. Irregulars *mutinied*.
 „ 23. *Seetapore*.—41st N.I. and 9th Oude I.I. *mutinied*.
 „ 23. *Sanyor*.—31st and 42d N.I. and 3d I.C. *mutinied*.
 „ 23. *Naugongy*.—12th N.I. (right wing) and 14th I.C. *mutinied*.
 „ 23. *Futteghar*.—10th N.I. *mutinied*; Europeans escaped to Banda.
 July 1. *Indore*.—Holkar's two regiments *mutinied*, and went to Delhi. Maharajah firm to the British cause.
 „ 5. *Mhow*.—23d N.I. *mutinied* (officers killed).
 „ 5. *Noushera* (Peshawur).—10th I.C. *disarmed*.

From this melancholy calendar it would appear that not more than nineteen of the regular native infantry and six of light cavalry remain under arms in the Bengal army; and of these the *Friend of India* understands that not more than six or seven can be thoroughly depended upon.

If the reader will turn to the stations above enumerated, most of which are noted on the excellent map of India just published by Mr Wyld, he will perceive the appalling extent of country over which the insurrection has rapidly spread itself.

The other Presidencies, we repeat, are hitherto undisturbed, though considerable agitation was experienced at Hyderabad, where the death of the Nizam has just occurred; and a rising at Sectabuldee, the new station at Nagpore, was prevented only by the timely action of Madras troops from Kamptee. To crown all, we are informed by the last mail that papers have fallen into the hands of Government, implying an extensive conspiracy among the natives to overthrow the British dominion. A

plan of Calcutta is said to have been found marked out for simultaneous attack, and the deposed King of Oude is in custody on suspicion of complicity in the plot.

Let us now consider what is doing in India to repel the danger which threatens it from so many quarters.

We are happy to sustain the assertion that Lord Canning has displayed at this crisis a vigour and promptitude possibly not anticipated from his previous character or services. On receiving by telegraph the disastrous intelligence from Meerut and Delhi, he hastened to empower every general, brigadier, and officer commanding, to hold court-martials on native soldiers, and execute their sentences without awaiting the orders of superior authority. Two days after, a legislative enactment was passed, authorising such courts to be composed exclusively of European officers. Mr Colvin having inconsiderately put out a proclamation which might be interpreted to promise immunity to all who would lay down their arms and submit, Lord Canning promptly rescinded it, declaring, with every desire to support the Lieut.-Governor in his anxious position, that no mercy should be offered to soldiers who had murdered their officers and risen against the Government. To remove, however, "the deep and general conviction which Mr Colvin found had taken possession of all classes of natives," that an outrage on their religion was really contemplated, Lord Canning put out a proclamation, to be translated into the vernacular languages and circulated throughout the lower and north-western provinces, as well as in Oude and the Punjab. We give this paper entire:—

"The Governor-General of India in Council has warned the army of Bengal, that the tales by which the men of certain regiments have been led to suspect that offence to their religion, or injury to their caste, is meditated by the Government of India, are malicious falsehoods.

"The Governor-General in Council has learnt that this suspicion continues to be propagated by designing and evil-minded men, not only in the army, but amongst other classes of the people.

"He knows that endeavours are made to persuade Hindus and Mussulmans,

soldiers and civil subjects, that their religion is threatened secretly, as well as openly, by the acts of the Government, and that the Government is seeking in various ways to entrap them into a loss of caste for purposes of its own.

"Some have been already deceived and led astray by these tales.

"Once more, then, the Governor-General in Council warns all classes against the deceptions that are practised on them.

"The Government of India has invariably treated the religious feelings of all its subjects with careful respect. The Governor-General in Council has declared that it will never cease to do so. He now repeats that declaration, and he emphatically proclaims that the Government of India entertains no desire to interfere with their religion or caste, and that nothing has been or will be done by the Government to affect the free exercise of the observances of religion or caste by every class of the people.

"The Government of India has never deceived its subjects. Therefore the Governor-General in Council now calls upon them to refuse their belief to seditious lies.

"This notice is addressed to those who hitherto, by habitual loyalty and orderly conduct, have shown their attachment to the Government, and a well-founded faith in its protection and justice.

"The Governor-General in Council enjoins all such persons to pause before they listen to false guides and traitors, who would lead them into danger and disgrace.

"By order of the Governor-General of India in Council.

"C. BEADON,
"Secretary to the Government of India."

The Governor-General at the same time instituted inquiries into the state of the native regiments, which led to a general disarming, and the prevention of much mischief. Despatches were sent to England, and the other Presidencies, for European troops: a messenger was hurried off to intercept the China expedition at Ceylon, and two steamers despatched to the Cape for further assistance. Above all, the Commander-in-chief was urged to lose not a day in marching upon Delhi, and re-establishing the authority of Government over the adjacent country. More than this we see not how the Government at Calcutta could accomplish, and all

this was done within a week of the outbreak. We turn to the military arm on which it now devolved to execute justice, and restore the British supremacy.

On what day General Anson was informed at Simla that the army was fast relieving itself of the benefit of his command, or when he put himself in motion to arrest that unsatisfactory movement, we cannot discover. A second order withdrawing the new cartridges is dated at Umballah, the 16th May. He reached Kurnaul on the 25th, whence he telegraphed that the movement of the army being retarded by delay in getting up a battering-train, he did not expect to be before Delhi till the 8th. The next intelligence is that his Excellency died of cholera on the 27th. The distance from Simla to Umballah is on the map 55 miles in a straight line. Kurnaul is about as much further, and from thence to Delhi is under 60 miles. The march was hardly marked with the rapidity required for the occasion, but there was a want of transport (owing, as Lord Ellenborough affirms, to the rescinding of his arrangements from financial considerations), and a siege-train was judged indispensable.

On the death of General Anson, the chief command in India devolved on the senior Queen's officer, Sir Henry Somerset, commander-in-chief of Bombay. General Reed, the senior officer in Bengal, succeeded by the same system to the command of that army; but Lord Canning decided on appointing to that charge Sir Patrick Grant, commanding at Madras, and who for many years filled the post of Adjutant-General in Bengal. Meantime Sir Henry Barnard, commanding the Sirhind division, was directed to proceed with the field force against Delhi. These appointments were made with promptitude and judgment. Sir Patrick Grant has long been spoken of as a first-rate officer, and enjoys the further advantage of long and intimate acquaintance with the Bengal Sepoys. He arrived at Calcutta on the 18th June, but in the disturbed condition of the country was not expected to proceed to the upper provinces until the arrival

of European troops should enable him to take the field with a suitable army.

Sir Henry Barnard appeared before Delhi on the 8th June—and his force amounted, at the date of our last intelligence, to 7000 Europeans and 5000 natives. Finding the rebels strongly intrenched in two successive outposts, he attacked them both the same day, and drove the Sepoys within the walls. From that day sorties were made from the town almost daily; the rebels fought with determination, but were invariably repulsed with considerable loss. A great battle occurred on the 25th, when the mutineers fought desperately the whole day, but were finally driven again within the walls, in which a great breach was effected. The storm had not taken place on the 27th, the date of the last reliable advices—but on the 1st July a report was circulated in Calcutta with the sanction of the Government, that the place had fallen and 7000 natives slain. This report could hardly be authentic, yet we are disposed to hope that the insurgents cannot long hold out.

The capture of Delhi will crush at once the head and life of the mutiny. Yet a terrible wreck will remain to be repaired, in the restoration of civil order and the reign of law in provinces as large as all France, throughout which they have been both temporarily destroyed. It is hardly too much to say, that the work of half a century has been struck down by this insurrection, and Lord Canning will find, in the arduous task of restoring it, abundant employment for all the troops that can be sent to his assistance. He will have decided, and we trust with proper vigour, the question, idly and weakly argued in some of the English journals, of the retribution to be inflicted on the rebels. We are sick of the maudlin interference of humanitarians in the administration of criminal justice; and it is a great act of *justice* which England has now to perform in the sight of India and the world. Lord Canning, who saw his duty in the crisis of danger, when no less a man than Mr Colvin seemed to waver for a moment, will

not sink under its dread responsibility in the day of doom. Treason, murder, highway robbery, and rape, are offences not lightly dealt with by any code of civil law: they are not to be more leniently regarded by military tribunals, when committed, with every unimaginable atrocity, by soldiers against the Government which they served, and upon the officers they were sworn to obey. *Death* is the certain penalty of every native who has imbrued his hands in British blood, or outraged British chastity. We only hope that no misplaced tenderness for a royalty always usurped, and long righteously abolished, will exempt the descendant of the Great Mogul from suffering on the same gallows with his vile confederates. If there be any reverence for his name and lineage yet lingering in the native mind, its extinction in the infamous but well-merited doom of treason and murder will be the best way of writing up in the sight of all the nations who attend the portals of British justice,—“If thou do evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.”

Proceeding now to examine into the moving causes of the revolt, of which we have thus sketched the progress and present state, we dismiss at the outset all idea of Russian instigation. Though suggested in some of the Indian journals, and insinuated in Parliament by no less an authority than the Chairman of the East India Company, we can find no warrant for this suspicion in any of the facts or papers before us. The natives who once thought *European* and *English* synonymous terms, have doubtless become more aware of the extent and resources of the *Shah-i-Roos*; and much as we pride ourselves at home on the victories of Alma, Inkermann, and Sebastopol, we doubt if the spectacle of Russia's prolonged resistance to the armies of Europe, with their final withdrawal from her territory, have tended in the native mind to exalt our reputation in comparison with the Northern power. To that quarter, then, every Asiatic schemer will doubtless

turn a hopeful eye on each disturbance; but there is no evidence of Russian agency, or of other interference from without, in the present troubles. Neither do we connect this outbreak with the independent labours of the missionaries; in support of which view, it is almost enough to point to the fact, that the disaffection is limited to Bengal, where those labours are recent, and comparatively without result; while it is not experienced at Madras, where missionary efforts have been prosecuted for more than a century, and have already effected the evangelisation of large provinces. Yet in Madras also the mutiny of Vellore sufficiently indicates that an interference of Government with the customs of caste would not be received with the same toleration. It was well observed in the recent debate, both by Mr Vernon Smith and the right honourable member for Bucks, that the Hindu (the Mahomedan is not always so forbearing) exhibits no animosity to missionary enterprise. He is rather fond, they thought, of theological inquiry; we should rather say he is perfectly indifferent on points of theology, and absolutely careless of the honour of his gods, but, at the same time, passionately jealous for his own custom and caste. A great mistake is committed at home in considering the complex mass of usage popularly termed *caste*, as implying that attachment to theological tenets, which we should call a *creed*. In its origin *caste* is doubtless a religious distinction springing directly out of the Brahmin theology. But at this day it is practically far more of a social than a theological institution. It is everywhere safer to attack an article of the faith than a popular usage; and the Hindu, so unalterably wedded to "custom," is of all men the most tolerant in respect of creed. His creed was matter of speculation, which we were welcome to question; his caste was a tangible advantage, of which he would not be robbed with impunity.

It is "custom" (as we have already observed), more than the strict doctrines of religion, which consecrate the usages called *caste*. We knew a Hindu rajah, whose mother chose to

die of a cancer rather than expose her bosom to the English surgeon, who felt her pulse from behind a curtain; though it was urged by the rajah himself, that the seclusion of females is a practice only introduced since the Mussulman invasion, and never observed by the Brahmins. In the south of India, again, some of the Mahomedan festivals have been adopted by the Hindu population; while the Moslems, who are there comparatively few in number, permit the customs of idolatry to intermingle in their celebration. These hybrid ceremonies are equally, with others, entitled to the sanctions of "custom."

There is more to be said in respect to the system of education introduced by the Indian Government and the ameliorations of the law effected under the enlightened spirit which has lately prevailed in its councils. These have been censured by the more ardent missionaries as undermining the traditions of *caste*, without proposing the Christian creed in return. On the other hand, it is certain they have provoked a feeling among the more bigoted of the natives, which was not exhibited towards the missionaries. The acts of Government are naturally regarded with more suspicion than the efforts of private individuals. It was the spirit supposed to animate the Government which called the *Dhurma Sobha* into existence, and when its efforts proved ineffectual to revive the rite of Suttee, or prevent the remarriage of widows, that institution, we doubt not, was quite capable of tampering with the allegiance of the Sepoy.

Still we cannot attribute the insurrection to a premeditated conspiracy among the princes or people of India. The people have, indeed, but little interest in the princes, and scarcely more in the Sepoys, or the Sepoys in them. We write in ignorance of the late discoveries at Calcutta; but while every villany may be concocted by the *baboons* of that enlightened metropolis, we doubt if the brains or the heart anywhere exist in India for a general conspiracy. Of the native princes, none are suspected but the deposed King of Oude

and the pensioned puppet at Delhi. The dominions of which the former was most righteously deprived are no doubt the very focus of the rebellion. The Brahmin Sepoys were drawn from them in considerable numbers, and from their position in the British army were allowed sundry unjust privileges by the native authorities, which British administration has abolished. It appears, moreover, that two-thirds of the king's army were disbanded on the annexation, and these would, of course, be ripe for revolt. Still we doubt the power of the deposed monarch to undermine the allegiance of our Sepoys. Annexation has uniformly been attended with so many blessings to the country annexed, through the increased protection of life and property, and the consequent development of internal resources, that it would be strange indeed if the natives just emancipated from his ex-majesty's reign were to conspire for his restoration. It is the fact, however, that the late king has been arrested by Lord Canning on evidence of his complicity in the treason. We nothing doubt the justice of the arrest, yet the presence of his wife and heir in England may be accepted as proof, on the other hand, that no such conspiracy was premeditated when they left India. He has only struck in with a movement which he could never have originated; "rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

The case against the Mogul prince wears a feature of graver suspicion. The Hindostanee papers *Doorbun* and *Sulten ul Akbar* have published a proclamation in his name, stating that orders had been given by the Governor-General to serve out cartridges made of pigs' fat and beef fat; that if there be 10,000 who refuse to use them, they are to be blown away from cannon; and that if there are 50,000, they are to be disbanded. It further states that hundreds of cannon and immense treasure have come to hand, and concludes with offering thirty rupees a-month to every mounted soldier, and ten to a foot-soldier. The date of this proclamation is not given; internal evidence proves it subsequent to the seizure of Delhi by the insurgent Sepoys; and it is nothing

but the old story put out *after* the rising. We would hang the Mogul high as Haman for his subsequent treason and murders, but we acquit him of a conspiracy to which he was wholly unequal. The rush to Delhi appears the sudden resolve of mutineers who had passed the rubicon at Meerut; the proclamation of a king was an after-thought suggested by their temporary success; and all that ensued was the natural result or the apparent impotence of the British Government to maintain its cause.

The revolt, in short, appears to us to have been really occasioned by the cartridge grievance. We nothing doubt the previous existence of disaffection through a large part of the army. The *Dhurma Sobha* and the native press have played an important part in exciting the jealousy of the Sepoys. The whole story of the cartridges was probably devised and circulated by their agency -- as many similar falsehoods have doubtless been before. During the progress of this revolt the most seditious and exasperating statements appeared in the native journals; and though it may be said their circulation is but small, this is not to be judged of by the number of copies issued, since it is well known that agents are employed to read them to the native regiments in their lines. The devotees, Mussulman and Hindu, constantly passing up and down the country, furnish such agents in abundance.

On this account we entirely approve of Lord Canning's act in subjecting the Indian press to a censorship. This proceeding has, of course, given deadly offence to the editors, and in their eyes has tarnished all the glory which they attributed to the Governor-General for his previous measures. If the Emperor Louis Napoleon finds a free press incompatible with the preservation of order among a people so excitable as the French, when deprived of the traditions or legitimacy and inured to revolution, who can wonder that it has proved intolerable to a Government like the Anglo-Indian, contending with the prejudices of another race and creed? The result is what Sir Thomas Munro uniformly predicted. The

language held by native editors, and the half-educated East Indians who affect to form public opinion in Calcutta, would be innocuous in this country from its inflated absurdity. Among Sepoys it is proved to be full of danger. There are doubtless journals of a superior character, conducted by Europeans, in Calcutta; such ought not to feel aggrieved at the censorship established by Lord Canning: the conditions are eminently reasonable. Government requires only that nothing be published to excite disaffection among its native subjects—nothing to create suspicion of any interference by Government with the Mussulman or Hindu religions—finally, nothing which tends to weaken its relations with the princes and states in alliance with the British Government.

Instead of complaining of these restrictions, we heartily wish that the same amount of restraint were imposed on the proceedings of the besotted society which calls itself the *Dharm Sabha*. It is a caricature of constitutional government to allow a nest of ignorant and malicious traitors to slander its intentions under its very nose, and hamper every design for the improvement of the country by an incessant appeal to the darkest and wildest passions of human nature. These appeals, however untrue, find easy admission to the prejudices of natives who know no better. It is impossible to eradicate them, and the consequences are written under our eyes in letters of fire and blood. No scruple should be felt in putting down by force an association having such objects in view.

Reverting, however, to the position that we have a military mutiny, not a national revolt, to deal with, the first question after the restoration of order must be that of *Army Reform*. It may be taken for granted that Government will not again commit the fatal mistake of placing unlimited confidence in Sepoy regiments. There will be a much larger proportion of European troops in the armies of all three Presidencies. At present

the European infantry in the army of Bombay is to the native as 1 to 9 $\frac{3}{4}$, in that of Madras as 1 to 16 $\frac{3}{4}$, while in the Bengal army it was as low as 1 to 24 $\frac{3}{4}$. Lord Canning has already advised the raising of three European regiments for the Company's service, in place of the six native corps disbanded and revolted up to the 12th May; and we cannot doubt that this policy will be carried further after what has since occurred. The native regular cavalry might well be entirely abolished, being neither so efficient at the charge as the dragoons, nor equal in skirmishing to the irregular horse. The artillery will probably be augmented, and made exclusively European; while regiments of Sepoy infantry will be quartered in due proximity to more reliable forces. It would be idle to suppose that Sepoy regiments can be altogether dispensed with.* There is accordingly no lack of schemes for the reform of native discipline in future. We cannot now pretend to examine into their merits, but we will briefly note the principal suggestions.

First, make the Sepoy, it is said, more dependent on his commanding officer. It has long been complained by regimental officers that the power and patronage attached to the command of a native regiment in former days have been gradually withdrawn to headquarters. This is to some extent the inevitable consequence of the organisation of those regiments into a regular army. Each improvement of military system necessarily draws to the fountain of command much of the authority which in looser times was exercised by local commandants. Years of tranquillity increase the centralising tendency; nay, even tend to absorb the Commander-in-Chief in the civil government, as the regimental officer is absorbed at headquarters. This process is to some extent unavoidable in India; nor until we know how to insure regimental commandants who understand something more of their duty than appears to have been a

* The whole expence of the Indian armies, mustering 315,520 men, is returned at £9,802,235, of which £5,668,100 is calculated to be the cost of the 51,316 European soldiers, leaving £4,134,135 as the sum total required for 263,204 natives.

frequent case in the Bengal army, will the suggestion to increase their influence obtain the consideration to which, in connection with other reforms, it would undoubtedly be entitled.

Another and more general complaint is the absence of regimental officers from their corps on staff employ. Nothing certainly could be more objectionable than the system, or want of system, observed in this respect in all three armies. There is no *staff corps* in either. Every officer in the Company's service is borne on the effective strength of some regiment, and is simply "absent" when appointed to other duty. Not only the army staff, properly so called, is thus supplied by regimental officers, but a variety of situations under Government, analogous to our civil departments of the army, are filled from the same quarter. Then there is the Commissariat, wholly officered from the line, as the Ordnance Commissariat is from the artillery. Lastly, political and civil appointments of power and emolument are the high prizes held out to military officers of tact and talent. The working of the system is this : Every cadet is posted, on landing, to a regiment, where he is drilled and polished for the first two years. If in this period he passes in the languages, and is possessed of talent or interest, the prize he is invited to aspire to is a "staff appointment." If successful, he quits his regiment to return to it no more, save under one of these exceptions—he may be remitted to his corps as the punishment of stupidity or misconduct ; he may be obliged to rejoin from having risen to military rank too high for his staff situation (in which case he naturally expects ere long another appointment) ; or lastly, if the regiment be ordered into the field, all its officers are required to accompany it.

The regiment, then, is the *home* of the least capable, the disappointed, and the discontented portion of the service. The ambition of the talented and aspiring is to quit it. It holds out but two prizes for subaltern officers—the quartermastership and the adjutancy. The command is its only attraction to

older officers, and that is attained by seniority. If, under these discouraging circumstances, there be still with the regiment a senior captain or major acquainted with his duty, and anxious to do it—one who has won the confidence of the natives in cantonment, and might lead them with honour in the field—he finds himself superseded, in the moment of ambition, by the return of an old field-officer, who has been sitting at a desk in Calcutta for twenty years, but must now take his regiment into action. The regiment is, in short, a mere convenience. The staff-officer escapes its burdens, to return at pleasure when there is a chance of honour or emolument ; and the effect is discouraging in the extreme to the due performance of regimental duty.

Undoubtedly the Commissariat and Government departments ought to constitute a staff corps by themselves, and not continue a drain on the effective strength of regiments. The army staff, properly so called, and the political prizes, might still be open to regimental officers. When it is urged that *every* such officer ought to be with his corps, it is forgotten how greatly their present number exceeds the establishment of a Sepoy regiment in the palmy days of old, and which is still judged sufficient for the irregular corps. One of the greatest evils under the present system is the *idleness* of Sepoy officers. After morning parade there is literally *nothing* to employ them, with the exception of the commanding officer, the regimental staff, and the officer of the day. The remainder, if not inclined to improve themselves, find little in their professional life to improve them. Simply to increase the number of such idlers would not be the way to improve discipline, or elevate the native ideas of European superiority.

Along, therefore, with the formation of a staff corps, the more thoughtful suggest some reduction in the number of regimental officers, together with an entire revision of the system of discipline. The command of a company should be attended with greater emolument and responsibility, and not be attainable without proof of proficiency in *regimental* duties. The

regimental staff should be paid more on a par with the general. And, finally, the command of the regiment must no longer be the perquisite of seniority, but be made the reward of regimental service and efficiency.*

In any such revision of regimental economy, the situation of the native officers cannot escape extensive alteration. These are at present promoted from the ranks by seniority. Many of them are stupid and incapable; others are excellent soldiers, upon whom the discipline of the regiment often greatly depends. These cannot but feel their influence with the men, and contrast it with the slight regard in which they are often held by the Europeans. Certain it is that, in the present mutiny, whether from incapacity or disappointed ambition, the native officers have been altogether useless to the side of duty. In no single instance do we find them restraining the disaffected. In some they have incited and headed the revolt.† The number of native commissions might be reduced, and means must be devised to perpetuate the confidence established between the European and the native officer, by the promotion of the latter on the recommendation of the other. Native officers also should be liable to exchange into other regiments, to guard against their falling under the influence of the men.

We forbear to enter on further details. One great and paramount reform must be effected, or nothing else can prosper. We allude to the bestowal of the highest offices in India as a matter of *patronage* between the Government, the Horse Guards, and the Court of Directors. The only defeat sustained in our time by the British arms in India was occasioned by the imbecile policy of an amiable nobleman, whom the Whigs, having

tried in high office at home and found wanting, thought fit to make Governor-General of India. The disasters in Afghanistan were precipitated by the Horse Guards choosing to convert a gentlemanly officer of high character and good family, but unfortunately no soldier, into the general of an Indian division. Twice in the last few years have we seen the Government go on its knees to a General, who had been passed over at the proper times, to go out and *save India*. The merits of Sir Charles Napier and of Sir Colin Campbell were as well known when the command which they were felt to deserve was given to others, as when the country was reduced to the humiliating necessity of imploring their forgiveness and aid. Unless the home authorities can be persuaded, or compelled, into virtue enough to allow India to be withdrawn from the field of patronage and favour, we see little hope for its armies or inhabitants. We are ourselves inclined to think that the offices of governor and commander-in-chief should be united at each Presidency, and that both seats in Council and Divisional commands throughout India should be in the responsible patronage of the Governor-General. All that should be done at home is to select for that high and commanding position—without regard to politics, interest, or court favour—the officer whom the voice of India and of the army at large pronounces the best qualified for its duties. We never remember the time when more than two or three competitors could have been found to fulfil this condition. Shall we ever see the day when the Constitutional Government which has already struggled out of the *pecuniary* phase of political corruption, will so purify itself from the secondary pollutions of patronage as to undertake the arbitration?

* Colonel Jacob complains, with much justice, that the one test of efficiency required of military officers is the passing in the native languages—i.e. in *books* which often afford but a small insight into the current dialects, and less into the habits and ideas of the men.

† General Briggs affirms that this is the general character of the native officers throughout India.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.



No. DXIX.

JANUARY 1859.

VOL. LXXXV.

CONTENTS.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.—

PART THE LAST,	1
BURMAR AND THE BURMESE,	31
A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.—PART II,	49
HOW TO BOIL PEAS,	70
AN ANGLING SAUNTER IN SUTHERLAND,	81
THE FIELD OF TOWTON MOOR,	94
POPULAR LITERATURE—THE PERIODICAL PRESS,	96
THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO INDIA,	113

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON;

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Lately Published,

INDEX

TO

THE FIRST FIFTY VOLUMES

OF

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

In Octavo, pp. 588. Price 15s.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXIX.

JANUARY 1859.

VOL. LXXXV.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART THE LAST.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[*The Author reserves the Right of Translation.*]

CHAPTER IV.

“Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
Mollivit aversas Pecunies,
Farro pio et saliente mica.”—HORAT.

It is the grey of the evening. Fairthorn is sauntering somewhat sullenly along the banks of the lake. He has missed, the last three days, his walk with Sophy—missed the pleasing excitement of talking *at* her, and *of* the family in whose obsolete glories he considers her very interest an obtrusive impertinence. He has missed, too, his more habitual and less irritating conversation with Darrell. In short, altogether he is put out, and he vents his spleen on the swans, who follow him along the wave as he walks along the margin, intimating either their affection for himself, or their anticipation of the bread crumbs associated with his image—by the amiable note, half snort and half grunt, to which change of time or climate has reduced the vocal accomplishments of those classical birds, so pathetically melodious in the age of Moschus and on the banks of Cayster.

VOL. LXXXV.—NO. DXIX.

“Not a crumb, you unprincipled beggars,” growled the musician. “You imagine that mankind are to have no other thought but that of supplying you with luxuries! And if you were asked, in a competitive examination, to define *ME*, your benefactor, you would say—‘a thing very low in the scale of creation, without wings or even feathers, but which Providence endowed with a peculiar instinct for affording nutritious and palatable additions to the ordinary aliment of Swans!’ Ay, you may grunt; I wish I had you—in a pie!”

Slowly, out through the gap between yon grey crag and the thorn-tree, paces the doe, halting to drink just where the faint star of eve shoots its gleam along the wave. The musician forgets the swans and quickens his pace, expecting to meet the doe’s wonted companion. He is not disappointed. He comes on Guy Darrell where the twilight shadow falls dark-

est between the grey crag and the thorn-tree.

"Dear Fellow Hermit," said Darrell, almost gaily, yet with more than usual affection in his greeting and voice, "you find me just when I want you. I am as one whose eyes have been strained by a violent conflict of colours, and your quiet presence is like the relief of a return to green. I have news for you, Fairthorn. You, who know more of my secrets than any other man, shall be the first to learn a decision that must bind you and me more together—but not in these scenes, Dick.

'Ibimus—ibimus!

Supremum

Carpere iter, comites, parati!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Fairthorn. "My mind always mis-gives me when I hear you quoting Horace. Some reflection about the certainty of death, or other disagreeable subjects, is sure to follow!"

"Death! No, Dick—not now. Marriage-bells and joy, Dick! We shall have a wedding!"

"What! You will marry at last! And it must be that beautiful Caroline Lyndsay! It must—it must! You can never love another! You know it, my dear, dear master! I shall see you, then, happy before I die."

"Tut, foolish old friend!" said Darrell, leaning his arm tenderly on Fairthorn's shoulder, and walking on slowly towards the house. "How often must I tell you that no marriage-bells can ring for me!"

"But you have told me, too, that you went to Twickenham to steal a sight of *her* again; and that it was the sight of her that made you resolve to wed no one else. And when I have railed against her for fickleness, have not you nearly frightened me out of my wits, as if no one might rail against her but yourself? And now she is free—and did you not grant that she would not refuse your hand, and would be true and faithful henceforth? And yet you insist on being—granite!"

"No, Dick, not granite; I wish I were!"

"Granite and pride," persisted Dick, courageously. "If one chips

a bit off the granite, one only breaks one's spade against the pride."

"Pride!—you too!" muttered Darrell, mournfully; then aloud, "No, it is not pride now, whatever it might have been even yesterday. But I would rather be racked by all the tortures that pious inquisitors ever invented out of compassion for obstinate heretics, than condemn the woman I have so fatally loved to a penance the misery of which she cannot force. She would accept me,—certainly! Why? Because she thinks she owes me reparation—because she pities me. And my heart tells me that I might become cruel, and mean, and vindictive, if I were to live day by day with one who created in me, while my life was at noon, a love never known in its morn, and to feel that that love's sole return was the pity vouchsafed to the nightfall of my age. No; if she pitied, but did not love me, when, eighteen years ago, we parted under yonder beech tree, I should be a dotard to dream that woman's pity mellowed into love as our locks become grey, and Youth turns our vows into ridicule. It is not pride that speaks here; it is rather humility, Dick. But we must not now talk of old age and by-gones. Youth and marriage-bells, Dick! Know that I have been for hours pondering how to reconcile with my old-fashioned notions dear Lionel's happiness. We must think of the living as well as the dead, Dick. I have solved the problem. I am happy, and so shall the young folks be."

"You don't mean to say that you will consent to—"

"Yes, to Lionel's marriage with that beautiful girl, whose parentage we never will ask. Great men are their own ancestors; why not sometimes fair women? Enough—I consent! I shall of course secure to my kinsman and his bride an ample fortune. Lionel will have time for his honeymoon before he departs for the wars. He will fight with good heart now, Dick. Young folks of the present day cannot bear up against sorrow, as they were trained to do in mine. And that amiable lady who has so much pity for me, has, of course, still more pity for a charming

young couple for whose marriage she schemed, in order to give me a home, Dick. And rather than she should pine and fall ill, and—no matter; all shall be settled as it should be for the happiness of the living. But something else must be settled; we must think of the dead as well as the living; and this name of Darrell shall be buried with me in the grave beside my father's. Lionel Haughton will keep to his own name. Live the Haughtons! Perish, but with no blot on their shield—perish the Darrells! Why, what is that? Tears, Dick? Pooh!—be a man! And I want all your strength; for you, too, must have a share in the sacrifice. What follows is not the dictate of pride, if I *can* read myself aright. No; it is the final completion and surrender of the object on which so much of my life has been wasted—but a surrender that satisfies my crotchets of honour. At all events, if it be pride in disguise, it will demand no victim in others; you and I may have a sharp pang—we must bear it, Dick."

"What on earth is coming now?" said Dick, dolefully.

"The due to the dead, Richard Fairthorn. This nook of fair England, in which I learned from the dead to love honour—this poor domain of Fawley—shall go in bequest to the College at which I was reared."

"Sir!"

"It will serve for a fellowship or two to honest, brave-hearted young scholars. It will be thus, while English institutions may last, devoted to Learning and Honour. It may sustain for mankind some ambition more generous than mine, it appears, ever was—settled thus, not in mine, but my dear father's name, like the Darrell Museum. These are my dues

to the dead, Dick! And the old house thus becomes useless. The new house was ever a folly. They must go down both, as soon as the young folks are married;—not a stone stand on stone! The ploughshare shall pass over their sites! And this task I order you to see done. I have not strength. You will then hasten to join me at Sorrento, that corner of earth on which Horace wished to breathe his last sigh.

'Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces—ibi—tu——'

"Don't, sir, don't. Horace again! It is too much." Fairthorn was choking; but as if the idea presented to him was really too monstrous for belief, he clutched at Darrell with so uncertain and vehement a hand that he almost caught him by the throat, and sobbed out, "You must be joking."

"Seriously and solemnly, Richard Fairthorn," said Darrell, gently disentangling the fingers that threatened him with strangulation. "Seriously and solemnly I have uttered to you my deliberate purpose. I implore you, in the name of our lifelong friendship, to face this pain as I do—resolutely, cheerfully. I implore you to execute to the letter the instructions I shall leave with you on quitting England, which I shall do the day Lionel is married; and then, dear old friend, calm days, clear consciences:—In climes where whole races have passed away—proud cities themselves sunk in graves—where our petty grief for a squirearch's lost house we shall both grow ashamed to indulge—there we will moralise, rail against vain dreams and idle pride, cultivate vines and orange-trees, with Horace—nay, nay, Dick—with the FLUTE!"

CHAPTER V.

More bounteous run rivers when the ice that locked their flow melts into their waters.
And when fine natures relent, their kindness is swelled by the thaw.

Darrell escaped into the house; Fairthorn sank upon the ground, and resigned himself for some minutes to unmanly lamentations. Suddenly he

started up; a thought came into his brain—a hope into his breast. He made a caper—launched himself into a precipitate zigzag—gained the hall—

door—plunged into his own mysterious hiding-place—and in less than an hour re-emerged, a letter in his hand, with which he had just time to catch the postman, as that functionary was striding off from the back-yard with the official bag.

This exploit performed, Fairthorn shambled into his chair at the dinner-table, as George Morley concluded the grace which preceded the meal that in Fairthorn's estimation usually made the grand event of the passing day. But the poor man's appetite was gone. As Sophy dined with Waife, the Morleys alone shared, with host and secretary, the melancholy entertainment. George was no less silent than Fairthorn; Darrell's manner perplexed him. Mrs Morley, not admitted into her husband's confidence in secrets that concerned others, though in all his own he was to her conjugal sight *pellucidior vitro*, was the chief talker; and, being the best woman in the world, ever wishing to say something pleasant, she fell to praising the dear old family pictures that scowled at her from the wall, and informed Fairthorn that she had made great progress with her sketch of the old house as seen from the lake, and was in doubt whether she should introduce in the foreground some figures of the olden time, as in Nash's View of Baronia Mansions. But not a word could she coax out of Fairthorn; and when she turned to appeal to Darrell, the host suddenly addressed to George a question as to the texts and authorities by which the Papal Church defends its doctrine of Purgatory. That entailed a long, and no doubt erudite reply, which lasted not only through the rest of the dinner, but till Mrs Morley, edified by the discourse, and delighted to notice the undeviating attention which Darrell paid to her distinguished spouse, took advantage of the first full stop, and retired. Fairthorn finished his bottle of port, and, far from convinced that there was no Purgatory, but inclined to advance the novel heresy that Purgatory sometimes commenced on this side the grave—slinking away, and was seen no more that night; neither was his flute heard.

Then Darrell rose, and said, "I

shall go up-stairs to our sick friend for a few minutes; may I find you here when I come back? Your visit to him can follow mine."

On entering Waife's room, Darrell went straight forward towards Sophy, and cut off her retreat.

"Fair guest," said he, with a grace and tenderness of manner which, when he pleased it, could be ineffably bewitching—"teach me some art by which in future rather to detain than to scare away the presence in which a duller age than mine could still recognise the charms that subdue the young." He led her back gently to the seat she had deserted—placed himself next to her—addressed a few cordial queries to Waife about his health and comforts—and then said, "You must not leave me for some days yet. I have written by this post to my kinsman, Lionel Haughton. I have refused to be his ambassador at a court in which, by all the laws of nations, he is bound to submit himself to his conqueror. I cannot even hope that he may escape with his freedom. No! chains for life! Thrice happy, indeed, if that be the merciful sentence you inflict."

He raised Sophy's hand to his lips as he ended, and before she could even quite comprehend the meaning of his words—so was she startled, confused, incredulous of such sudden change in fate—the door had closed on Darrell, and Waife had clasped her to his breast, murmuring, "Is not Providence kind?"

Darrell rejoined the scholar. "George," said he, "be kind enough to tell Alban that you showed me his letter. Be kind enough also to write to Lady Montfort, and say that I gratefully acknowledge her wish to repair to me those losses which have left me to face age and the grave alone. Tell her that her old friend (you remember, George, I knew her as a child) sees in that wish the same sweet goodness of heart which soothed him when his son died and his daughter fled. Add that her wish is gratified. To that marriage in which she compassionately foresaw the best solace left to my bereaved and baffled existence—to that marriage I give my consent."

"You do! Oh, Mr Darrell, how I honour you!"

"Nay, I no more deserve honour for consenting than I should have deserved contempt if I had continued to refuse. To do what I deemed right is not more my wish now than it was twelve hours ago. To what so sudden a change of resolve in one who changes resolves very rarely, may be due, whether to Lady Montfort, to Alban, or to that metaphysical skill with which you wound into my reason, and compelled me to review all its judgments, I do not

attempt to determine; yet I thought I had no option but the course I had taken. No; it is fair to yourself to give you the chief credit; you made me desire, you made me resolve, to find an option—I have found one. And now pay your visit where mine has been just paid. It will be three days, I suppose, before Lionel, having joined his new regiment at * * can be here. And then it will be weeks yet, I believe, before his regiment sails;—and I'm all for short courtships."

CHAPTER VI.

Fairthorn frightens Sophy. Sir Isaac is invited by Darrell, and forms one of A Family Circle.

Such a sweet voice in singing breaks out from yon leafless beeches! Waite hears it at noon from his window. Hark! Sophy has found song once more.

She is seated on a garden bench, looking across the lake towards the gloomy old manor-house and the tall spectre palace beside it. Mrs Morley is also on the bench, hard at work on her sketch; Fairthorn prowls through the thickets behind, wandering restless and wretched, and wrathful beyond all words to describe. He hears that voice singing; he stops short, perfectly rabid with indignation. "Singing," he muttered,— "singing in triumph, and glowering at the very house she dooms to destruction. Worse than Nero striking his lyre amidst the conflagration of Rome!"

By-and-by Sophy, who somehow or other cannot sit long in any place, and tires that day of any companion, wanders away from the lake, and comes right upon Fairthorn. Hailing, in her unutterable secret bliss, the musician who had so often joined her rambles in the days of unuttered secret sadness, she sprang towards him, with welcome and mirth in a face that would have lured Diogenes out of his tub. Fairthorn recoiled sidelong, growling forth, "Don't—you had better not!"—grinned the most savage grin, showing all his

teeth like a wolf; and as she stood, mute with wonder, perhaps with fright, he slunk edgeways off, as if aware of his own murderous inclinations, turning his head more than once, and shaking it at her; then, with the wonted mystery which enveloped his exits, he was gone!—vanished behind a crag, or amidst a bush, or into a hole—Heaven knows; but, like the lady in the Siege of Corinth, who warned the renegade Alp of his approaching end, he was "gone."

Twice again that day Sophy encountered the enraged musician; each time the same menacing aspect and weird disappearance.

"Is Mr Fairthorn ever a little—odd?" asked Sophy timidly of George Morley.

"Always," answered George dryly.

Sophy felt relieved at that reply. Whatever is habitual in a man's manner, however unpleasant, is seldom formidable. Still Sophy could not help saying,—

"I wish poor Sir Isaac were here!"

"Do you?" said a soft voice behind her; "and, pray, who is Sir Isaac?"

The speaker was Darrell, who had come forth with the resolute intent to see more of Sophy, and make himself as amiably social as he could. Guy Darrell could never be kind by halves.

"Sir Isaac is the wonderful dog you have heard me describe," replied George.

"Would he hurt my doe, if he came here?" asked Darrell.

"Oh, no," cried Sophy; "he never hurts anything. He once found a wounded hare, and he brought it in his mouth to us so tenderly, and seemed so anxious that we should cure it, which grandfather did, and the hare would sometimes hurt him, but he never hurt the hare."

Said George sonorously,—

*"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."*

Darrell drew Sophy's arm into his own. "Will you walk back to the lake with me," said he, "and help me to feed the swans? George, send your servant express for Sir Isaac. I am impatient to make his acquaintance."

Sophy's hand involuntarily pressed Darrell's arm. She looked up into his face with innocent, joyous gratitude; feeling at once, and as by magic, that her awe of him was gone.

Darrell and Sophy rambled thus together for more than an hour. He sought to draw out her mind, unaware to herself; he succeeded. He was struck with a certain simple poetry of thought which pervaded her ideas— not artificial sentimentality, but a natural tendency to detect in all life a something of delicate or beautiful which lies hid from the ordinary sense. He found, thanks to Lady Montfort, that, though far from learned, she was more acquainted with literature than he had supposed. And sometimes he changed colour, or breathed his short quick sigh when he recognised her familiarity with passages in his favourite authors which he himself had commended, or read aloud, to the Caroline of old.

The next day, Waife, who seemed now recovered as by enchantment, walked forth with George, Darrell again with Sophy. Sir Isaac arrived—Immense joy; the doe butts Sir Isaac, who, retreating, stands on his hind-legs, and having possessed himself of Waife's crutch, presents fire; the doe in her turn retreats;—half

an hour afterwards doe and dog are friends.

Waife is induced, without much persuasion, to join the rest of the party at dinner. In the evening, all (Fairthorn excepted) draw round the fire. Waife is entreated by George to read a scene or two out of Shakespeare. He selects the latter portion of "King Lear." Darrell, who never was a playgoer, and who, to his shame be it said, had looked very little into Shakespeare since he left college, was wonder-struck. He himself read beautifully—all great orators, I suppose, do; but his talent was not mimetic—not imitative; he could never have been an actor—never thrown himself into existences wholly alien or repugnant to his own. Grave or gay, stern or kind, Guy Darrell, though often varying, was always Guy Darrell.

But when Waife was once in that magical world of art, Waife was gone—nothing left of him;—the part lived as if there were no actor to it;—it *was* the Fool—it was Lear.

For the first time Darrell felt what a grand creature a grand actor really is—what a luminous, unconscious critic, bringing out beauties of which no commentator ever dreamed! When the reading was over, talk still flowed; the gloomy old hearth knew the charm of a home circle. All started incredulous when the clock struck one. Just as Sophy was passing to the door, out from behind the window-curtain glared a vindictive, spiteful eye. Fairthorn made a mow at her, which 'tis a pity Waife did not see—it would have been a study for Caliban. She uttered a little scream.

"What's the matter?" cried the host.

"Nothing," said she quickly—far too generous to betray the hostile oddities of the musician. "Sir Isaac was in my way—that was all."

"Another evening we must have Fairthorn's flute," said Darrell. "What a pity he was not here to-night!—he would have enjoyed such reading—no one more."

Said Mrs Morley—"He was here once or twice during the evening; but he vanished!"

"Vanishing seems his forte," said George.

Darrell looked annoyed. It was his peculiarity to resent any jest, however slight, against an absent friend; and at that moment his heart was perhaps more warmed towards Dick Fairthorn than to any man living. If he had not determined to be as amiable and mild towards his guests as his nature would permit, probably George might have had the flip of a sarcasm which would have tingled for a month. But as it was, Darrell contented himself with saying gravely—

"No, George; Fairthorn's foible is vanishing; his forte is fidelity. If my fortune were to vanish, Fairthorn would never disappear; and that's more than I would say if I were a King, and Fairthorn—a Bishop!"

After that extraordinary figure of speech, "Good-nights" were somewhat hastily exchanged; and Fairthorn was left behind the curtain with feelings towards all his master's guests as little, it is to be hoped, like those of a Christian Bishop towards his fellow-creatures, as they possibly could be.

CHAPTER VII.

"*Domus et placons Uxor.*"

Fairthorn finds nothing *placens* in the *Uxor*, to whom *Domus* is indebted for its destruction.

Another day! Lionel is expected to arrive an hour or two after noon. Darrell is in his room—his will once drawn up a rough copy of the codicil by which Fawley is to pass away; and the name of Darrell be consigned to the care of grateful Learning, linked with prizes and fellowships;—a public property—lost for ever to private representatives of its sepulchred bearers. Preparations for departure from the doomed dwelling-house have begun. There are large boxes on the floor; and favourite volumes—chiefly in science or classics—lie piled beside them for selection.

What is really at the bottom of Guy Darrell's heart? Does he feel reconciled to his decision? Is the virtue of his new self-sacrifice in itself a consoling reward? Is that cordial urbanity, that cheerful kindness, by which he has been yet more endearing himself to his guests, sincere or assumed? As he throws aside his pen, and leans his cheek on his hand, the expression of his countenance may perhaps best answer those questions. It has more unmingled melancholy than was habitual to it before, even when in his gloomiest moods; but it is a melancholy much more soft and subdued; it is the melancholy of resignation—that of a man who has ceased a long struggle

—paid his offering to the appeased Nemesis, in casting into the sea the thing that had been to him the dearest.

But in resignation, when complete, there is always a strange relief. Despite that melancholy, Darrell is less unhappy than he has been for years. He feels as if a suspense had passed—a load been lifted from his breast. After all, he has secured, to the best of his judgment, the happiness of the living, and, in relinquishing the object to which his own life has been vainly devoted, and immolating the pride attached to it, he has yet, to use his own words, paid his 'dues to the dead.' No descendant from a Jasper Losely and a Gabrielle Desmarets will sit as mistress of the house in which Loyalty and Honour had garnered, with the wrecks of fortune, the memories of knightly fame—nor perpetuate the name of Darrell through children whose blood has a source in the sink of infamy and fraud. Nor was this consolation that of a culpable pride; it was bought by the abdication of a pride that had opposed its prejudices to living worth—to living happiness. Sophy would not be punished for sins not her own—Lionel not barred from a prize that earth never might replace. What mattered to them a mouldering, old, deso-

late manor-house—a few hundreds of pitiful acres? Their children would not be less blooming if their holiday summer noons were not shaded by those darksome trees—nor less lively of wit, if their school themes were signed in the name, not of Darrell, but Haughton.

A slight nervous knock at the door. Darrell has summoned Fairthorn; Fairthorn enters. Darrell takes up a paper; it contains minute instructions as to the demolition of the two buildings. The materials of the new pile may be disposed of, sold, carted away—anyhow, anywhere. Those of the old house are sacred—not a brick to be carried from the precincts around it. No; from foundation to roof, all to be piously removed—to receive formal interment deep in the still bosom of the little lake, and the lake to be filled up and turfed over. The pictures and antiquities selected for the Darrell Museum are, of course, to be carefully transported to London—warehoused safely till the gift from owner to nation be legally ratified. The pictures and articles of less value will be sent to an auction. But when it came to the old family portraits in the manor-house, the old homely furniture, familiarised to sight and use and love from infancy, Darrell was at a loss; his invention failed. That question was reserved for farther consideration.

"And why," says Fairthorn, bluntly and coarsely, urging at least reprove; "why, if it must be, not wait till you are no more? Why must the old house be buried before you are?"

"Because," answered Darrell, "such an order, left by will, would seem a reproach to my heirs; it would wound Lionel to the quick. Done in my lifetime, and just after I have given my blessing on his marriage, I

can suggest a thousand reasons for an old man's whim; and my manner alone will dispel all idea of a covert affront to his charming innocent bride."

"I wish she were hanged, with all my heart," muttered Fairthorn, "coming here to do such astonishing mischief! But, sir, I can't obey you; 'tis no use talking. You must get some one else. Parson Morley will do it—with pleasure, too, no doubt; or that hobbling old man, whom I suspect to be a conjuror. Who knows but what he may get knocked on the head as he is looking on with his wicked one eye? and then there will be an end of him, too, which would be a great satisfaction!"

"Pshaw, my dear Dick; there is no one else I can ask but you. The Parson would argue; I've had enough of his arguings; and the old man is the last whom my own arguings could deceive. *Fiat justitia.*"

"Don't sir, don't; you are breaking my heart!—'tis a shame, sir," sobbed the poor faithful rebel.

"Well, Dick, then I must see it done myself; and you shall go on first to Sorrento, and hire some villa to suit us. I don't see why Lionel should not be married next week; then the house will be clear. And—yes—it *was* cowardly in me to shrink. Mine be the task. Shame on me to yield it to another. Go back to thy flute, Dick.

'Nequo tibi
Entorpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton!'"

At that last remorseless shaft from the Horatian quiver, "*Venenatis gravis sagittis*," Fairthorn could stand ground no longer; there was a shamble—a plunge—and once more the man was vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flute-player shows how little Music hath power to soothe the savage breast—of a Musician.

Fairthorn found himself on the very spot in which, more than five years ago, Lionel, stung by Fairthorn's own incontinent prickles,

had been discovered by Darrell. There he threw himself on the ground, as the boy had done; there, like the boy, he brooded moodily, bitterly—

sore with the world and himself. To that letter, written on the day that Darrell had so shocked him, and on which letter he had counted as a last forlorn-hope, no answer had been given. In an hour or so, Lionel would arrive; those hateful nuptials, dooming Fawley as the nuptials of Paris and Helen had doomed Troy, would be finally arranged. In another week the work of demolition would commence. He never meant to leave Darrell to superintend that work. No; grumble and refuse as he might till the last moment, he knew well enough that, when it came to the point, he, Richard Fairthorn, must endure any torture that could save Guy Darrell from a pang. A voice comes singing low through the grove—the patter of feet on the crisp leaves. He looks up; Sir Isaac is scrutinising him gravely—behind Sir Isaac, Darrell's own doe, led patiently by Sophy,—yes, lending its faithless neck to that female criminal's destroying hand. He could not bear that sight, which added insult to injury. He scrambled up—darted a kick at Sir Isaac—snatched the doe from the girl's hand, and looked her in the face (*her*—not Sophy, but the doe) with a reproach that, if the brute had not been lost to all sense of shame, would have cut her to the heart; then, turning to Sophy, he said, "No, Miss! I reared this creature—fed it with my own hands, Miss. I gave it up to Guy Darrell, Miss; and you shan't steal this from him, whatever else you may do, Miss."

SOPHY.—"Indeed, Mr Fairthorn, it was for Mr Darrell's sake that I wished to make friends with the doe—as you would with poor Sir Isaac, if you would but try and like me—a little, only a very little, Mr Fairthorn."

FAIRTHORN.—"Don't!"

SOPHY.—"Don't what? I am so sorry to see I have annoyed you somehow. You have not been the same person to me the last two or three days. Tell me what I have done wrong; scold me, but make it up."

FAIRTHORN.—"Don't hold out your hand to me! Don't be smiling in my face! I don't choose it! Get out

of my sight! You are standing between me and the old house—robbing me even of my last looks at the home which you—"

SOPHY.—"Which I—what?"

FAIRTHORN.—"Don't, I say, don't—don't tempt me. You had better not ask questions—that's all. I shall tell you the truth; I know I shall; my tongue is itching to tell it. Please to walk on."

Despite the grotesque manner and astounding rudeness of the flute-player, his distress of mind was so evident—there was something so genuine and earnest at the bottom of his ludicrous anger—that Sophy began to feel a vague presentiment of evil. That she was the mysterious cause of some great suffering to this strange enemy, whom she had unconsciously provoked, was clear; and she said, therefore, with more gravity than she had before evinced—

"Mr Fairthorn, tell me how I have incurred your displeasure. I entreat you to do so; no matter how painful the truth may be, it is due to us both not to conceal it."

A ray of hope darted through Fairthorn's enraged and bewildered mind. He looked to the right—he looked to the left; no one near. Releasing his hold on the doe, he made a sidelong dart towards Sophy, and said, "Hush; do you really care what becomes of Mr Darrell?"

"To be sure I do."

"You would not wish him to die broken-hearted in a foreign land—that old house levelled to the ground, and buried in the lake? Eh, Miss—eh?"

"How can you ask me such questions?" said Sophy, faintly. "Do speak plainly, and at once."

"Well, I will, Miss. I believe you are a good young lady, after all—and don't wish really to bring disgrace upon all who want to keep you in the dark, and—"

"Disgrace!" interrupted Sophy; and her pure spirit rose, and the soft blue eye flashed a ray like a shooting-star.

"No, I am sure you would not like it; and some time or other you could not help knowing, and you would be very sorry for it. And that boy Lionel, who was as proud

as Guy Darrell himself when I saw him last (prouder, indeed)—that *he* should be so ungrateful to his benefactor! And, indeed, the day may come when he may turn round on you, or on the lame old gentleman, and say, he has been disgraced. Should not wonder at all! Young folks, when they are sweethearting, only talk about roses and angels, and such-like; but when husbands and wives fall out, as they always do sooner or later, they don't mince their words then, and they just take the sharpest thing that they can find at their tongue's end. So you may depend on it, my dear Miss, that some day or other that young Haughton will say, 'that you lost him the old manor-house and the old Darrell name,' and have been his disgrace; that's the very word, Miss; I've heard husbands and wives say it to each other over and over again."

SOPHY.—"Oh, Mr Fairthorn, Mr Fairthorn! these horrid words cannot be meant for me. I will go to Mr Darrell—I will ask him how I can be a dis—" Her lips could not force out the word.

FAIRTHORN.—"Ay; go to Mr Darrell, if you please. He will deny it all; he will never speak to me again. I don't care—I am reckless. But it is not the less true that you make him an exile because you may make me a beggar."

SOPHY (wringing her hands).—"Have you no mercy, Mr Fairthorn? Will you not explain?"

FAIRTHORN.—"Yes, if you will promise to keep it secret at least for the next six months—anything for breathing-time."

"SOPHY (impatiently).—"I promise, I promise; speak, speak."

And then Fairthorn did speak! He did speak of Jasper Losely—his character—his debasement—even of his midnight visit to her host's chamber. He did speak of the child fraudulently sought to be thrust on Darrell—of Darrell's just indignation and loathing. The man was merciless; though he had not an idea of the anguish he was inflicting, he was venting his own anguish. All the mystery of her past life became clear at once to the unhappy girl—

all that had been kept from her by protecting love. All her vague conjectures now became a dreadful certainty;—explained now why Lionel had fled her—why he had written that letter, over the contents of which she had pondered, with her finger on her lip, as if to hush her own sighs—all, all! She marry Lionel now! impossible! She bring disgrace upon him, in return for such generous, magnanimous affection! She drive his benefactor, her grandsire's vindicator, from his own hearth! She—she—that Sophy who, as a mere infant, had recoiled from the thought of playful subterfuge and tamperings with plain honest truth! She rose before Fairthorn had done; and indeed, the tormentor, left to himself, would not have ceased till nightfall.

"Fear not, Mr Fairthorn," she said resolutely, "Mr Darrell will be no exile; his house will not be destroyed. Lionel Haughton shall not wed the child of disgrace! Fear not, sir; all is safe!"

She shed not a tear; nor was there writ on her countenance that CHANGE, speaking of blighted hope, which had passed over it at her young lover's melancholy farewell. No, now she was supported—now there was a virtue by the side of a sorrow—now love was to shelter and save the beloved from disgrace—from disgrace! At that thought, disgrace fell harmless from herself, as the rain from the plumes of a bird. She passed on, her cheek glowing, her form erect.

By the porch door she met Waife and the Morleys. With a kind of wild impetuosity she seized the old man's arm, and drew it fondly, clingingly within her own. Henceforth they, two, were to be, as in years gone by, all in all to each other. George Morley eyed her countenance in thoughtful surprise. Mrs Morley, bent as usual on saying something seasonably kind, burst into an eulogium on her brilliant colour. So they passed on towards the garden side of the house. Wheels—the tramp of hoofs, full gallop; and George Morley, looking up, exclaimed, "Ha! here comes Lionel!—and see, Darrell is hastening out to welcome him!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Letter on which Richard Fairthorn relied for the defeat of the conspiracy against Fawley Manor-house. Bad aspects for Houses. The House of Vipont is threatened. A Physician attempts to medicine to a mind diseased. A strange communication, which hurries the reader on to the next chapter.

It has been said that Fairthorn had committed to a certain letter his last desperate hope that something might yet save Fawley from demolition, and himself and his master from an exile's home in that smiling nook of earth to which Horace invited Septimius, as uniting the advantages of a mild climate, excellent mutton, capital wine; and affording to Septimius the prospective privilege of sprinkling a tear over the cinder of his poetical friend while the cinder was yet warm; inducements which had no charm at all to Fairthorn, who was quite satisfied with the Fawley Southdowns—held in just horror all wishy-washy light wines—and had no desire to see Darrell reduced to a cinder for the pleasure of sprinkling that cinder with a tear.

The letter in question was addressed to Lady Montfort. Unscrupulously violating the sacred confidence of his master, the treacherous wretch, after accusing her, in language little more consistent with the respect due to the fair sex than that which he had addressed to Sophy, of all the desolation that the perfidious nuptials of Caroline Lyndsay had brought upon Guy Darrell, declared that the least Lady Montfort could do to repair the wrongs inflicted by Caroline Lyndsay, was—not to pity his master!—that her pity was killing him. He repeated, with some grotesque comments of his own, but on the whole not inaccurately, what Darrell had said to him on the subject of her pity. He then informed her of Darrell's consent to Lionel's marriage with Sophy; in which criminal espousals it was clear, from Darrell's words, that Lady Montfort had had some nefarious share. In the most lugubrious colours he brought before her the consequences of that marriage—the extinguished name, the demolished dwell-

ing-place, the renunciation of native soil itself. He called upon her, by all that was sacred, to contrive some means to undo the terrible mischief she had originally occasioned, and had recently helped to complete. His epistle ended by an attempt to conciliate and coax. He revived the image of that wild Caroline Lyndsay to whom HE had never refused a favour; whose earliest sums he had assisted to cast up—to whose young idea he had communicated the elementary principles of the musical gamut—to whom he had played on his flute, winter eve and summer noon, by the hour together; that Caroline Lyndsay who, when a mere child, had led Guy Darrell where she willed, as by a thread of silk. Ah, how Fairthorn had leapt for joy when, eighteen years ago, he had thought that Caroline Lyndsay was to be the sunshine and delight of the house to which she had lived to bring the cloud and the grief! And by all these memories, Fairthorn conjured her either to break off the marriage she had evidently helped to bring about, or failing that, to convince Guy Darrell that he was not the object of her remorseful and affectionate compassion!

Caroline was almost beside herself at the receipt of this letter. The picture of Guy Darrell effacing his very life from his native land, and destroying the last memorials of his birthright and his home—the conviction of the influence she still retained over his bleak and solitary existence—the experience she had already acquired that the influence failed where she had so fondly hoped it might begin to repair and to bless, all overpowered her with emotions of yearning tenderness and unmitigated despair. What could she do? She could not offer herself, again to be rejected. She could not write again, to force her penitence upon

the man who, while acknowledging his love to be unconquered, had so resolutely refused to see, in the woman who had once deceived his trust—the Caroline of old! Alas, if he were but under the delusion that her pity was the substitute, and not the companion of love, how could she undeceive him? How say—how write—"Accept me, for I love you?" Caroline Montfort had no pride of rank, but she had pride of sex; that pride had been called forth, encouraged, strengthened, throughout all the years of her wedded life. For Guy Darrell's sake, and to him alone, that pride she had cast away—trampled upon; such humility was due to him. But when the humility had been once in vain, could it be repeated—would it not be debasement? In the first experiment she had but to bow to his reproach—in a second experiment she might have but to endure his contempt. Yet how, with her sweet, earnest, affectionate nature—how she longed for one more interview—one more explanation! If chance could but bring it about; if she had but a pretext—a fair reason apart from any interest of her own, to be in his presence once more! But in a few days he would have left England for ever—his heart yet more hardened in its resolves by the last sacrifice to what it had so sternly recognised to be a due to others. Never to see him more—never! to know how much in that sacrifice he was suffering now—would perhaps suffer more hereafter, in the reaction that follows all strain upon purpose—and yet not a word of comfort from her—her who felt born to be his comforter!

But this marriage, that cost him so much, must that be? Could she dare, even for his sake, to stand between two such fair young lives as those of Lionel and Sophy—confide to them what Fairthorn had declared—appeal to their generosity? She shrank from inflicting such intolerable sorrow. Could it be her duty? In her inability to solve this last problem, she bethought herself of Alban Morley; here, at least, he might give advice—offer suggestion. She sent to his house, entreating him to call. Her messenger was

some hours before he found the Colonel, and then brought back but a few hasty lines—"Impossible to call that day. The Crisis had come at last! The Country, the House of Vipont, the British Empire, were trembling in the balance. The Colonel was engaged every moment for the next twelve hours. He had the Earl of Montfort, who was intractable and stupid beyond conception, to see and talk over; Carr Vipont was hard at work on the materials for the new Cabinet—Alban was helping Carr Vipont. If the House of Vipont failed England at this moment, it would not be a CRISIS, but a CRASH! The Colonel hoped to arrange an interview with Lady Montfort for a minute or two the next day. But perhaps she would excuse him from a journey to Twickenham, and drive into town to see him; if not at home, he would leave word where he was to be found."

By the beard of Jupiter Capitolinus, there are often revolutions in the heart of a woman, during which she is callous to a CRISIS, and has not even a fear for a CRASH!

The next day came George's letter to Caroline, with the gentle message from Darrell; and when Dr F---, whose apprehensions for the state of her health Colonel Morley had by no means exaggerated, called in the afternoon to see the effect of his last prescription, he found her in such utter prostration of nerves and spirits, that he resolved to hazard a dose not much known to great ladies, viz., three grains of plain-speaking, with a minium of frightening.

"My dear lady," said he, "yours is a case in which physicians can be of very little use. There is something on the mind which my prescriptions fail to reach; worry of some sort—decidedly worry. And unless you yourself can either cure that, or will make head against it, worry, my dear Lady Montfort, will end, not in consumption—you are too finely formed to let worry cut holes in the lungs—no; but in a confirmed aneurism of the heart, and the first sudden shock might then be immediately fatal. The heart is a noble organ—bears a great deal—but still its endurance has limits.

Heart complaints are more common than they were—over-education, and over-civilisation, I suspect. Very young people are not so subject to them; they have flurry, not worry—a very different thing. A good chronic silent grief of some years' standing, that gets worried into acute inflammation at the age when feeling is no longer fancy, throws out a heart-disease which sometimes kills without warning, or sometimes, if the grief be removed, will rather prolong than shorten life, by inducing a prudent avoidance of worry in future. There is that worthy old gentleman who was taken so ill at Fawley, and about whom you were so anxious; in his case there had certainly been chronic grief; then came acute worry, and the heart could not get through its duties. Fifty years ago doctors would have cried, 'apoplexy!'—nowadays we know that the heart saves the head. Well, he was more easy in his mind the last time I saw him, and, thanks to his temperance, and his constitutional dislike to self-indulgence in worry, he may jog on to eighty, in spite of the stethoscope! Excess in the moral emotions gives heart-disease; abuse of the physical powers, paralysis;—both more common than they were—the first for your gentle sex, the second for our rough one. Both, too, lie in wait for their victims at the entrance into middle life. I have a very fine case of paralysis now; a man built up by nature to live to a hundred—never saw such a splendid formation—such bone and such muscle. I would have given Van Amburgh the two best of his lions, and my man would have done for all three in five minutes. All the worse for him, my dear lady—all the worse for him. His strength leads him on to abuse the main fountains of life, and out jumps avenging Paralysis and fells him to earth with a blow. 'Tis your Hercules that Paralysis loves; she despises the weak invalid, who prudently shuns all excess. And so, my dear lady, that assassin called Aneurism lies in wait for the hearts that abuse their own force of emotion; sparing hearts that, less vital, are thrifty in waste and

supply. But you are not listening to me! And yet my patient may not be quite unknown to your ladyship; for in happening to mention, the other day, to the lady who attends to and nurses him, that I could not call this morning, as I had a visit to pay to Lady Montfort at Twickenham, she became very anxious about you, and wrote this note, which she begged me to give you. She seems very much attached to my patient—not his wife nor his sister. She interests me;—capital nurse—cleverish woman too. Oh! here is the note."

Caroline, who had given but little heed to this recital, listlessly received the note—scarcely looked at the address—and was about to put it aside, when the good doctor, who was intent upon rousing her by any means, said, "No, my dear lady, I promised that I would see you read the note; besides, I am the most curious of men, and dying to know a little more who and what is the writer."

Caroline broke the seal and read as follows:—

"If Lady Montfort remembers Arabella Fossett, and will call at Clare Cottage, Vale of Health, Hampstead, at her ladyship's earliest leisure, and ask for Mrs Crane, some information, not perhaps important to Lady Montfort, but very important to Mr Darrell, will be given."

Lady Montfort startled the doctor by the alertness with which she sprang to her feet and rang the bell.

"What is it?" asked he.

"The carriage immediately," cried Lady Montfort as the servant entered.

"Ah! you are going to see the poor lady, Mrs Crane, eh? Well, it is a charming drive, and just what I should have recommended. Any exertion will do you good. Allow me;—why, your pulse is already fifty per cent better. Pray, what relation is Mrs Crane to my patient?"

"I really don't know; pray excuse me, my dear Dr F—."

"Certainly; go while the day is fine. Wrap up;—a close carriage, mind;—and I will look in to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

Wherein is insinuated the highest compliment to Woman ever paid to her sex by the Author of this work.

Lady Montfort has arrived at Clare Cottage. She is shown by Bridgett Greggs into a small room upon the first floor; folding-doors to some other room, closely shut—evidences of sickness in the house;—phials on the chimney-piece—a tray with a broth basin on the table—a saucepan on the hob—the sofa one of those that serve as a bed, which Sleep little visits, for one who may watch through the night over some helpless sufferer—a woman's shawl thrown carelessly over its hard narrow bolster;—all, in short, betraying that pathetic untidiness and discomfort which says that a despot is in the house to whose will order and form are subordinate;—the imperious Tyranny of Disease establishing itself in a life that, within those four walls, has a value not to be measured by its worth to the world beyond. The more feeble and helpless the sufferer, the more sovereign the despotism—the more submissive the servitude.

In a minute or two one of the folding-doors silently opened, and as silently closed, admitting into Lady Montfort's presence a grim woman in iron-grey.

Caroline could not, at the first glance, recognise that Arabella Fossett, of whose handsome, if somewhat too strongly defined and sombre countenance, she had retained a faithful reminiscence. But Arabella had still the same imposing manner which had often repressed the gay spirits of her young pupil; and as she now motioned the great lady to a seat, and placed herself beside, an awed recollection of the schoolroom bowed Caroline's lovely head in mute respect.

MRS CRANE. — "You too are changed since I saw you last,—that was more than five years ago, but you are not less beautiful. You can still be loved;—*you* would not scare away the man whom you might desire to save. Sorrow has its partialities. Do you know that I have

a cause to be grateful to you, without any merit of your own? In a very dark moment of my life—only vindictive and evil passions crowding on me—your face came across my sight. Goodness seemed there so beautiful—and, in this face, Evil looked so haggard! Do not interrupt me. I have but few minutes to spare you. Yes; at the sight of that face, gentle recollections rose up. You had ever been kind to me; and truthful, Caroline Lyndsay—truthful. Other thoughts came at the beam of that face, as other thoughts come when a strain of unexpected music reminds us of former days. I cannot tell how, but from that moment a something more like womanhood than I had known for years, entered into my heart. Within that same hour I was sorely tried—galled to the quick of my soul. Had I not seen you before, I might have dreamed of nothing but a stern and dire revenge. And a purpose of revenge I *did* form. But it was not to destroy—it was to save! I resolved that the man who laughed to scorn the idea of vows due to me—vows to bind life to life—should yet sooner or later be as firmly mine as if he had kept his troth; that my troth at least should be kept to him, as if it had been uttered at the altar. Hush, did you hear a moan?—No! HE lies yonder, Caroline Lyndsay—mine, indeed, till the grave us do part. These hands have closed over him, and he rests in their clasp, helpless as an infant." Involuntarily Caroline recoiled. But looking into that careworn face, there was in it so wild a mixture of melancholy tenderness, with a resolved and fierce expression of triumph, that, more impressed by the tenderness than by the triumph, the woman sympathised with the woman; and Caroline again drew near, nearer than before, and in her deep soft eyes pity alone was seen. Into those eyes Arabella looked as if spellbound, and the darker and

sterner expression in her own face gradually relaxed and fled, and only the melancholy tenderness was left behind. She resumed :

"I said to Guy Darrell that I would learn, if possible, whether the poor child whom I ill-used in my most wicked days, and whom you, it seems, have so benignly sheltered, was the daughter of Matilda—or, as he believed, of a yet more hateful mother. Long ago I had conceived a suspicion that there was some ground to doubt poor Jasper's assertion, for I had chanced to see two letters, addressed to him—one from that Gabrielle Desmarts, whose influence over his life had been so baleful—in which she spoke of some guilty plunder with which she was coming to London, and invited him again to join his fortunes with her own. Oh, but the cold, bloodless villany of the tone!—the ease with which crimes for a gibbet were treated as topics for wit!" Arabella stopped—the same shudder came over her as when she had concluded the epistles abstracted from the dainty pocket-book. "But in the letter were also allusions to Sophy, to another attempt on Darrell to be made by Gabrielle herself. Nothing very clear ; but a doubt did suggest itself—'Is she writing to him about his own child?' The other letter was from the French nurse with whom Sophy had been placed as an infant. It related to inquiries in person, and a visit to her own house, which Mr Darrell had recently made ; that letter also seemed to imply some deception, though but by a few dubious words. At that time the chief effect of the suspicion these letters caused was but to make me more bent on repairing to Sophy my cruelties to her childhood. What if I had been cruel to an infant who, after all, was not the daughter of that false, false Matilda Darrell ! I kept in my memory the French nurse's address. I thought that when in France I might seek and question her. But I lived only for one absorbing end. Sophy was not then in danger ; and even my suspicions as to her birth died away. Pass on :—Guy Darrell ! Ah, Lady Montfort ! his life has been embittered like mine ; but he was man, and could

bear it better. He has known, himself, the misery of broken faith, of betrayed affection, which he could pity so little when its blight fell on me ; but you have excuse for desertion—you yourself were deceived ; and I pardon him, for he pardoned Jasper, and we are fellow-sufferers. You weep ! Pardon my rudeness. I did not mean to pain you. Try and listen calmly—I must hurry on. On leaving Mr Darrell I crossed to France. I saw the nurse ; I have ascertained the truth ; here are the proofs in this packet. I came back—I saw Jasper Losely. He was on the eve of seeking you, whom he had already so wronged—of claiming the child, or rather of extorting money for the renunciation of a claim to one whom you had adopted. I told him how vainly he had hitherto sought to fly from me. One by one I recited the guilty schemes in which I had baffled his purpose—all the dangers from which I had rescued his life. I commanded him to forbear the project he had then commenced. I told him I would frustrate that project as I had frustrated others. Alas, alas ! why is this tongue so harsh ?—why does this face so belie the idea of human kindness ? I did but enrage and madden him ; he felt but the reckless impulse to destroy the life that then stood between himself and the objects to which he had pledged his own self-destruction. I thought I should die by his hand. I did not quail. Ah ! the ghastly change that came over his face—the one glance of amaze and superstitious horror ; his arm obeyed him not ; his strength, his limbs forsook him ; he fell at my feet—one side of him stricken dead ! Hist ! that is his voice—pardon me ;" and Arabella flitted from the room, leaving the door ajar.

A feeble Voice, like the treble of an infirm old man, came painfully to Caroline's ear.

"I want to turn ; help me. Why am I left alone ? It is cruel to leave me so—cruel !"

In the softest tones to which that harsh voice *could* be tuned, the grim woman apologised and soothed.

"You gave me leave, Jasper dear. You said it would be a relief to you to have her pardon as well as theirs."

"Whose pardon?" asked the Voice querulously.

"Caroline Lyndsays's—Lady Montfort's."

"Nonsense! What did I ever do against her? Oh—ah! I remember now. Don't let me have it over again. Yes—she pardons me, I suppose! Get me my broth, and don't be long!"

Arabella came back, closing the door; and while she busied herself with that precious saucepan on the hob—to which the Marchioness of Montfort had become a very secondary object—she said, looking towards Caroline from under her iron-grey ringlets—

"You heard—*he misses me!* He can't bear me out of his sight now—me, me! You heard!"

Meekly Lady Montfort advanced, bringing in her hand the tray with the broth basin.

"Yes, I heard! I must not keep you; but let me help while I stay."

So the broth was poured forth and prepared, and with it Arabella disappeared. She returned in a few minutes, beckoned to Caroline, and said in a low voice—

"Come in—say you forgive him! Oh, you need not fear him; a babe could not fear him now!"

Caroline followed Arabella into the sick-room. No untidiness there; all so carefully, thoughtfully arranged. A pleasant room, too—with windows looking full on the sunniest side of the Vale of Health; the hearth so cheerily clear, swept so clean—the very ashes out of sight; flowers—costly exotics—on the table, on the mantelpiece; the couch drawn towards the window; and on that couch, in the gay rich dressing-gown of former days, warm coverlets heaped on the feet, snow-white pillows propping the head, lay what at first seemed a vague, undistinguishable mass—lay, what, as the step advanced, and the eye became more accurately searching, grew into Jasper Losely.

Yes! there, too weak indeed for a babe to fear, lay all that was left of the Strong Man! No enemy but himself had brought him thus low—spendthrift, and swindler, and robber of his own priceless treasures—Health

and Strength—those grand rent-rolls of joy which nature had made his inheritance. As a tree that is crumbling to dust under the gnarls of its bark, seems, the moment ere it falls, proof against time and the tempest;—so, within all decayed, stood that image of strength—so, air scarcely stirring, it fell. "And the pitcher was broken at the fountain; and the wheel was broken at the cistern; vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher."

Jasper turned his dull eye towards Caroline, as she came softly to his side, and looked at her with a piteous gaze. The stroke that had shattered the form had spared the face; and illness and compulsory abstinence from habitual stimulants had taken from the aspect much of the coarseness—whether of shape or colour—that of late years had disfigured its outline—and supplied the delicacy that ends with youth by the delicacy that comes with the approach of death. So that, in no small degree, the beauty which had been to him so fatal a gift, was once more visible—the features growing again distinct, as wanness succeeded to the hues of intemperance, and emaciation to the bloated cheeks, and swollen muscle. The goddess whose boons adorn the outward shell of the human spirit, came back to her favourite's death-couch as she had come to the cradle—not now as the Venus Erycina, goddess of Smile and Jest, but as the warning Venus Libitina, the goddess of Doom and the Funeral.

"I'm a very poor creature," said Jasper, after a pause. "I can't rise—I can't move without help. Very strange!—supernatural! She always said that if I raised my hand against her, it would fall palsied!" He turned his eye towards Arabella with a glare of angry terror. "She is a witch!" he said, and buried his face in the pillow. Tears rolled down the grim woman's cheek.

LADY MONTFORT.—"She is rather your good ministering spirit. Do not be unkind to her. Over her you have more power now than you had when you were well and strong. She lives but to serve you; command her gently."

Jasper was not proof against that sweet voice. With difficulty he

wrenched himself round, and again looked long at Caroline Montfort, as if the sight did him good; then he made a sign to Arabella, who flew to his side and raised him.

"I have been a sad dog," he said, with a mournful attempt at the old rollicking tone—"a very sad dog—in short, a villain! But all ladies are indulgent to villains—in fact, prefer them. Never knew a lady who could endure 'a good young man'—never! So I am sure you will forgive me, miss—ma'am. Who is this lady? when it comes to forgiveness, there are so many of them! Oh, I remember now—your ladyship will forgive me—'tis all down in black and white what I've done—Bella has it. You see *this* hand—I can write with this hand—this is not paralysed. This is not the hand I tried to raise against her. But, *basta, basta*, where was I? My poor head!—I know what it is to have a head now!—ache, ache!—boom, boom—weight, weight—heavy as a church bell—hollow as a church bell—noisy as a church bell! Brandy! give me brandy, you witch!—I mean Bella, good Bella, give me brandy."

"Not yet, Jasper dear. You are to have it every third hour; it is not time yet, dearest; you must attend to the doctor, and try to get well and recover your strength. You remember I told you how kind Lady Montfort had been to your father, and you wished to see and thank her."

"My father—my poor, poor father! You've been kind to him! Bless you, bless you! And you will see him? I want his pardon before I die. Don't forget, and—and—"

"Poor Sophy!" said Mrs Crane.

"Ah yes! But she's well off now, you tell me. I can't think I have injured her. And really girls and women are intended to be a little useful to one. *Basta, basta!*"

"Mr Darrell—"

"Yes, yes, yes! I forgive him, or he forgives me; settle it as you like. But my father's pardon, Lady Montfort, you will get me *that*!"

"I will, I will."

He looked at her again, and smiled. Arabella gently let his head fall back upon the pillow.

"Throw a handkerchief over my face," he said feebly, "and leave me;

but be in call; I feel sleepy." His eyes closed; he seemed asleep even before they stole from the room.

"You will bring his father to him?" said Arabella, when she and Lady Montfort were again alone. "In this packet is Jasper's confession of the robbery for which that poor old man suffered. I never knew of that before. But you see how mild he is now!—how his heart is changed; it is indeed changed more than he shows; only you have seen him at the worst—his mind wanders a little to-day; it does sometimes. I have a favour to ask of you. I once heard a preacher, not many months ago; he affected me as no preacher ever did before. I was told that he was Colonel Morley's nephew. Will you ask Colonel Morley to persuade him to come to Jasper?"

"My cousin, George Morley! He shall come, I promise you; so shall your poor patient's forgiving father. Is there more I can do?"

"No. Explain to Mr Darrell the reason why I have so long delayed sending to him the communication which he will find in the packet I have given to you, and which you will first open, reading the contents yourself—a part of them, at least, in Jasper's attestation of his stratagem to break off your marriage with Mr Darrell, may yet be of some value to you—you had better also show the papers to Colonel Morley—he may complete the task. I had meant, on returning to England, or before seeing Mr Darrell, to make the inquiries which you will see are still necessary. But then came this terrible affliction! I have been able to think of nothing else but Jasper;—terrible to quit the house which contains him for an hour;—only, when Dr F—— told me that he was attending you, that you were ill, and suffering, I resolved to add to this packet Jasper's own confession. Ah, and he gave it so readily, and went yesterday through the fatigue of writing with such good heart. I tell you that there is a change within him; there *is*—there *is*. Well, well—I resolved to give you the packet to transmit to Mr Darrell, for somehow or other I connected your illness with your visit to him at Fawley!"

"My visit to Mr Darrell!"

"Jasper saw you as your carriage drove from the park gate, not very many days since. Ah, you change colour! You have wronged that man; repair the wrong; you have the power!"

"Alas! no," murmured Caroline, "I have not the power."

"Pooh—he loves you still. *You* are not one of those whom men forget."

Caroline was silent, but involuntarily she lowered her veil. In an instant the acute sense of the grim woman detected the truth.

"Ah! Pride—pride in both," she said. "I understand—I dare not blame *him* here. But you—you were the injurer; you have no right to pride; you will see him again."

"No—never—never!" faltered

Caroline, with accents scarcely audible under her veil.

Arabella was silent for a moment, and Lady Montfort rose hastily to depart.

"You will see him again, I tell you;" and Arabella then, following her to the door—

"Stay; do you think ~~he~~ he will die?"

"Good heavens! Mr Darrell?"

"No, no—Jasper Losely!"

"I hope not. What does Dr F—say?"

"He will not tell me. But it is not the paralysis alone; he might recover from that—so young still. There are other symptoms; that dreadful habit of stimulants. He sinks if he has them not—they hasten death if he has. But—but—but—HE IS MINE, AND MINE ONLY, TO THE GRAVE NOW!"

CHAPTER XI.

The CRISIS—Public and Private.

Lady Montfort's carriage stopped at Colonel Morley's door just as Carr Vipont was coming out. Carr, catching sight of her, bustled up to the carriage window.

"My dear Lady Montfort, not seen you for an age! What times we live in! How suddenly THE CRISIS has come upon us! Sad loss in poor dear Montfort; no wonder you mourn for him! Had his failings, true—who is not mortal?—but always voted right; always to be relied on in times of CRISIS! But this crotchety fellow, who has so unluckily, for all but himself, walked into that property, is the loohest fish! And what is a house divided against itself? Never was the Constitution in such peril!—I say it deliberately!—and here is the Head of the Viponts humming and haing, and asking whether Guy Darrell will join the Cabinet. And if Guy Darrell will not, we have no more chance of the Montfort interest than if we were Peep-o'-Day Boys. But excuse me—I must be off; every moment is precious in times of CRISIS. Think, if we can't form a Cabinet by to-morrow night—only think what may happen;

the other fellows will come in, and then—THE DELUGE!"

Carr is gone to find inops and Dame Partingtons to stave off the Deluge. Colonel Morley has obeyed Lady Montfort's summons, and has entered the carriage. Before she can speak, however, he has rushed into the subject of which he himself is full. "Only think, I knew it would be so when the moment came; all depends upon Guy Darrell! Montfort, who seems always in a fright lest a newspaper should fall on his head and crush him, says that if Darrell, whom he chooses to favour, just because the newspapers do, declines to join, the newspapers will say the CRISIS is a job! Fancy!—a job—the CRISIS! Lord Mowbray de l'Arco and Sir Josiah Snodge, who are both necessary to a united government, but who unluckily detest each other, refuse to sit in the same Cabinet, unless Darrell sit between—to save them, I suppose, from the fate of the cats of Kilkenny. Sir John Cautly, our crack county member, declares that if Darrell does not come in, 'tis because the CRISIS is going too far! Harry Bold, our most popular speaker,

says, if Darrell stay out, 'tis a sign that the CRISIS is a retrograde movement! In short, without Darrell the CRISIS will be a failure, and the House of Vipont smashed—Lady Montfort—smashed! I sent a telegram (oh that I should live to see such a word introduced into the English language!—but, as Carr says, what times these are!) to Fawley this morning, entreating Guy to come up to town at once. He answers by a line from Horace, which means, 'that he will see me shot first.' I must go down to him; only waiting to know the result of certain negotiations as to measures. I have but one hope. There is a measure which Darrell always privately advocated—which he thoroughly understands—which, placed in his hands, would be triumphantly carried; one of those measures, Lady Montfort, which, if defective, shipwreck a government; if framed, as Guy Darrell could frame it, immortalise the minister who concocts and carries them. This is all that Darrell needs to complete his fame and career. This is at length an occasion to secure a durable name in the history of his country; let him reject it, and I shall tell him frankly that his life has been but a brilliant failure. Since he has not a seat in Parliament, and usage requires the actual possession of that qualification for a seat in the Cabinet, we must lose his voice in the Commons. But we can arrange that; for if Darrell will but join the government and go to the Lords, Sir Josiah Snodge, who has a great deal of voice and a great deal of jealousy, will join too—head the Vipont interests in the Commons—and speak to the country—speak every night—and all night too, if required. Yes! Darrell must take the peerage—devote himself for a year or two to this great measure—to the consolidation of his fame—to the redemption of the House of Vipont—and to the Salvation of the Empire; and then, if he please, 'solve senescentem'—that is, he may retire from harness, and browse upon laurels for the rest of his days!"

Colonel Morley delivered himself of this long address without interruption from a listener interested in every word that related to Guy Dar-

rell, and in every hope that could reunite him to the healthful activities of life.

It was now Lady Montfort's turn to speak; though, after subjects so momentous as the CRISIS and its speculative consequences, private affairs, relating to a poor little girl like Sophy—nay, the mere private affairs of Darrell himself, seemed a pitiful bathos. Lady Montfort, however, after a few words of womanly comment upon the only part of the Colonel's discourse which touched her heart, hastened on to describe her interview with Arabella, and the melancholy condition of Darrell's once formidable son-in-law. For that last, the Colonel evinced no more compassionate feeling than any true Englishman, at the time I am writing, would demonstrate for a murderous Sepoy tied to the mouth of a cannon.

"A very good riddance!" said the Colonel, dryly. "Great relief to Darrell, and to every one else whom that monster tormented and preyed on; and with his life will vanish the only remaining obstacle in righting poor Willy's good name. I hope to live to collect, from all parts of the country, Willy's old friends, and give them a supper, at which I suppose I must not get drunk; though I should rather like it, than not! But I interrupt you; go on."

Lady Montfort proceeded to state the substance of the papers she had perused in reference to the mystery which had been the cause of so much disquietude and bitterness.

The Colonel stretched out his hand eagerly for the documents thus quoted. He hurried his eye rapidly over the contents of the first paper he lit on, and then said, pulling out his watch, "Well, I have half an hour yet to spare in discussing these matters with you—may I order your coachman to drive round the Regent's Park?—better than keeping it thus at my door,—with four old maids for opposite neighbours." The order was given, and the Colonel again returned to the papers. Suddenly he looked up—looked full into Lady Montfort's face, with a thoughtful, searching gaze, which made her drop her own eyes; and she saw

that he had been reading Jasper's confession, relating to his device for breaking off her engagement to Darrell, which in her hurry and excitement she had neglected to abstract from the other documents. "Oh, not that paper—you are not to read that," she cried, quickly covering the writing with her hand.

"Too late, my dear cousin. I have read it. All is now clear. Lionel was right; and I was right, too, in my convictions, though Darrell put so coolly aside my questions when I was last at Fawley. I am justified now in all the pains I took to secure Lionel's marriage—in the cunning cruelty of my letter to George! Know, Lady Montfort, that if Lionel had sacrificed his happiness to respect for Guy's ancestor-worship, Guy Darrell would have held himself bound in honour never to marry again. He told me so—told me he should be a cheat if he took any step to rob one from whom he had exacted such an offering—of the name, and the heritage for which the offering had been made. And I then resolved that County Guy should not thus irrevocably shut the door on his own happiness! Lady Montfort, you know that this man loves you—as, verily, I believe, never other man in our cold century loved woman; through desertion—through change—amidst grief—amidst resentment—despite pride;—dead to all other love—shrinking from all other ties—on, constant on—carrying in the depth of his soul to the verge of age, secret and locked up, the hopeless passion of his manhood. Do you not see that it is through you, and you alone, that Guy Darrell has for seventeen years been lost to the country he was intended to serve and to adorn? Do you not feel that if he now reject this last opportunity to redeem years so wasted, and achieve a fame that may indeed link his Ancestral Name to the honours of Posterity, you, and you alone, are the cause?"

"Alas—alas—but what can I do?"

"Do!—ay, true. The poor fellow is old now; you cannot care for him!—you still young, and so unluckily beautiful!—you, for whom young princes might vie. True; you can

have no feeling for Guy Darrell, except pity!"

"Pity! I hate the word!" cried Lady Montfort, with as much petulance as if she had still been the wayward lively Caroline of old.

Again the Man of the World directed towards her face his shrewd eyes, and dropped out, "See him!"

"But I have seen him. You remember I went to plead for Lionel and Sophy—in vain!"

"Not in vain. George writes me word that he has informed you of Darrell's consent to their marriage. And I am much mistaken if his greatest consolation in the pang that consent must have cost him, be not the thought that it relieves you from the sorrow and remorse his refusal had occasioned to you. Ah! there is but one person who can restore Darrell to the world—and that is yourself!"

Lady Montfort shook her head drearily.

"If I had but an excuse—with dignity—with self-respect—to—to—"

"An excuse! You have an absolute necessity to communicate with Darrell. You have to give to him these documents—to explain how you came by them. Sophy is with him; you are bound to see her on a subject of such vital importance to herself. Scruples of prudery! You, Caroline Lyndsay, the friend of his daughter—you whose childhood was reared in his very house—you whose mother owed to him such obligations—you to scruple in being the first to acquaint him with information affecting him so nearly! And why, forsooth? Because, ages ago, your hand was, it seems, engaged to him, and you were deceived by false appearances, like a silly young girl as you were."

Again Lady Montfort shook her head drearily—drearily.

"Well," said the Colonel, changing his tone, "I will grant that those former ties can't be renewed now. The man now is as old as the hills, and you had no right to expect that he would have suffered so much at being very naturally jilted for a handsome young Marquess."

"Cease, sir, cease," cried Caroline, angrily. The Colonel coolly persisted.

"I see now that such nuptials are

out of the question. But has the world come to such a pass that one can never at any age have a friend in a lady unless she marry him? Scruple to accompany me—me your cousin—me your nearest surviving relation—in order to take back the young lady you have virtually adopted!—scruple to trust yourself for half an hour to that tumbledown old Fawley! Are you afraid that the gossips will say you, the Marchioness of Montfort, are running after a gloomy old widower, and scheming to be mistress of a mansion more like a ghost-trap than a residence for civilised beings? Or are you afraid that Guy Darrell will be fool and fop enough to think you are come to force on him your hand? Pooh, pooh! Such scruples would be in place if you were a portionless forward girl, or if he were a conceited young puppy, or even a suspicious old *couc*. But Guy Darrell—a man of his station, his character, his years! And you, cousin Caroline, what are you? Surely, lifted above all such pitiful crotchets by a rank amongst the loftiest gentlewomen of England;—ample fortune, a beauty that in itself is rank and wealth; and, above all, a character that has passed with such venerated purity through an ordeal in which every eye seeks a spot, every ear invites a scandal. But as you will. All I say is, that Darrell's future may be in your hands: that, after to-morrow, the occasion to give at least noble occupation and lasting renown to a mind that is devouring itself and stifling its genius, may be irrevocably lost; and that I do believe, if you said to-morrow to Guy Darrell, 'You refused to

hear me when I pleaded for what you thought a disgrace to your name, and yet even *that* you at last conceded to the voice of affection as if of duty—now hear me when I plead by the side of your oldest friend on behalf of your honour, and in the name of your forefathers,'—if you say *that*, he is won to his country. You will have repaired a wrong; and, pray, will you have compromised your dignity?"

Caroline had recoiled into the corner of the carriage, her mantle close drawn round her breast, her veil lowered; but no sheltering garb or veil could conceal her agitation.

The Colonel pulled the check-string. "Nothing so natural; you are the widow of the Head of the House of Vipont. You are, or ought to be, deeply interested in its fate. An awful crisis, long expected, has occurred. The House trembles. A connection of that House can render it an invaluable service; that connection is the man at whose hearth your childhood was reared; and you go with me—me, who am known to be moving heaven and earth for every vote that the House can secure, to canvas this wavering connection for his support and assistance. Nothing, I say, so natural; and yet you scruple to serve the House of Vipont—to save your country! You may well be agitated. I leave you to your own reflections. My time runs short; I will get out here. Trust me with these documents. I will see to the rest of this long painful subject. I will send a special report to you this evening, and you will reply by a single line to the prayer I have ventured to address to you."

CHAPTER XII. AND LAST.

In which the Author endeavours, to the best of his ability, to give a final reply to the question, "What will he do with it?"

SCENE—The banks of the lake at Fawley. George is lending his arm to Waife; Mrs Morley, seated on her camp-stool, at the opposite side of the water, is putting the last touch to her sketch of the manor-house; Sir Isaac, reclined, is gravely contemplating the swans; the doe, bending over him,

occasionally nibbles his ear; Fairthorn has uncomfortably edged himself into an angle of the building, between two buttresses, and is watching, with malignant eye, two young forms, at a distance, as they move slowly yonder, side by side, yet apart, now lost, now emerging, through the

gaps between melancholy leafless trees. Darrell, having just quitted Waife and George, to whose slow pace he can ill time his impatient steps, wonders why Lionel, whom, on arriving, he had, with brief cordial words, referred to Sophy for his fate, has taken more than an hour to ask a simple question, to which the reply may be pretty well known beforehand. He advances towards those melancholy trees. Suddenly one young form leaves the other—comes with rapid stride through the withered fern. Pale as death Lionel seizes Guy Darrell's hand with convulsive grasp, and says, "I must leave you, sir. God bless you! All is over. I was the blindest fool—she refuses me."

"Refuses you!—impossible! For what reason?"

"She cannot love me well enough to marry," answered Lionel, with a quivering lip, and an attempt at that irony in which all extreme anguish, at least in our haughty sex, delights to seek refuge or disguise. "Likes me as a friend, a brother, and so forth, but nothing more. All a mistake, sir—all, except your marvellous kindness to me—to her—for which Heaven ever bless you."

"Yes, all a mistake of your own, foolish boy," said Darrell tenderly; and, turning sharp, he saw Sophy hastening by, quickly and firmly, with her eyes looking straightward—on into space. He threw himself in her path.

"Tell this dull kinsman of mine, that 'faint heart never won fair lady.' You do not mean seriously, deliberately, to reject a heart that will never be faint with a meaner fear than that of losing you?"

Poor Sophy! She kept her blue eyes still on the cold grey space, and answered by some scarce audible words—words which in every age girls intending to say No, seem to learn as birds learn their song, no one knows who taught them, but they are ever to the same tune. "Sensible of the honour"—"Grateful"—"Some one more worthy,"—&c. &c.

Darrell checked this embarrassed jargon. "My question, young lady, is solemn; it involves the destiny of

two lives. Do you mean to say that you do not love Lionel Haughton well enough to give him your hand, and return the true faith which is pledged with his own?"

"Yes," said Lionel, who had gained the side of his kinsman; "yes, that is it. Oh Sophy—Ay or No?"

"No!" fell from her pale, firm lips—and in a moment more she was at Waife's side, and had drawn him away from George. "Grandfather, grandfather!—home, home; let us go home at once, or I shall die!"

Darrell has kept his keen sight upon her movements—upon her countenance. He sees her gesture—her look—as she now clings to her grandfather. The blue eyes are not now coldly fixed on level air, but raised upward as for strength from above. The young face is sublime with its woe and with its resolve.

"Noble child," muttered Darrell, "I think I see into her heart. If so, poor Lionel indeed! My pride has yielded, hers never will!"

Lionel, meanwhile, kept beating his foot on the ground, and checking indignantly the tears that sought to gather to his eyes. Darrell threw his arm round the young man's shoulder, and led him gently, slowly away, by the barbed thorn-tree—on by the moss-grown crags.

Waife, meanwhile, is bending his ear to Sophy's lip. The detestable Fair-thorn emerges from between the buttresses, and shambles up to George, thirsting to hear his hopes confirmed, and turning his face back to smile congratulation on the gloomy old house that he thinks he has saved from the lake.

Sophy has at last convinced Waife that his senses do not deceive him, nor hers wander. She has said, "O grandfather, let us ever henceforth be all in all to each other. You are not ashamed of me—I am so proud of you. But there are others akin to me, grandfather, whom we will not mention; and you would be ashamed of me if I brought disgrace on one who would confide to me his name, his honour; and should I be as proud of you, if you asked me to do it?"

At these words Waife understands all, and he has not an argument in reply; and he suffers Sophy to lead

him towards the house. Yes, they will go hence—yes, there shall be no schemes of marriage! They had nearly reached the door, when the door itself opened violently, and a man rushing forth caught Sophy in his arms, and kissed her forehead, her cheek, with a heartiness that it is well Lionel did not witness! Speechless and breathless with resentment, Sophy struggled, and in vain, when Waife, seizing the man by the collar, swung him away with a “How dare you, sir,” that was echoed back from the hillocks—summoned Sir Isaac at full gallop from the lake—scared Fairthorn back to his buttresses—roused Mrs Morley from her sketch—and, smiting the ears of Lionel and Darrell, hurried them, mechanically, as it were, to the spot from which that thunder-roll had pealed.

“How dare I?” said the man, resettling the flow of his disordered coat—“How dare I kiss my own niece?—my own sister’s orphan child? Venerable Bandit, I have a much better right than you have. Oh my dear injured Sophy, to think that I was ashamed of your poor cotton print—to think that to your pretty face I have been owing fame and fortune—and you, you wandering over the world—child of the sister of whose beauty I was so proud—of her for whom, alas in vain! I painted Watteaus and Greuzes upon screens and fans!” Again he clasped her to his breast; and Waife this time stood mute, and Sophy passive—for the man’s tears were raining upon her face, and washed away every blush of shame as to the kiss they hallowed.

“But where is my old friend William Losely?—where is Willy?” said another voice, as a tall thin personage stepped out from the hall, and looked poor Waife unconsciously in the face.

“Alban Morley!” faltered Waife; “you are but little changed!”

The Colonel looked again, and in the elderly, lame, one-eyed, sober-looking man, recognised the wild, jovial Willy, who had tamed the most unruly fillies, taken the most frantic leaps, carolled forth the blithest song—madcap, good-fellow, frolicsome, childlike darling of gay and grave, young and old!

“Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur anni,”

said the Colonel, insensibly imbibing one of those Horatian particles that were ever floating in that classic atmosphere—to Darrell medicinal, to Fairthorn morbid. “Years slide away, Willy, mutely as birds skim through air; but when friend meets with friend after absence, each sees the print of their crows’-feet on the face of the other. But we are not too old yet, Willy, for many a meet—at the fireside! Nothing else in our studs, we can still mount our hobbies; and thorough-bred hobbies contrive to be in at the death. But you are waiting to learn by what title and name this stranger lays claim to so peerless a niece. Know then—Ah, here comes Darrell. Guy Darrell, in this young lady you will welcome the grandchild of Sidney Branthwaite, our old Eton school friend, a gentleman of as good blood as any in the land!”

“None better,” cried Fairthorn, who has sidled himself into the group; “there’s a note on the Branthwaite genealogy, sir, in your father’s great work upon ‘Monumental Brasses.’”

“Permit me to conclude, Mr Fairthorn,” resumed the Colonel; “Monumental Brasses are painful subjects. Yes, Darrell, yes, Lionel; this fair creature, whom Lady Montfort might well desire to adopt, is the daughter of Arthur Branthwaite, by marriage with the sister of Frank Vance, whose name I shrewdly suspect nations will prize, and whose works princes will hoard, when many a long genealogy, all blazoned in azure and or, will have left not a scrap for the moths.”

“Ah!” murmured Lionel, “was it not I, Sophy, who taught you to love your father’s genius! Do you not remember how, as we bent over his volume, it seemed to translate to us our own feelings?—to draw us nearer together? He was speaking to us from his grave.”

Sophy made no answer; her face was hidden on the breast of the old man, to whom she still clung closer and closer.

“Is it so? Is it certain? Is there no doubt that she is the child of these honoured parents?” asked Waife tremulously.

"None," answered Alban; "we bring with us proofs that will clear up all my story."

The old man bowed his head over Sophy's fair locks for a moment; then raised it, serene and dignified: "You are mine for a moment yet, Sophy," said he.

"Yours as ever—more fondly, gratefully than ever," cried Sophy.

"There is but one man to whom I can willingly yield you. Son of Charles Houghton, take my treasure."

"I consent to that," cried Vance, "though I am put aside like a Remorseless Baron. And, Lionello mio, if Frank Vance is a miser, so much the better for his niece."

"But," faltered Lionel.

Oh, falter not. Look into those eyes; read that blush now! She looks coy, not reluctant. She bends before him—adorned as for love, by all her native graces. Air seems brightened by her bloom. No more the Outlaw-Child of Ignominy and Fraud, but the Starry Daughter of POETRY AND ART! Lo, where they glide away under the leafless, melancholy trees. Leafless and melancholy! No! Verdure and blossom and the smile of spring are upon every bough!

"I suppose," said Alban, "it will not now break Lionel's heart to learn that, not an hour before I left London, I heard from a friend at the Horse Guards that it has been resolved to substitute the——regiment for Lionel's; and it will be for some time yet, I suspect, that he must submit to be ingloriously happy. Come this way, George; a word in your ear." And Alban, drawing his nephew aside, told him of Jasper's state, and of Arabella's request. "Not a word to-day on these mournful topics to poor Willy. To-day let nothing add to his pain to have lost a grandchild, or dim his consolation in the happiness and security his Sophy gains in that loss. But to-morrow you will go and see this stricken-down sinner, and prepare the father for the worst. I made a point of seeing Dr F—— last night. He gives Jasper but a few weeks. He compares him to a mountain, not merely shattered by an earthquake, but burned out by its own inward fires."

"A few weeks only," sighed George.

"Well, Time, that seems everything to man, has not even an existence in the sight of God. To that old man I owe the power of speech to argue, to exhort, and to comfort; --he was training me to kneel by the deathbed of his son!"

"You believe," asked the Man of the World, "in the efficacy of a deathbed repentance, when a sinner has sinned till the power of sinning be gone?"

"I believe," replied the Preacher, "that in health there is nothing so unsafe as trust in a deathbed repentance; I believe that on the deathbed it cannot be unsafe to repent!"

Alban looked thoughtful, and George turned to rejoin Waife, to whom Vance was narrating the discovery of Sophy's parentage; while Fairthorn, as he listened, drew his flute from his pocket, and began screwing it, impatient to vent in delicate music what he never could have set into words for his blundering untunable tongue. The Colonel joins Darrell, and hastens to unfold more fully the story which Vance is reciting to Waife.

Brief as it can, be the explanation due to the reader.

Vance's sister had died in childbirth. The poor young poet, unfitted to cope with penury, his sensitive nature combined with a frame that could feebly resist the strain of exhausting emotions, disappointed in fame, despairing of fortune, dependent for bread on his wife's boyish brother, and harassed by petty debts in a foreign land, had been fast pining away, even before an affliction to which all the rest seemed as nought. With that affliction he broke down at once, and died a few days after his wife, leaving an infant not a week old. A French female singer, of some repute in the theatres, and making a provincial tour, was lodging in the same house as the young couple. She had that compassionate heart which is more common than prudence or very strict principle with the tribes who desert the prosaic true world for the light sparkling false one. She had assisted the young couple, in their later days, with purse and kind

offices; had been present at the birth of the infant—the death of the mother; and had promised Arthur Branthwaite that she would take care of his child, until she could safely convey it to his wife's relations; while he wept to own that they, poor as himself, must regard such a charge as a burthen.

The singer wrote to apprise Mrs Vance of the death of her daughter and son-in-law, and the birth of the infant whom she undertook shortly to send to England. But the babe, whom meanwhile she took to herself, got hold of her affections; with that yearning for children which makes so remarkable and almost uniform a characteristic of French women (if themselves childless) in the wandering Bohemian class that separates them from the ordinary household affections never dead in the heart of woman till womanhood itself be dead, the singer clung to the orphan little one to whom she was for the moment rendering the cares of a mother. She could not bear to part with it; she resolved to adopt it as her own. The knowledge of Mrs Vance's circumstances—the idea that the orphan, to herself a blessing, would be an unwelcome encumbrance to its own relations—removed every scruple from a mind unaccustomed to suffer reflection to stand in the way of an impulse. She wrote word to Mrs Vance that the child was dead. She trusted that her letter would suffice, without other evidence, to relations so poor, and who could have no suspicion of any interest to deceive them. Her trust was well founded. Mrs Vance and the boy Frank, whose full confidence and gratitude had been already secured to their correspondent for her kind offices to the young parents, accepted, without a demur or a question, the news that the infant was no more. The singer moved on to the next town at which she was professionally engaged. The infant, hitherto brought up by hand, became ailing. The medical adviser called in recommended the natural food, and found, in a village close by, the nurse to whom a little time before Jasper Losely had consigned his own daughter. The latter died; the

nurse then removed to Paris, to reside with the singer, who had obtained a lucrative appointment at one of the metropolitan theatres. In less than two years the singer herself fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic. She had lived without thought of the morrow; her debts exceeded her means; her effects were sold. The nurse, who had meanwhile become a widow, came for advice and refuge to her sister, who was in the service of Gabrielle Desmarests. Gabrielle being naturally appealed to, saw the infant, heard the story, looked into the statement which, by way of confession, the singer had drawn up, and signed, in a notary's presence, before she died; looked into the letters from Mrs Vance, and the school-boy scrawls from Frank, both to the singer and to the child's parents, which the actress had carefully preserved; convinced herself of the poverty and obscurity of the infant's natural guardians and next of kin; and said to Jasper, who was just dissipating the fortune handed over to him as survivor of his wife and child, "There is what, if well managed, may retain your hold on a rich father-in-law, when all else has failed. You have but to say that this infant is his grandchild; the nurse we can easily bribe, or persuade to confirm the tale. I, whom he already knows as that respectable baroness, your Matilda's friend, can give to the story some probable touches. The lone childless man must rejoice to think that a tie is left to him. The infant is exquisitely pretty; her face will plead for her. His heart will favour the idea too much to make him very rigorous in his investigations. Take the infant. Doubtless in your own country you can find some one to rear it at little or no expense, until the time come for appeal to your father-in-law, when no other claim on his purse remains."

Jasper assented with the insouciant docility by which he always acknowledged Gabrielle's astuter intellect. He saw the nurse; it was clear that she had nothing to gain by taking the child to English relations so poor. They might refuse to believe her, and certainly could not reward. To rid herself of the infant, and ob-

tain the means to return to her native village with a few hundred francs in her purse, there was no promise she was not willing to make, no story she was too honest to tell, no paper she was too timid to sign. Jasper was going to London on some adventure of his own. He took the infant—chanced on Arabella;—the reader knows the rest. The indifference ever manifested by Jasper to a child not his own—the hardness with which he had contemplated and planned his father's separation from one whom he had imposed by false pretexts on the old man's love, and whom he only regarded as an alien encumbrance upon the scanty means of her deluded protector—the fitful and desultory mode in which, when (contrary to the reasonings which Gabrielle had based upon a very large experience of the credulities of human nature in general, but in utter ignorance of the nature peculiar to Darrell) his first attempt at imposition had been so scornfully resisted by his indignant father-in-law, he had played fast and loose with a means of extortion which, though loth to abandon, he knew would not bear any strict investigation;—all this is now clear to the reader. And the reader will also comprehend why, partly from fear that his father might betray him, partly from a compassionate unwillingness to deprive the old man of a belief in which William Losely said he had found such solace, Jasper, in his last interview with his father, shrank from saying, "but she is not your grandchild!" The idea of recurring to the true relations of the child naturally never entered into Jasper's brain. He considered them to be as poor as himself. *They* buy from him the child of parents, whom they had evidently, by their letters, taxed themselves to the utmost, and in vain, to save from absolute want! So wild seemed the notion, that he had long since forgotten that relations so useless existed. Fortunately the Nurse had preserved the written statement of the singer—the letters by Mrs Vance and Frank—the certificate of the infant's birth and baptism—some poor relics of Sophy's ill-fated parents—manuscripts of Arthur's poems—baby-caps

with initials and armorial crests, wrought, before her confinement, by the young wife—all of which had been consigned by the singer to the nurse, and which the nurse willingly disposed of to Mrs Crane, with her own formal deposition of the facts, confirmed by her sister, Gabrielle's old confidential attendant, and who, more favoured than her mistress, was living peaceably in the rural scenes of her earlier innocence, upon the interest of the gais she had saved in no innocent service—confirmed yet more by references to many whose testimonies could trace, step by step, the child's record from its birth to its transfer to Jasper, and by the brief but distinct avowal, in tremulous lines, writ by Jasper himself. As a skein crossed and tangled, when the last knot is loosened, slips suddenly free, so this long bewildering mystery now became clear as a commonplace! What years of suffering Darrell might have been saved had he himself seen and examined the nurse—had his inquiry been less bounded by the fears of his pride—had the great lawyer not had himself for a client!

Darrell silently returned to Alban Morley the papers over which he had cast his eye as they walked slowly to and fro the sloping banks of the lake.

"It is well," said he, glancing fondly, as Fairthorn had glanced before him, towards the old House, now freed from doom, and permitted to last its time. "It is well," he repeated, looking away towards that part of the landscape where he could just catch a glimpse of Sophy's light form beyond the barbed thorn-tree; "it is well," he repeated thrice with a sigh. "Poor human nature! Alban, can you conceive if I, who once so dreaded that that poor child should prove to be of my blood, now, in knowing that she is not, feel a void, a loss! To Lionel I am so distant a kinsman!—to his wife, to his children, what can I be? A rich old man; the sooner he is in his grave the better. A few tears, and then the will! But, as your nephew says, 'This life is but a school'; the new-comer in the last form thinks the head-boy just leaving so old! And

to us, looking back, it seems but the same yesterday whether we were the last comer or the head-boy."

"I thought," said Alban plaintively, "that, for a short time at least, I had done with 'painful subjects.' You revel in them! County Guy, you have not left school yet; leave it with credit; win the best prize." And Alban plunged at once into THE CRISIS. He grew eloquent; the Party, the Country, the Great Measure to be intrusted to Darrell, if he would but undertake it as a member of the Cabinet; the Peerage, the House of Vipont, and immortal glory!—eloquent as Ulysses haranguing the son of Peleus in *Troilus and Cressida*.

Darrell listened coldly; only while Alban dwelt on "the Measure," to which, when it was yet too unripe for practical statesmen, he had attached his faith as a thinker, the orator's eye flashed with young fire. A great truth is eternally clear to a great heart that has once nourished its germ and foreseen its fruits. But when Alban quitted that part of his theme, all the rest seemed wearisome to his listener. They had now wound their walk to the opposite side of the lake, and paused near the thick beech-trees, hallowed and saddened by such secret associations to the mournful owner.

"No, my dear Alban," said Darrell, "I cannot summon up sufficient youth and freshness of spirit to re-enter the turbulent arena I have left. Ah! look yonder where Lionel and Sophy move! Give me, I do not say Lionel's years, but Lionel's wealth of hope, and I might still have a wish for fame and a voice for England; but it is a subtle truth, that where a man misses a home, a link between his country and himself is gone. Vulgar ambition may exist—the selfish desire of power; they were never very strong in me, and now less strong than the desire of rest; but that beautiful, genial, glorious union of all the affections of social citizen, which begins at the hearth and widens round the land, is not for the hermit's cell."

Alban was about to give up the argument in irritable despair, when, happening to turn his eye towards the farther depth of the beech-grove, he caught a glimpse—no matter what

of; but, quickening his step in the direction to which his glance had wandered, he seated himself on the gnarled roots of a tree that seemed the monarch of the wood, widespreading as that under which Tityrus reclined of old; and there, out of sight of the groups on the opposite banks of the lake—there, as if he had sought the gloomiest and most secret spot for what he had yet to say, he let fall, in the most distinct yet languid tones of his thorough-bred, cultured enunciation, "I have a message to you from Lady Montfort. Restless man, do come nearer, and stand still. I am tired to death." Darrell approached, and, leaning against the trunk of the giant tree, said, with folded arms and compressed lips—

"A message from Lady Montfort!"

"Yes. I should have told you, by the by, that it was she who, being a woman, of course succeeded where I, being a man, despite incredible pains and trouble, signally failed, discovered Arabella Fossett, *alias* Crane, and obtained from her the documents which free your life for ever from a haunting and torturing fear. I urged her to accompany me hither, and place the documents herself in your hand. She refused; you were not worth so much trouble, my dear Guy. I requested her at least to suffer me to show to you a paper containing Jasper Losely's confession of a conspiracy to poison her mind against you some years ago—a conspiracy so villanously ingenious, that it would have completely exonerated any delicate and proud young girl from the charge of fickleness in yielding to an impulse of pique and despair. But Lady Montfort did not wish to be exonerated; your good opinion has ceased to be of the slightest value to her. But to come to the point. She bade me tell you that, if you persist in sheltering yourself in a hermit's cell from the fear of meeting her—if she be so dangerous to your peace—you may dismiss such absurd apprehension. She is going abroad, and, between you and me, my dear fellow, I have not a doubt that she will marry again before six months are out. I spoke of your sufferings; she told me she had not the smallest compassion for them."

"Alban Morley, you presumed to talk thus of me?" cried Darrell, livid with rage.

"Strike, but hear me. It is true you would not own, when I was last at Fawley, that she was the cause of your secluded life, of your blighted career; but I knew better. However, let me go on before you strangle me. Lady Montfort's former feelings of friendship for you are evidently quite changed; and she charged me to add, that she really hoped that you would exert your good sense and pride (of which Heaven knows you have plenty) to eradicate an absurd and romantic sentiment, so displeasing to her, and so—"

"It is false! it is false! What have I done to you, Colonel Morley, that you should slander me thus? I send you messages of taunt and insult, Mr Darrell! I—/!—you cannot believe it—you cannot!"

Caroline Montfort stood between the two, as if she had dropped from heaven.

A smile, half in triumph, half in irony, curved the lip of the fine gentleman. It faded instantly as his eye turned from the face of the earnest woman to that of the earnest man. Alban Morley involuntarily bowed his head, murmured some words, unheard, and passed from the place, unheeded.

Not by concert nor premeditation was Caroline Montfort on that spot: she had consented to accompany her cousin to Fawley, but before reaching the park gates her courage failed her; she would remain within the carriage; the Colonel, wanted in London as soon as possible, whatever the result of his political mission to Darrell, could not stay long at Fawley; she would return with him. Vance's presence and impatient desire to embrace his niece did not allow the Colonel an occasion for argument and parley. Chafed at this fresh experience of the capricious uncertainty of woman, he had walked on with Vance to the manor-house. Left alone, Caroline could not endure the stillness and inaction which increased the tumult of her thoughts; she would at least have one more look—it might be the last—at the scenes in which her childhood had sported

—her youth known its first happy dreams. But a few yards across those circumscribed demesnes, on through those shadowy serried groves, and she should steal unperceived in view of the house, the beloved lake, perhaps even once more catch a passing glimpse of the owner. She resolved, she glided on, she gained the beech-grove, when, by the abrupt wind of the banks, Darrell and Alban came suddenly on the very spot. The flutter of her robe, as she turned to retreat, caught Alban's eye; the reader comprehends with what wily intent, conceived on the moment, that unscrupulous schemer shaped the words which chained her footstep, and then stung her on to self-disclosure. Trembling and blushing, she now stood before the startled man—He, startled out of every other sentiment and feeling than that of ineffable, exquisite delight to be once more in her presence; she, after her first passionate outburst, hastening on, in confused broken words, to explain that she was there but by accident—by chance; confusion growing deeper and deeper—how explain the motive that had charmed her steps to the spot?

Suddenly from the opposite bank came the music of the magic flute, and her voice as suddenly stopped and failed her.

"Again—again," said Darrell dreamily. "The same music! the same air! and this the same place on which we two stood together when I first dared to say, 'I love'—Look, we are under the very tree! Look, there is the date I carved on the bark when you were gone, but had left Hope behind. Ah, Caroline, why can I not now resign myself to age? Why is youth, while I speak, rushing back into my heart, into my soul? Why cannot I say, 'Gratefully I accept your tender friendship; let the past be forgotten; through what rests to me of the future while on earth, be to me as a child.' I cannot—I cannot! Go!"

She drew nearer to him, gently, timidly. "Even that, Darrell—even that; something in your life—let me be something still!"

"Ay," he said with melancholy bitterness, "you deceive me no longer

now! You own that, when here we stood last, and exchanged our troth, you in the blossom, and I in the prime, of life—you own that it was no woman's love, deaf to all calumny, proof to all craft that could wrong the absent; no woman's love, warm as the heart, undying as the soul, that you pledged me then?"

"Darrell, it was not—though then I thought it was."

"Ay, ay," he continued with a smile, as if of triumph in his own pangs, "so *that* truth is confessed at last! And when, once more free, you wrote to me the letter I returned, rent in fragments, to your hand—or when, forgiving my rude outrage and fierce reproach, you spoke to me so gently yonder, a few weeks since, in these lonely shades, then what were your sentiments, your motives? Were they not those of a long-suppressed and kind remorse?—of a charity akin to that which binds rich to poor, bows happiness to suffering?—some memories of gratitude—nay, perhaps of childlike affection?—all amiable, all generous, all steeped in that sweetness of nature to which I unconsciously rendered justice in the anguish I endured in losing you; but do not tell me that even *then* you were under the influence of woman's love."

"Darrell, I was not."

"You own it, and you suffer me to see you again! Trifler and cruel one, is it but to enjoy the sense of your undiminished, unalterable power?"

"Alas, Darrell! alas! why am I here?—why so yearning, yet so afraid to come! Why did my heart fail when these trees rose in sight against the sky?—why, why—why was it drawn hither by the spell I could not resist? Alas, Darrell, alas! I am a woman *now*—and—*this* is——." She lowered her veil, and turned away; her lips could not utter the word, because the word was not pity, not remorse, not remembrance, not even affection; and the woman loved now too well to subject to the hazard of rejection—*Love*!

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Darrell. "Oh that I could dare to ask you to complete the sentence! I know—I

know by the mysterious sympathy of my own soul, that you could never deceive me more! Is it—is it——." His lips falter too; but her hand is clasped in his; her head is reclined upon his breast; the veil is withdrawn from the sweet downcast face; and softly on her ear steal the murmured words, "Again and now, till the grave—Oh, by this hallowing kiss, again—the Caroline of old!"

Fuller and fuller, spreading, wave after wave, throughout the air, till it seem interfused and commingled with the breath which the listeners breathe, the flute's mellow gush streams along. The sun slopes in peace towards the west; not a cloud in those skies, clearer seen through yon boughs stripped of leaves, and rendering more vivid the evergreen of the arbut and laurel.

Lionel and Sophy are now seated on yon moss-grown trunk; on either side the old grey-haired man, as if agreeing for a while even to forget each other, that they may make *him* feel how fondly he is remembered. Sophy is resting both her hands on the old man's shoulder, looking into his face, and murmuring in his ear with voice like the coo of a happy dove. Ah! fear not, Sophy; *he* is happy too—he who never thinks of himself. Look—the playful smile round his arch lips; look—now he is showing off Sir Isaac to Vance; with austere solemnity the dog goes through his tricks; and Vance, with hand stroking his chin, is moralising on all that might have befallen had he grudged his three pounds to that famous INVESTMENT!

Behind that group, shadowed by the Thorn-tree, stands the PREACHER, thoughtful and grave, foreseeing the grief that must come to the old man with the morrow, when he will learn that a guilty son nears his end, and will hasten to comfort Jasper's last days with pardon. But the Preacher looks not down to the death-couch alone; on and high over death looks the Preacher! By what words Heavenly Mercy may lend to his lips shall he steal away, yet in time, to the soul of the dying, and justify murmurs of hope to the close of a life so dark with the shades of its past? And to him, to the Preacher,

they who survive—the two mourners — will come in their freshness of sorrow ! He, the old man ? Nay, to him there will be comfort. His spirit Heaven's kindness had tempered to trials ; and, alas ! for *that* son, what could father hope more than a death free from shame, and a chance yet vouchsafed for repentance ? But she, the grim, iron-grey woman ? The Preacher's interest, I know, will soon centre on her :—And balm may yet drop on thy wounds, thou poor, grim, iron-grey, loving woman !

Lo ! that traitor, the Flute-player, over whom falls the deep grateful shade from the eaves of the roof-tree reprieved ; though unconscious as yet of that happy change in the lot of the master, which, ere long, may complete (and haply for sons sprung in truth from the blood of the Darrell) yon skeleton pile, and consummate, for ends nobler far, the plan of a grand life imperfect ; — though as yet the musician nor knows nor conjectures the joy that his infamous treason to Sophy so little deserves ; yet, as if by those finer perceptions of sense, impressed, ere they happen, by changes of pleasure and of pain, which Art so mysteriously gives to the minds from which music is born, his airs, of themselves, float in joy :

Like a bird at the coming of spring, it is gladness that makes him melodious.

And Alban Morley, seemingly intent upon the sketch which his amiable niece-in-law submits to his critical taste ere she ventures to show it to Vance, is looking from under his brows towards the grove, out from which, towering over all its dark brethren, soars the old trysting beech-tree, and to himself he is saying, " Ten to one that the old House of Vipout now weather the Crisis ; and a thousand to one that I find at last my arm-chair at the hearth of my school-friend, Guy Darrell ! "

And the lake is as smooth as glass ; and the swans, hearkening the music, rest still, with white breasts against the grass of the margin ; and the doe, where she stands, her fore-feet in the water, lifts her head wistfully, with nostrils distended, and wondering soft eyes that are missing the master. Now full on the beech-grove shines the westering sun ; out from the gloomy beech-grove into the golden sunlight — they come, they come — Man and the Helpmate, two lives rebetrothed — two souls reunited. Be it evermore ! Amen.

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

Go forth and multiply, was a command which man's nature caught at and obeyed instinctively; Go forth and explore, is a destiny which he has adopted for himself.

With the men of all times—with the men of all races, it has been accepted and acted upon. The impulse which directs men towards the unknown, urges them onwards to the discovery of unexplored regions and strange peoples. A *terra incognita*, an untrodden waste, an untracked sea, an unknown or distant nation, a marvellous city, has ever been temptation enough to rouse explorers and adventurers, who have been ready to go forth, daring every danger, facing every difficulty, periling and expending their lives in the great mission of discovery.

Diverse have been the motives which have sent men forth. Some have gone as preachers and evangelists to propagate and spread truth, some to extend commerce, some to establish political relations, some to pursue science, some in the mere spirit of adventure; every man, every class, every age, every race, has had its different mission; yet whatever the mission, whatever the motive, these men have been the pioneers of progression and of commerce betwixt people and people. From the savage, who shot forth his canoe from island to island, to Columbus in his caraval, and Parry and M'Clure in their war-ships; from pilgrims and merchants, the Benjamins and Marco Polos, to the organised bands who explore and investigate with all the appliances of art and science; from the Bernards and Elliots, down to the Moffats and Livingstones, the work has been carried on, advancing and progressing, and will still advance and progress, until the world has been mapped out and measured, seas and rivers tracked, strata traced, tribes and nations classified—until

the earth, his dwelling-place, and his brethren of every colour and family, become open books to the mind and heart of civilised man.

The destiny has developed now, beyond the mere effort of enterprise and adventure, to a science and a duty; and in the tracks of the old pioneers, march trained bodies of professors, philosophers, artists, geologists, ready and eager to investigate, analyse, delineate, and theorise everything which may aid our speculations and increase our knowledge in nature and humankind. There are odds and ends of the earth, sandy tracts, forests, wildernesses, savage races, still existing, which, however, afford a field and a mission to the old pioneer explorers; and there are still loiterers and saunterers, free and easy cosmopolites, who wander up and down the earth without any particular purpose or mission, noting the curious, the humorous, the picturesque, and the beautiful in the highways and byways; and the narratives which these send forth, rich in adventure and incident, graphic with strange scenes and descriptions, racy with anecdote, must ever be the popular type of travel. It is to them we turn for excitement, novelty, liveliness, and interest; but it is to their painstaking brethren, the men of investigation and minute inquiry, the men of research and detail, that we refer when any question arises as to the topography, the resources, the capabilities, the political or geographical importance—the communications, the warlike character or commercial advantages, of a country or its people. *Rothen* claimed its thousands of readers—*Ida Pfeiffer* holds gentle sway in drawing-rooms and boudoirs—*Livingstone* issues in countless copies; but when the statesman would solve some political difficulty, or prepare some political scheme or treaty—the merchant enter on some new field of com-

Narrative of the Mission from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava in 1855; with Notices of the Country, Government, and People. By Captain HENRY YULE, Bengal Engineers. London, 1858.

merce—the philosopher seek some facts and knowledge on which to establish his theories—it is a Burnes, a Humboldt, a Wilson or a Raffles, a Wilkinson or a Layard, whom he takes into consultation in the closet or bureau.

All honour to the explorers of all classes. Their names will stand for ever as landmarks, as finger-posts, at the great stages of advance—as starting-points for the missionaries of progress, civilisation, and truth; their memories will live associated with the great work of uniting men in the fellowship and commune, broken and interrupted by the original dispersion, and of linking them in the bondhoo of mutual knowledge and mutual interest.

Honour to all; and honour they have, and will have, as long as the spirit of inquiry and enterprise moves the elements of man's nature. But it sometimes happens that he who labours most gets least honour; that he who scatters flowers and wreathes garlands, is more thought of, more known, than he who comes bearing the ore for which he has dug and delved; that the thought, born of pleasure and poesy and beauty, will strike and dazzle more than that which has been wrought by toil of brain and the sweat of the brow; and it is therefore fair and just ever to aid in equalising the distribution, by bringing forward the claims of the hard workers and the delvers for their due meed of honour.

The work before us, *A Mission to the Court of Ava*, is perhaps one which may not have for general readers a great attraction, and from its size and costliness of preparation can never be much known to the run-and-read public; but it possesses, notwithstanding, a sterling merit, and exhibits a labour of research and fulness of information which entitle it to a very high appreciation. Written and compiled by one member of the mission, though comprehending the observations and researches of all—elaborate in detail, minute in scientific inquiry, splendid in illustration, it presents a complete picture of a country, with its scenic effects, costumes, ceremonies, and architectural remains, and a descrip-

tion almost encyclopædic of its features, its characteristics, and capabilities. It might be wished, perhaps, that there had been attached to the mission some cosmopolite philosopher, who was neither a "stone-breaker," nor a photographer, nor a surveyor, but who had been used to study man in his daily life, and who would have had leisure and inclination to have gathered and sketched in their homes and their haunts those little traits which sometimes give us more knowledge of the present, more insight into the future of a people, than whole chapters of ethnography and of speculations, derived from languages, religion, and art, on the origin and classification of races. However, there was not time for all things; and the main object of the mission was doubtless to amass information which might be practically useful to the government of India in all its future dealings and negotiations with the kingdom of Burmah, leaving it to passing travellers to fill in the broad outlines of facts and statistics with the lights and shades of national life. There are times and occasions when such books are priceless; when, taken into counsel, they might avert a political disaster or prevent a military blunder. Such a book might have warded off the catastrophe of Cabul, had there been rulers who would have heeded warning, or learned from the experiences of those who knew the land and its inhabitants. This book may thus be turned to good account, enlarging and correcting, as it does, our knowledge of a people with whom we have trafficked, fought, and treated in turns, for two centuries or more; who border on our frontiers, and a part of whose native territory we have annexed and rule over. This proximity, this connection, involves, and will further involve, a responsibility which binds us to study, seriously and deeply, all circumstances which may affect or direct our intercourse and relations with a kingdom partly surrounded by our power, and placed in a position of half dependence upon us; a responsibility which late events invest with a deep and solemn sacredness. An empire which has passed

through such a dread ordeal as ours has lately done, will ponder long and well ere it charge itself directly or indirectly with the destinies of a nation.

In these days of general information and diffusion of knowledge, it may seem presumptuous to describe Burmah as a locality, or to preface our review of the *Mission* by a sketch of its geographical and political position; but the knowledge is frequently so general that it does not condescend to local details, unless directed to them by some striking occurrence, as was evident from the confusion of places, races, and districts which existed in the public mind at the breaking out of the Indian mutiny; and, besides, it is always well—well for writer and reader—to have the scene of action or narrative placed and laid ere the actors be introduced upon it.

Nature ever declines in finials. After exhausting itself in some vast effort of continent, plains, and mountains, it descends into points, gradually fining off in size and feature. Thus, from the creation of the great northern steppes and mountain ranges, from the gigantic formations of Hindostan and China, it runs down into a large peninsula, terminating in three capes or ends. Bounded by the seas, by Bengal and China, and by the great northern barrier of mountains in Thibet and Yunnan, this peninsula forms a territory compact and distinct in its geographical limits, and still more marked as being the abiding-place of the division of mankind designated as the Indo-Chinese race. Though descending in grandeur and vastness of features from its great neighbours, it still exhibits the strength and lavishness of nature's hand in lofty ridges, rolling rivers, and large alluvial plains. Divided into the various districts and kingdoms of Cochin China, Siam, Burmah, with all the states dependent on or connected with it, and Malacca, it is peopled (with the exception of the Malays) "by nations which, though separable into groups, distinguished as well by their physical characters as by the affiliation of languages, and manifesting in both these respects much that is common, and at the same time much

that is peculiar to each tribe," are, according to all evidence, to be referred to the same type and stock. The great characteristics all denote the same origin, and the differences are such as may be attributed to the influences of climate, position, and association. They are classed as Indo-Chinese, according to Pritchard, "from the fact that they partake of the ethnographical characters of the two nations between whom they dwell. Their physical characters and monosyllabic languages associate them with the Chinese; but their religion, their earliest mental culture, their literature, are entirely of Indian origin, though modified by the domination of the Chinese in later ages." "The physiological character of a people lasts longer than its language," and is ever the surest test of affinity betwixt races. Both in structure of language and physical organisation they resemble the Chinese, and in the latter respect certainly belong to the Mongolian branch. The broad flat face, the large prominent cheekbones, the forms "robust and well-proportioned, but destitute of grace and flexibility," the muscular textures lax and flabby, all indicate the relationship. Their moral qualities, however, their institutions, and religion, all indicate the infusion of foreign elements; and yet all the various tribes agree sufficiently in these respects to confirm and justify the theory of a distinct and common origin.

Their religion is Buddhism in its simplest form, though amid some of the wild tribes it is mixed up with heathen rites and superstitions; and others deny all worship and religious belief, declaring "that they know little on the subject; that God once wrote His commands upon a buffalo's hide, and called all nations together to take an abstract of it, but that they had no time for the work, being occupied with tilling their land."

This great peninsula, diverging in its three sections and terminating in its three headlands, is also intersected by "longitudinal and nearly parallel chains of mountains, which run, occasionally diverging, from north to south, and contain between them wide valleys, and rivers equally long,

and flowing in nearly straight courses and in the same direction. These chains separate the entire territory of the peninsula into parallel bands of low and habitable country." Each of these marks the barrier line of the various nations and tribes which compose the Indo-Chinese race. It is of one of these we have to treat.

Between two of the great chains which strike southwards from that "amphitheatre of snowy peaks," that great transverse mountainous barrier which crosses the back of the whole peninsula—"the one stretching, with a variety of breaks and ramifications, between the valley of the Salween and that of the Irawadi," till one of its great spurs almost reaches the sea at Martaban—the other starting still farther westward from a "multiple mass of mountains," and spreading over Tipura, the coast of Chittagong and northern Arracan, a broad succession of unexplored and forest-covered spurs, and passing in a defined range still southward, till it sinks into the sea hard by Negrais, its last bluff crowned by the golden pagoda of Modain gleaming far to seaward—a Burmese Sunium—lie the divisions of the Burman Empire." "This tract is not to be conceived of as a plain, like the vast levels that stretch from the base of the Himalayas. It is rather a varied surface of rolling upland, interspersed with alluvial basins and sudden ridges of hill."

Through the midst of this country runs the majestic stream of the Irawadi, now squeezing through rocky defiles, now expanding into sandy shoals and encircling peopled islands, now deflecting with a grand sweep under the walls of the capital, now flowing by the ruined cities of ancient dynasties, now swelled by tributaries and sweeping on through wooded and cultivated plains, until it divides into many branches in the delta of Pegu, and there enters the sea. Here lived for centuries, little known and little heeded, and playing no conspicuous part in the great changes and revolutions of the world, many millions of men, broken up into nations and states, sometimes owning the supremacy of one, sometimes independent, scarcely shifting from their abiding-

place, subject to few vicissitudes, except the conflict of power and the changes of dynasties among themselves; attaining at times a high degree of prosperity, and leaving behind them traces of a very advanced state of civilisation. One great invasion from China had convulsed them, but they soon fell back into the old systems under the old dynasties, undisturbed from without, and unnoted by the great representatives of civilisation, save from the accounts which chance travellers brought of the wealth and state of their kings. The two principal kingdoms were the empire of Ava, possessed by the Marma or Burmah branch of the stock, and occupying the centre of the great tract along either side of the Irawadi; and Pegu, which comprehended the lower extremity of the western promontory of the peninsula, the Doab, and all the mouths of the Irawadi, and was held by the Mons or Taleins as the dominant race, intermixed, however, with the Karens, a people of simple and rustic habits, living in small villages, and following agricultural pursuits. Between these two states the supreme power was changed and battled about, sometimes one obtaining the dominance, sometimes the other, according to the rise or fall of the different dynasties; sometimes the balance of independence being equally poised. Along the western side of the second promontory, separated by a mountain-spur from Siam, was the Tenasserim district; and beyond the outermost longitudinal chain between Burmah and the sea, a long strip of land ran along the shore: this was the state of Arracan, inhabited by the Rukhings, a people of pure and ancient race, claiming to be the stock from which the Burmese sprang, and to have done for them what we have for the Americans—given them a lineage, traditions, a language, and civilisation. Amid the mountainous tracts to the westward and north-east of the Irawadi, were scattered wild and independent tribes, Shans and Kyens, the latter half savages in their lives and superstitions, tattooing their faces and living in miserable dwellings, outlaws and borderers on the great civilised nations beyond.

In the work before us is a curious and interesting series of small maps, representing the historical geography of the Burmese countries at several epochs. Epoch the first, A.D. 1500, shows a nest of small provinces, distinct and separate, none apparently superior enough in size or position to overshadow the rest, each marking probably the settlement of a tribe. Turning across, we find this primitive arrangement very much disturbed in epoch second, 1580. The small blue patch which distinguished the kingdom of Pegu has here overspread all the space between the ranges, absorbing even a part of Siam, and leaving only Arracan, Assam, and the wild tribes' districts, as independent colours. This was the time of the conquests of the great Toungoo dynasty, and represents, perhaps, the most flourishing and advanced stage of the country. In the next compartment we have passed on to 1822, and all is changed again. A revolution had taken place, an usurper had given to Burmah the strength and energy of a new regime, and extended its dominion over all the territory lying between China, Siam, and the Anglo-Indian Empire, now looming ominously on the frontier.

"With such a frontier—with neighbours who only wished to be let alone—with such a trunk-line from end to end of his dominions as the Irawadi—with his teak forests and his mineral riches, and his fisheries, his wheat, cotton, and rice lands, a world of eager traders to the eastward, and the sea open in front, the King of Ava's dominion was a choice one, had not incurable folly and arrogance deprived him of his best advantages, cast down the barriers of his kingdom, and brought British cantonments and customhouses within his borders." Truly the last division of the history shows a reverse of the picture. Folly and arrogance had provoked attack, aggression, annexation, and Ava lies shorn of its proportions, hemmed in on all sides, cut off from its harbours, and shut out from the shore by the mysterious power which had taken root like the Peepul tree, and spread itself along its borders, and into the very heart of its strength. There had long been

quarrels with traders—attempts at treaties of commerce. Establishments had been formed at Negrais and Bassein—had existed with varying success, though tolerated only on sufferance by the monarchs of Ava. At last, in the days of the great contest betwixt the powers of Pegu and Ava for mastery, the Europeans, having taken, part with his enemies, were barbarously massacred by Alompra the usurper. Henceforth a series of provocations and aggressions, outrages on our flag and our honour, invasions of our territory, extortionate exactions on trade, insolent answers to our complaints, kept the Anglo-Indian Empire in an unceasing state of remonstrance and angry relations with the Burmese. Mission followed mission; some were treated with indifference or neglect, some with direct insult; none had any effect. All these wrongs were met by us with long-suffering and forbearance, according to our account; and in this instance it was so. There is aggression enough on the national conscience, whether incited by temptation or necessity, but towards Burmah we doubtless forbore long and patiently, either from an over-estimate of its strength, or from an honest wish to obtain redress, and establish fair and amicable relations rather by negotiation than force. However, "complicated and repeated encroachments," and an apprehension for the safety of our frontier, drove us from our peaceful intents, and in 1824 war was declared. It ended in a peace disastrous to the Burmese, and led to the treaty of Yandabo, an event and name ever since hateful to them. The Peepul tree had begun to stretch its roots; Arracan and Tenasserim had passed to the stranger; they were no longer jewels in the crown of Ava. The two nations, also, had arrived at a more correct appreciation of their mutual strength. Thus again there was an interval of partial confidence and partial intercourse; but the madness and insolence of two successive tyrants, Tharawadi and the "Pagan-men," raised the old grievances—led to the old collisions. Again there was war, and in 1852 Pegu was annexed. The Peepul tree was taking

its course, and Burmah was reft of the province which gave it command of the sea.

Our author thus sums up the consequences and results of the contact with the great Anglo-Indian power:—

“As with the Nepaulese and some other Indian powers, the empire of the Burmese princes had just expanded to the widest limits known in their history when it came into contact with British bayonets, and rapid collapse ensued. Thirty years have sufficed to strip them of dominions which had been the gradual acquisition of more than two centuries. Eighteen hundred and twenty-four saw the weak grandson of old Menlaragyi ruling over a territory that extended over Gowhati and the frontiers of the old British district of Rungpoor to the great river of Cambodia eastward, and to the island of Junk-Cylon southward, embracing altogether an extreme width of 800 miles, an extreme length of 1200 miles, and a seaboard of equal extent. Eighteen hundred and fifty-four saw the Burmese confines reduced nearly as low as they had been in the centuries of decay that succeeded the fall of the Pagan dynasties, and without access to the sea except through many leagues of British territory.”

It was the old story of the earthen and the brazen vase, so often illustrated in the world's history.

Thus stood matters when the mission in 1854 was undertaken. A king of milder character, and of more liberal intelligence, was on the throne; the officials around him had gained stern experience of British might; a mission of compliment had been sent to the Governor-General; and the time seemed fitting and good for confirming the intercourse and relations by a treaty. This was the ostensible purpose of the embassy, but the real object was evidently exploration and inquiry—a desire to become more accurately acquainted with a country and a people so intimately connected with our government and our territory. Consequently the mission was composed of men capable of observation and research in all departments. There was our author, the secretary—the *homme de plume*; there was the geologist—the stone-breaker—an accomplished photographer, and an artist; the envoy himself being one who had studied diligently, and was

well learned in the problems presented by the Eastern nations.

From such a combination it was to be expected that hereafter Burmah, and its people would be better known and better understood.

The start is made from the frontier, and the mission is fairly launched on the Irawadi. To us there is nothing so beautiful and so interesting, even in description, as the panoramic effects of a voyage on a river: the changes are not too rapid to mar the completeness of each picture; and the succession of scenic elements falls harmoniously and softly on eye and mind, allowing them quietly to imbibes the beauty, the poesy, the blending of lights and shades, the mingling of man and his homes with Nature and her scenes. And then the gentle motion, the rippling of the waters, the gliding of the landscape—so tranquillising and so picturesque: all these we seem to feel as we follow in the track of the voyagers.

On and on sped the mission up and along the banks of the Irawadi; now passing by “a country low and undulating, now again a narrow campaign tract intervening between the river and the high land, having all that richness of aspect which an intermixture of palms with the larger forest trees bestows; and now villages, pleasant and cheerful places, generally with one or two dark monasteries raising their triple roofs above the mingled huts and foliage, and with dry-looking turfy hills behind, crowned with pagodas, and ascended by winding paths.” The party was soon increased by a deputation of officials from the court, most grave and reverend seignors; and the procession, too, was swelled by an escort of war-boats, “immense canoes, with long sharp bows and high curving sterns, double banked, with twenty to thirty rowers on a side, the whole exterior of the hull and the oars being gilt; festoons of muslin and tinselled net hung from the high sterns, and a great white banner, bordered with silver, and blazoned rudely in the centre with the royal peacock, drooped gracefully over the curving bamboo ensign-staff, the point of which was generally decorated with a globe of col-

oured glass or an inverted English decanter." These were outdone in picturesqueness by the native vessels, the craft of the Irawadi. Picturesque they look in illustration, and doubly so they must have been as they sailed onwards "before the wind, with their vast spreading wings and almost invisible hulls, and with the sunlight falling on their bellying sails, like a flight of colossal butterflies skimming the water." The construction of this craft was most peculiar. "The keel-piece, a single tree hollowed out;" the bow low, with beautiful hollow lines; "the stern rising high above the water; a paddle shipped for a rudder; a mast of two spars, bolted and lashed so that it could be let down or unshipped together, with ratlines running from one to the other, and forming a ladder." The rig was stranger still. "The yard is a bamboo, or a line of spliced bamboos, of enormous length, and, being perfectly flexible, is suspended from the mast-head by numerous guys or hal-yards, so as to curve upwards in an inverted bow. A rope runs along this, from which the huge mainsail is suspended, running on rings like a curtain outwards both ways from the mast." We have seen the boats of the Tagus, and wondered; but this must have been a greater marvel. On went the mission by day, staying by night at some town or village, where they were invariably recreated by a puppet-show and a regular dramatic performance, aided ever by a full Burmese orchestra. Without these no entertainment would be complete. They are the popular amusements of the people—the national ideas of recreation and representation. Dull and monotonous enough they appear to have been; but who shall say what is dull, what gay, what brilliant, what tasteful, what enjoyable, to other eyes? The mind, the age, the people, has each its own gauge of enjoyment; who shall dictate or prescribe for it? What has been received and recognised as the amusement of a nation must claim respect—must have in it inherent points of attraction, though we perceive them not. We should vote the operas and cotillons and the witticisms of our forbears rather slow; and yet

how they revelled in them, and considered themselves rather fast fellows. So their "pues" were to the Burmans the very essence and spirit of fun and interest, however monotonous they might seem to strangers. "What fools those English are," said the Sultan Mahmoud when witnessing a ball at the Embassy, "to be twisting and turning about and perspiring in that manner. If we wish to enjoy dancing, we make our slaves do it"—and look on. So much for the national estimate of pleasure. A "pues" might to a Burman be a richer treat than an opera which concentrated all the power of the Marios, and the Grisis, and the Piccolominis, and all the genius of the great Maestri; and to us, as the recreation of a people, it is an illustration of the feelings and phases of human nature, which we cannot but regard with interest, which we could not overlook in our estimate of the character of a race. The thing which stirs his heart to pleasure or enjoyment is ever a key to the solution of the great problem, man. Arts and sciences, institutions and governments, give him his rank in the classes of civilisation, but in the sources and objects of his joy and recreation we shall perhaps find a truer index to his inner nature.

Thus our author describes the popular entertainment, which during their journey was repeated night after night for the amusement of the members of the mission:—

"The stage of the Burmese theatre is the ground, and generally spread with mats. On one, two, or three sides are raised bamboo platforms for the more distinguished spectators; the plebs crowd in, and squat upon the ground in all vacant places. In the middle of the stage arena, stuck in the ground, or lashed to one of the poles supporting the roof, is always a small tree, or rather a large branch of a tree, which, like the altar on a Greek stage, forms a sort of centre to the action. I never could learn the real meaning of this tree. The answer usually was, that it was there in case a scene in a garden or forest should occur. But there is no other attempt at the representation of scenic locality; and I have a very strong impression that this tree has had some other meaning and origin, now probably forgotten. The foot-lights

generally consisted of several earthen pots full of petroleum, or of cotton seeds soaked in petroleum, which stood on the ground, blazing and flaring round the symbolic tree, and were occasionally replenished with a ladle-ful of oil by one of the performers. On one side or both was the orchestra, and near it generally stood a sort of bamboo horse or stand, on which were suspended a variety of grotesque masks. The property-chest of the company occupied another side of the stage, and constantly did duty as a throne for the royal personages who figure so abundantly in their plays.

"Indeed, kings, princes, princesses, and their ministers and courtiers, are the usual dramatic characters. As to the plot, we usually found it very difficult to obtain the slightest idea of it. A young prince was almost always there as hero, and he as constantly had a clownish servant, a sort of Shakespearian lance, half fool, half wit, who did the comic business with immense success among the native audience, as their rattling and unanimous peals of laughter proved. It was in this character only that anything to be called acting was to be seen, and *that* was often highly humorous and appreciable even without understanding the dialogue. Then there was always a princess whom the prince was in love with. The interminable prolixity of dialogue was beyond all conception and endurance. What came of it all we could not tell. I doubt if any one could, for with the usual rate at which the action advances, it must have taken several weeks to arrive at a denouement.

"Much of the dialogue was always in singing, and in those parts the attitudes, actions, and sustained wailings, had a savour of the Italian opera, which was intensely comical at first. Dancing by both male and female characters was often interspersed or combined with the action. The female characters in the towns more remote from the capital were often personated by boys, but so naturally that we were indisposed at first to credit it.

"The puppet-play seemed to be even more popular among the Burmese than the live drama. For these little performers an elevated stage of bamboos and mats is provided, generally some thirty feet long. This affords room for a transfer of the scene of action; and very commonly one end of the stage is furnished with a throne to represent the court, whilst the other had two or three little branches to represent the forest. The style of the play acted by these

marionettes seemed to us very similar to that of the large actors, and was equally prolix in its dialogue and operatic episodes. But I fancied that more often in the former there was a tendency to the supernatural, to the introduction of enchanted princesses, dragons, bats, and flying chariots, probably from the greater facility of producing the necessary effects on a small scale. Some of the puppet-plays, too, were 'mysteries' founded on the history of Guatama, which possibly it would not have been admissible for living actors to perform.

"The puppets were from ten to fifteen inches high, and were rather skilfully manipulated. Not seldom, however, they got entangled, and then a large brown arm of the *Deus ex machina* was seen descending from the dramatic welkin to dissolve the nodus; or a pair of huge legs, striding across the stage with a view to the adjustment of the foot-lights, perfectly realised Gulliver and Lilliput."

Each performance was attended by a full Burmese orchestra. The principal instruments were peculiar. One, called the *pattshaing*, consisted of a circular tub-like frame, formed of separate wooden staves, fitting by tenons into a hoop, and having some eighteen or twenty drums or tom-toms suspended vertically round the interior. The performer sits squatted in the middle, and plays with the natural plectra of his fingers and palms. This is aided by various other instruments—clarionets with broad brass mouths, cymbals, clappers of split bamboo, and sometimes a large tom-tom. There were also concert instruments, stringed harps and harmonicons, curious and strange enough in shape, though not very original in design, and all displaying a very fair skill and advance in the knowledge of instrumental harmony.

The drama here could not be accepted as a representation or reflex of the social life of the people; and as all the action and the characters were sought in higher or imaginary spheres, it seems evident that their own lives and histories did not furnish incidents or tableaux sufficiently striking or interesting. This, however, indicates a very advanced stage, when men and women will sit to listen, to see, to weep, or to laugh, over the events of common life. It shows that a people

have attained a life of their own, and one which has more vivid action and interest for them than the fictions of state or fancy—one which they can accept as a drama furnishing scenes, and incidents which they can delight to see exhibited in pathos or caricature. The Burman, rising from his reed hut and monotonous existence, sought his excitement, his romance, in the stories of kings and princes, and in the ideal world of gods and Nāts. In thus placing his scenes in unknown spheres, and in selecting his heroes from a class of beings supernaturally or socially above or beyond him, he is not dissimilar to nations more elevated in the scale of civilisation. Neither is the prolixity of dialogue, which our author complains so much of, peculiar to him. What audience nowadays would not yawn over the recitation of a Greek chorus, or sleep or groan over the classic speeches in *Cato*? The national drama is ever held especially to be an index to the moral status of a people. One authority pronounces the Burmese to be full of abominable conceptions; and again another, and a very high one too, Major Phayre, the envoy, strongly protests against such a view, and declares that he never, in the Burmese plays, saw anything approaching to indecency, except when there was a sprinkling of Europeans, and believes that the indecent actions were then introduced in supposed conformity to the tastes of their visitors. What a rebuke to civilisation! Does not this national recreation, however—this picture of crowds sitting hour after hour, day after day, to listen to prolix dialogue, and wait for feeble denouements, prepare us to hear afterwards of a people inert and apathetic, indifferent to the present, hopeless of the future, careless and despairing of their own lot, and delighting rather in the pleasures of the imagination and the sense, than in the actual and active enjoyments of life? When the recreations of a race lack the robustness and vigour, of personal action, we can scarcely ever hope to find in their history or their career the energy, the independence, or the character which leads to the development of a great or national destiny.

On speeds the mission along the river, stopping at the different towns and villages to see plays, receive deputations, and make excursions to oil-wells, until it reaches a chief and interesting point in the journey, the ancient city of Pagan, whose ruins are the vestiges of the past of Burmah. The past of a people who bear no promise of a future is a sacred record, and they who preserve or publish it, do a faithful and honest part toward the elucidation of the great problem, the history of man. This the mission did for us. The past of Burmah, as it exists, and is written in the works and remains of art, has been vividly presented and illustrated; so that, though temple and pagoda may crumble and decay, the lessons they convey, the state of civilisation they represent, and the knowledge which can be culled from the impress man leaves on his works, will be ever open to the inquiry of philosophy or the comparisons of art.

Here, at Pagan, twenty-one kings reigned in succession; here Buddhism was established as the religion of the country; and here was enacted the greatest and most prosperous period of Burmese history. Magnificent ruins, extending over a space of eight miles, exhibiting all kinds and forms of temple architecture, and enclosed by a ditch and mound, and large masses of ruined brickwork—all attest a high stage of civilisation, art, wealth, and grandeur, though they have no record, no tradition of the glory or the greatness of the kings who reigned here for so many centuries. They are records of man rather than of dynasties. It was a vast quarry of architectural research and analogy; it was a chapter in the history of man, and such chapters, however short or obscure, are ever important pages in the great book.

Here were found all the varied expressions of the religion of Buddhism, embodied in the beautiful and elaborate forms of Eastern art. "The bell-shaped pyramid of dead brickwork, in all its varieties; the same raised over a square or octagonal cell, containing an image of the Buddha; the bluff knob-like dome of the Ceylon Dagobas; the fantastic Bo-phyas, or pumpkin pagoda, which seemed

rather like a fragment of what we might conceive the architecture of the moon than anything terrestrial." "But the predominant and characteristic form is that of the cruciform vaulted temple." This is the substantial type of the temples at Pagan.

"The body of the buildings was cubical in form, enclosing a Gothic vaulted chamber. The entrance was by a projecting porch to the east, and this porch had also a subsidiary door on its north and south sides. There were also slightly-projecting door-places on the three other sides of the main building, sometimes blank, and sometimes real entrances. The plan of the building, it will be seen, was cruciform. Several terraces rose successively above the body of the temple, and from the highest terrace rose a spire, bearing a strong general resemblance to that of the common temples of Eastern India, being, like the latter, a tall pyramid, with bulging sides. The angles of this spire were marked as quoins, with deep joints, and a little apex at the projecting angle of each, which gave a peculiar serrated appearance to the outline when seen against the sky. The buildings were entirely of brick; the ornamental mouldings still partially remained in plaster. The interior of each temple contained an image of Guatama, or its remains. The walls and vaults were plastered, and had been highly decorated with minute fresco-paintings."

The finest and most perfect of the type is the Ananda, and which is still the most frequented as a place of worship. It illustrates an architecture so beautiful and so singular, "so sublime even in its effects," that we cannot forbear transferring the author's description of it, though full justice could not be done to it without the exquisite drawing and plans, which place it before the eye in all its completeness and all its details.

"This temple is said to have been built in the reign of Kyan-yet-tha, about the time of the Norman conquest of England. Tradition has it that five Rahandas, or saints of the order second only to a Buddha, arrived at Pagan from the Hema-woonda, or Himalayan region. They stated that they lived in caves on the Nanda-moola hill, and the king requested them to give him a model of their abode, from which he might construct a temple. The Rahandas did

as they were requested. The temple, being built, was called Nanda-tsee-goon, or caves of Nanda.

"The Ananda is in plan a square of nearly 200 feet to the side, and broken on each side by the projection of large gabled vestibules, which convert the plan into a perfect Greek cross. These vestibules are somewhat lower than the square mass of the building, which elevates it-elf to a height of thirty-five feet in two tiers of windows. Above this rise six successively diminishing terraces, connected by carved converging roofs, the last terrace just affording breadth for the spire, which crowns and completes the edifice. The lower half of this spire is the bulging, mitre-like pyramid, adapted from the temples of India; the upper half is the same moulded taper pinnacle that terminates the common bell-shaped pagoda of Pegu. The gilded *htee* caps the whole, at a height of 168 feet above the ground. The building, internally, consists of two concentric and lofty corridors, communicating by passages for light opposite the windows, and by larger openings to the four porches. Opposite each of these latter, and receding from the inner corridor towards the centre of the building, is a cell or chamber for an idol. In each this idol is a colossal standing figure, upwards of thirty feet in height. They vary slightly in size and gesture, but all are in attitudes of prayer, preaching, or benediction. Each stands facing the porch and entrance, on a great carved lotus pedestal, within rails, like the chancel-rails of an English church. There are gates to each of these chambers—noble frames of timber—rising to a height of four-and-twenty feet. The frame-bars are nearly a foot in thickness, and richly carved on the surface in undercut foliage; the panels are of lattice-work, each intersection of the lattice marked with a gilt rosette.

"The lighting of these image-chambers is, perhaps, the most singular feature of the whole. The lofty vault, nearly fifty feet high, in which stands the idol, canopied by a balance of gilt metal curiously wrought, reaches up into the second terrace of the upper structure, and a window pierced in this sends a light from far above the spectator's head, and from an unseen source, upon the head and shoulders of the great gilded image. This unexpected and partial illumination in the dim recesses of these vaulted corridors, produces a very powerful and strange effect, especially on the north side, where the front light through the great doorway is entirely

subdued by the roofs of the covered approach from the monastic establishments. The four great statues represent the Buddhas who have appeared in the present world-period."

Another great feature in the art and religion also of Burmah, is the number of monasteries or kyoungs which are seen everywhere in connection with the temples. These exhibit even a greater richness of ornamentation and detail, and the most perfect of them, afterwards seen at Amarapoora, seemed actually to overwhelm and dazzle the sight with the multiplicity and elaboration of the ornaments. One is spoken of as "carved like an ivory toy, and being a blaze of gold and other ornament."

"In the precincts of the Ananda was a large group of these kyoungs or monastic buildings, forming a street of some length. These, in beauty of detail and combination, were admirable; the wood-carving was rich and effective beyond description; great fancy was displayed in the fantastic figures of warriors, dancers, nâts, and bilus (ogres), in high relief, that filled the angles and niches of the sculptured surfaces. The fretted pinnacles of the ridge-ornaments were topped with birds cut in profile, in every attitude of sleeping, picking, stalking, or taking wing."

The Burmese architecture is itself a study: the material is the "kucha pukka" work, "that is, brick cemented with mud only;" and the style is one peculiar and striking, combining as it does solidity of structure with the beauty and grotesqueness of detail, and being withal religious and solemn, as well as gorgeous. The principle of the construction is "a representation of the cave, a favourite style of building among the Burmese for depositing images, and not a wonderful one among votaries of a religion which regards an ascetic life in the wilderness as the highest state for mortals in this world." But this is so covered with the forms and ornaments belonging to other religions or other styles, that the original idea, if not lost, is at any rate confused by the beauty and brilliancy of the exterior, and the variety of designs superadded on the gloom and coldness of the cave idea. It would seem at first to have most affinity with the Indian;

but this, on a careful comparison, applies only to the details, and not the construction; "for the arches and vaults which are such marked features in the Pagan temples, are quite unknown to ancient Hindoo architecture." In the religious expression, too, they differ. "The Burman, rejecting indeed, in the pride of his philosophy, the idea of an Eternal Divinity, but recognising the eternal sanctities of nature and conscience, has reared nobler fancies, and far more worthy to become the temples of the true God, than the Hindoo, with those his deities so numerous and impure." And then again: "The arches and semi-arches resting on regular pilasters, with base, capital, and cornice, the singular resemblance of which, both in general character and in many of the details of mouldings, to the pilasters of Roman architecture, is startling, perplexing, and unaccountable,"—induced with some the theory that these temples must have owed their origin to the skill of a Western Christian or missionary, who may have adopted largely the ornamentation of the Burmese, and engrafted much of their detail and arrangement on his own ideas of a temple, and that the cross-like plan was thus symbolical. Our author, too, again and again remarks how singularly these buildings, especially "the Ananda, suggest strange memories of the temples of southern Catholic Europe." Assuredly in the descriptions we recognise touches of the Gothic character; and ever and anon, as we looked on the pictures, so gorgeous in ornamentation, and so quaint in many of the details, there would float across our vision shadows and recollections of those strange and long-hidden temples in Central America.

It is, however, unjust, and apparently irrational, to be always attempting to reduce the art or style of a people to some known and recognised standard; most of the symbols and designs which are adopted by man in the expression of his worship, are such as are generally recognisable in some shape amid the generality of tribes and nations, and their presence would argue nothing more than the common heart and

feelings which are in man. It would seem hard to rob the Burman of the glory which the conception of these structures must attach to his age of civilisation, by regarding them as the copies and imitations of other types and other ideas than his own. There would seem no doubt that he borrowed much of his detail from the Hindoo, to whom he was doubtless indebted for much also of his culture; but the great principle of the construction, especially as it harmonises well with the phase of Buddhism which he had accepted as his religion, was doubtless his own, modified probably by contact, and by the traditions of the two races from whom he sprang.

It is much easier to believe that "the Burmans of those days were very different from the Burmans of the present," and that the magnificence and taste of the age in which these edifices were created have died away, than that their designs were due to the skill of Christian missionaries or foreign art. No one dreams, because the Greek of to-day is not the Greek of the past, that the Parthenon was therefore an importation, or the production of a stranger race.

The men, however, who could attain such "an actual sublimity of architectural effect, which excites wonder, almost awe, and could leave behind them such an evidence of combined power and exertion," must have achieved a civilisation which made them of some importance in the world's history, and have left a past rich in records of grandeur and achievement. Some such records may yet be explored; and if none other should exist than these temples, they alone would present a store of knowledge and research to those who delight to trace in man's works the analogies of races, and the progress of nations and peoples.

From the city of the past we pass on to the city of the present, the seat of the Burmese monarchy, Amara-poor. This capital is associated with the destiny of the reigning dynasty. It was founded by a descendant of Aloinpra, and has since been, with a short interruption, the residence of the race. The royalty of Burmah had moved gradually, era

after era, up the Irawadi, from Prome to Pagan, from Pagan to Panya, from Panya to Ava, from Ava to Amara-poor—ever retreating from the sea, ever holding by the river. "This city stands on slightly elevated ground, which in the flood season forms a long peninsula, communicating with the mainland naturally only at the northern end. Walled embankments and wooden bridges, some of them of extraordinary length, connect the peninsula with the country to the eastward, southward, and south-westward. On the north-west side runs a wide creek from the Irawadi. The city, however, except in the high floods, is accessible from the present main stream of the river only near the extremity of the western suburb." The city proper of Amara-poor is laid out four-square at the widest part of the peninsula, and is bounded by a defensive wall of brick, about twelve or thirteen feet high, with a battlemented parapet. The four sides are each a little short of a mile in length, and are exactly alike, excepting that at the north-west, where the river channel comes close under the walls, the angle of the square has been cut off obliquely. Each side has three gates and from eleven to thirteen bastions, including those through which the gates are cut. The palace occupies the centre, its walls being built symmetrically with those of the city, and has three successive enclosures, with a high palisade of teak posts outside. "The four-square city, with the palace in the centre, is the characteristic form of the old Burman cities, and has perhaps a mythic origin." Within the defences the streets are laid out parallel to the four walls, running from gate to gate, and cutting up the city into rectangular blocks. The houses of the princes, the ministers of state, and other dignitaries, generally occupy the areas within the blocks into which the rectangular streets divide the town. The city of the people differed from the city of the state.

"There were no brick buildings within the walls, except the temples, and the few in the palace. The streets are very wide, and in dry weather are tolerably clean. They are always free from the

closeness and offensive smells of most Indian towns. There are, however, no public arrangements or regulations for street-cleaning, and the dogs are the only scavengers. There is no attempt at drainage, and consequently in wet weather the streets are deep in mire, and some of the lower parts of the city are absolutely swamped. Large unoccupied spaces still exist within the walls, and the population is nowhere dense. The great majority of the houses are mere bamboo cottages, slightly raised from the ground on posts along all the chief streets. At the distance of a few feet from the house front, on each side, runs a line of posts and neat lattice hurdles or palings, which are left white-washed. The posts are crowned with plants in flower-pots, and between the houses and the palings there are often a few flowering-shrubs. This arrangement is called *Yaga-más*, or king's fence, and is supposed to be put up whenever the king is likely to pass, in order to prevent the crowd from encroaching on him disrespectfully. Indeed, they are expected not to stare on him, for in Burmah the right of a cat to look on a king is not well established. This lattice-fence gives a tidy appearance to the streets, but, concealing the shops and their contents (always the most interesting subjects of curiosity in a foreign city), it destroys all picturesque variety, and gives the town an aspect of monotony and depopulation. The passages of the most frequented gates are favourite stations for the stalls of the staple articles, with the addition of all sorts of small wares, such as *pán*-boxes, copper spoons, scissors, little pictures, ear-tubes of coloured glass and metal, steatite pencils, strike-lights, &c. Berths for similar goods are ranged against the corners of the palace palisade, and at the very gate of the palace is the principal mart for the stationers who deal in the *para beks* (or black books) and steatite pencils, which form the only ordinary writing of the Burmese in their common transactions."

A larger and denser population occupies the western suburb, and here are the foreigners, the Mussulmans of India, the Chinese, stray Europeans, and Armenians, who come for trade and traffic; and in this foreign quarter brick houses are more common, especially among the Chinese, with whom it is a particular vanity. Amarapoora represents the present, as the ruins of Pagan may record the past of Burmah. The pic-

ture is not inviting—the contrast betwixt the state quarters and the residences of the people, betwixt the richly decorated monasteries and the bamboo huts, the absence of intermediate dwellings, the fencing-out of the commonalty, the want of bustle and picturesqueness in the marts, all mark a stagnation of life, a deficiency of the elements of progress and the movement of society which would promise a fair and hopeful future for the kingdom and the people. The State absorbs the whole of note or mark, and the commonalty sinks into the shade.

As we have said before, we cannot but regret that there was not attached to the mission some street philosopher,—one who had an eye for man, who had nought to do with the science or the etiquette of the mission, and who was free to move up and down in the towns and cities, gathering traits of life and character. From such an one we might have had other and perhaps brighter views of the qualities and capabilities of the Burmese as a people.

The national picture would be very incomplete without the introduction of the royalty and the court, such very chief elements in the world of Burmah. They are very fully and elaborately portrayed by our author.

The main and ostensible object of the mission was an audience with the sovereign, for the purpose of obtaining a treaty guaranteeing certain privileges.

After many days of tiresome discussion, vexatious delays, and wranglings, as to the etiquette to be observed on the occasion—whether the Governor's letter was to be carried under a canopy, or not—whether the members of the mission were to take off their shoes at this place or that—trifles to us, but matters of moment in Eastern intercourse—the day for the important ceremonial was fixed. The abode of the Embassy was separated from the city by a lake.

"The passage of this was rather a brilliant scene. The jolly-bunts of the steamers led the way, with the men of the 84th; the Governor-General's letter followed in the *Zemba's* gig, with the Company's jack flying at the bow; the officers of the mission in other gigs and

cutters ; and a gilt war-boat carrying the envoy and the *woons*, with Burman oarsmen rowing to a wild chant. The background of the picture was formed by the white spire and pinnacles of a temple, with a surrounding grove of noble cotton-trees and tall palmyras ; the Burmese soldiers of the guard and crowds of villagers lining the banks of the lake, whilst behind all rose the manifold ranges of the Shan Mountains . . . The route lay to the western central gate of the city. For the whole distance the way was lined with troops. All sorts of persons had been pressed into the service, peasants, old men, and boys ; but the essential point was the exhibition of a store of muskets. At each cross-street stood elephants carrying officers (as they seemed to be)—men in gilt mambrino hats and mountebank costumes, exactly like the histrionic princes in the theatres at Magwe and elsewhere, decked out with triple buckram caps, and shoulder-lappets, and pultry embroidery. Many of the soldiers carried green leaves or flowers in the muzzles of their pieces. Crowds of spectators, among whom more than half were women, peeped through the white lattices that line the principal streets, and thronged in denser masses at the cross-streets, all silent, or nearly so. . . Among the spectators were some comely women and many tastefully dressed, and with pleasant sensible expression, though generally disfigured by a careworn aspect, or by a prominently bad mouth."

On the procession was paraded half round the city, and then through streets deluged with water, and lined with soldiers, providentially furnished with little stools or platforms of bamboo, to keep them out of the mud (a precaution of discipline worthy of a soldier of Mahon), on through the "royal gate of the chosen ;" and after another debate as to skikhoeing, and shoes or no shoes, to the hall of audience, and there, seated upon the carpet, with their legs doubled up behind them, the mission awaited to present themselves "at the golden feet."

"The long wings of this hall formed, as it were, the transepts of a cathedral ; in front of us ran back a central wall like the choir ; and in the position of the altar stood the throne under a detached roof, which, in fact, formed the many-storied spire conspicuous from all sides of the city. The central space was bounded by tall columns, lackered and picked out in red towards their bases.

Other rows of columns ran along the transepts. The whole, except the red bases of the columns, was a blaze of gilding. One high step, and four of less size, ascended to the dais on which stood the throne. This was in character exactly like the more adorned seats of *Gautama* in the temples, and like that from which the High Poongyi preaches. Its form is peculiar, contracting, by a gradation of steps, from the base upwards to mid-height, and again expanding to the top. The top of the throne was mattressed with crimson velvet, and at one side was an elbow-chair for the king. A carved doorway, closed by gilded lattice-doors, led from behind to the top level of the throne. The material of the throne was a sort of mosaic of gold, silver, and mirror-work. A few small figures occupied niches in the central band. These were said to represent the progenitors of the human race. In front of it, on the edge of the steps, stood five fine-gilded shafts, with small gilded labels or scrolls attached to them. These are also royal emblems. On each side of the dais were railed recesses like pews, and along the walls, which run right and left in rear of the throne, were rows of expanded white umbrellas, fringed with muslin valances. The centre aisle in front was occupied by a double row of young princes in surcoats of silver and gold brocade, with gay silk putsoes. Farther forward, near the steps of the dais, and between two pillars on our right, the *Ein-she-men*, or heir, was seated in a sort of couch or carved litter, scarcely raised above the ground."

There and thus sat the mission, with the Governor-General's letter on a gilt stool before them, partaking, in uneasy and uncomfortable attitudes, of refreshments from "little gilt stands containing trays of tobacco, pawn and *klafet*, or pickled tea, and other curious confections, neatly set out in golden cups or saucers, and accompanied by water-goblets and gold drinking-cups," which were liberally handed around.

"At last the king's approach was announced by music, sounding, as it appeared, from some inner court of the palace. A body of musketeers entered from the verandas in rear of the throne, and, passing forward, took their places between the pillars on each side of the centre aisle, kneeling down with their muskets between their knees, and their hands clasped before them in attitude of prayer. As the last man entered, the golden-lattice doors behind the throne

rolled back into the wall, and the king was seen mounting a stair leading from a chamber behind to the summit of the throne. He ascended slowly, and as if oppressed by weights, using his golden-sheathed sword as a staff to assist his steps. This is doubtless in some degree royal etiquette, but at the same time it was known that the jewelled coat worn by his majesty actually weighed nearly one hundred pounds! The queen followed close on her husband, and after assisting to hand in the golden spittoon, and other appendages of a Burmese dignitary, and fanning herself and her husband for a few minutes, whilst one of the girls from behind brought a lighted cheroot, which was immediately placed between the royal lips, finally took her seat. . . . From the distance at which the king was viewed, he seemed a portly man, having features of a much more refined character than are common among his subjects—exhibiting, indeed, the national physiognomy, but much subdued. His expression was good and intelligent, his hands delicately and finely formed. His dress was a sort of long tunic or surcoat, of a light-coloured silk apparently, but so thickly set with jewels that the fundamental material was scarcely discernible. His crown or cap was a round tiara of similar material, like an Indian morion, rising to a peak crowned with a spire-like ornament several inches high, and having flaps or wings rising over each ear. Over the forehead was a gold plate or frontlet; this crown is called *Thara-poo*. The queen was not seen to such advantage; this was partly owing to the character of her head-dress, which would have been a very trying one to any lady."

It would scarcely be justice to our fair readers to withhold the description of this dress also. Here it is :—

"It was a perfectly close cap, covering ears and hair entirely, and rising above into a conical crest, strangely resembling in form a rhinoceros horn, with the point curved forward into a volute; close lappets fell along the cheeks. The rest of her majesty's dress had rather an Elizabethan character. The sleeves and skirt appeared to be formed in successive overlapping scoloped lappets, and the throat was surrounded by a high collar, also scoloped or vandyke'd, and descending to the waist. At the waist she wore a stomacher or breast-plate of large gems. Both cap and robe were covered and stiffened with large diamonds, or what appeared to be such."

"When the king had fairly entered, all took off their hats, and the whole native assembly bowed their faces to the ground, and clasped their hands in front of them. The two rows of little princes, who lay in file before us, doubled over one another like fallen books on a shelf; and the two *atwen-woons* who sat near us grovelled forward in their frog-like attitude to a point half-way to the throne, as if to establish a 'repeating station' betwixt the king and us. Some eight or ten Brahmins, in white stoles, and white mitres encircled with gold leaves, then entered the screened recesses or pews near the throne, and commenced a choral chant in the Sanscrit language."

Then, after more chanting and other preliminary ceremonials, the Governor-General's letter was read aloud by the "Receiver of the Royal Voice," and the presents were delivered—looked at, wondered at, especially a railway model; and then, after some regular official questions, the royal departure took place, the mission was relieved from sitting on its heels, and the reception was over. This was dull work enough—but it was the state visit, and etiquette prescribed its routine and formalities. There were other interviews of a less formal character, when royalty appeared in *dishabill*, divested of the overweights of state ceremonial; and then the conversation was more animated, and his unjesty displayed ever therein an intelligence and knowledge, after his own kind, and a degree of speculation and research, which would not have shamed many of his European compeers. Religion, science, government, all were in turn subjects of discussion; to this followed interviews with the *Lin-she-men* and the great officials, all shadows of the royal one. In the official ones there seemed some jollity, and an oppressive series of eating, drinking, and consumption of pickled tea. We could sympathise with their labours in undergoing the multiplicity of breakfasts and desserts, for we once ourselves remember pressing our hospitable intents on a party of foreigners, and being suddenly pulled back by an old sea-captain, who hissed with stage whisper in our ears, "For God's sake don't stuff these fellows

any more; this is the fourth time they have lunched, they have three more to get through, and then they dine at half-past six." We saw them sup, and only hope that our Embassy addressed themselves to their task as kindly, and with such good appetite, followed apparently by good digestion.

One official deserves particular note—the Lord White Elephant, a great minister of state. A wag of our acquaintance, when asked what he would most like to be, answered—"A board—for then there is always good picking, good pay, and no responsibility." According to this rule, the Lord White Elephant would be an enviable personage—great state, nothing to do, and a territory to eat. How would *Punch's* fat boy, who rather envied the destiny of the fat pig, have longed for a transmigration into the White Elephant existence! This functionary has a palace or state apartment, with an humbler everyday residence, and "sheds for the vulgar herd of the same species, and brick godowns in which the state carriages and golden litters are stowed away." "The present White Elephant has occupied his post for at least fifty years." "He is a very large one, close upon ten feet high, with as noble a head and pair of tusks as I have ever seen; but he is long-bodied and lanky, and not otherwise well made. He is a regular "estate of the realm," having a woon or minister of his own, four gold umbrellas—the white umbrellas which are peculiar to royalty—with a suite of attendants said to be thirty in number." Like many other sinecurists and "estates of the realm," he does not seem to flourish much under his dignities, but would doubtless be a happier elephant if he could exchange his palace and his umbrellas for coverts, forests, and overhanging trees. The possession of a white elephant is a sort of ensign of universal sovereignty, and the discovery of one is hailed as a good and happy omen for a reign. The slightest blenish, however—a few black hairs in the tail, or some such matter—at once mars its claims to sanctity. 'Tis well that all the other great officers of state are not chosen with the same

fastidiousness. Fancy a white-stick or a gold-stick being rejected for red hair or crooked legs!

The palace and the bamboo hut, what a contrast do they present! and there is little save woons and white elephants betwixt them. It is the old story of the one absorbing the wealth, the splendour, the resources of a country, and leaving around a waste of dreary poverty, squalidness, and apathy. The corn in one heap, the husks scattered all around—such as Burmah is, spite of all that is said, such it must ever have been, in a degree, in this respect. Amarapura may not vie with the relics of Pagan; but when we read of its palaces, its monasteries—richer in art even than those of ancient times—and reflect that it is the capital of a new dynasty, a new city, raised and created amid the difficulties and trials of intestine struggles and foreign wars, we cannot believe that there has been any great falling-off in the royal finances or in native art; and there is nothing in the records or traditions of the race to lead us to the belief that the relations of people and sovereign, the difference betwixt state and commonalty, bamboo hut and palace, were ever other than they are now. The extent of the sovereignty was wider, the splendour of courts and cities perhaps greater and more gorgeous, but we doubt, from what is seen of the present, and what known of the past, whether the men of the land, the real strength of a nation, were ever more than dwellers in bamboo huts, and spectators of puses. The strength of a nation, diffused through classes, would have shown itself in greater national efforts, in more vigorous stands for independence. Kings and kings' coffers may create national works, but it is only a people naturalised and bound to the State who can raise a national destiny.

The mission failed in its purpose of a treaty. That seems to us but little matter. The great object was evidently the gathering and collecting information and details of the country and its people. This was done as thoroughly as the time and opportunities permitted. We have

quoted purposely from the parts which throw out the salient points of the national characteristics and conditions,—the amusements of the people—the monuments of the past—the present as it appears in the modern city—the state and forms of royalty, and the architecture as it reflects the genius of the people. Many lighter and more amusing scenes might have been selected, but these would not have shown the character and principle of the book, which were eminently useful and informing. The concluding chapters contain a summary of the geography, religion, statistics, and government of the country, and are, perhaps, the most valuable part of the work.

The government would appear to be a pure despotism, aided and carried out by a high court or council, composed of the Woongyis, or principal ministers of state.

"Four appears to be the normal number of woongyis, and they do not appear to have any distribution of departments of business among them, but deliberate together at the *Hlwot-dau*, on whatever is brought before the body. Their decisions, when confirmed by the king, become the laws of the land. The *atwen-woons* or household ministers, also four in number, are intrusted with the internal affairs of the palace and the realm, and the business of the royal monopolies. The woongyis are generally designated by the title of office, or by a sort of peerage title derived from the township or district which they eat."

These and their confederates, the *atwen-woons*, administer the law and the State, and apparently constitute the aristocracy of the country. As far as we can gather, there is no hereditary rank, no middle class, no power, no estate standing between the crown and its functionaries and the people. The military state of Burma is very low—contemptible indeed. The King of Ava has no magazines or munitions of war, so called; and though the life of every subject is at the disposal of the king, and every male is liable to serve as a soldier whenever he is called upon, the strength of a Burmese force must depend not on the amount of the population, but on the number the

king can feed in a collected state, and on the number of muskets.

The army is supplied by contingents provided by provinces and districts, and has besides a more permanent force on duty at the capital, and believed to amount to about ten thousand men. This force, however, as has been amply proved, is deficient in military character, organisation, and resources.

"It appears to be allowed that Buddhist worship and the monastic discipline are preserved in Burma with greater purity than in any other country, the former less mixed with the service of intruding divinities, and the latter less stained with the habitual breach of obligations either of poverty or continence. The ethics of their Buddhism, with many puerilities, free as they are from the warp of caste, appear to be much purer than those of Brahminism, and here and there among them maxims are seen of a startling thoroughness that remind one of the penetrating precepts of Holy Writ." The monastic state is carried here to a greater extent than in any Asiatic country perhaps, and is considered indispensable to the attainment of perfection and bliss. "The reputation of the monks in Burma, too, maintains, I believe, a respectable level. Yet the moral system has had little effect on the character of the people. No point, at least, is more prominent in that system than tenderness of life. Yet in no country probably (unless in semi-Buddhist China) has human life been more recklessly and cruelly sacrificed, whether in punishment of crime, or in judicial and private murder." The geographical description has already been given; its commercial capabilities would not appear to be many or considerable, but yet such as have hitherto been very incompletely developed. The resources of the country, varying, as it does, in its climate and population, are doubtless vast, and such as, under other sway and other circumstances, might be made more advantageous to human life and national prosperity. A sparse population of two millions spread over such an extent

of territory, would in itself indicate all the wants of government and defects of civilisation. All the deductions—all the conclusions, though not expressed—lead to the conviction that the country and people, as they exist now, do not possess the elements of progress within themselves—that they require for their advancement and development a stronger impulse and more energetic governing force. All point to the further progress of the Peepul tree. Yet shall we ever again devote national rights and independence to theories of government and civilisation? or shall we not rather pause until the will of a people, rather than the necessities of polity, invite our dominion? Burmah would, from its condition and position, say, Come, take us, govern and civilise us. India, with its experiences, says, "Stay thine hand until events are ripe—until empire be no injury, no polity, but a benevolence and a blessing."

Thus must we quit the book and its subject, deeply impressed with the value of its information, and the thoroughness with which its object has been carried out, even to the sacrifice of lightness and attraction. There has been one aim systematically adopted and adhered to—that of collecting and publishing a knowledge of Burmah and its inhabitants; and this has been done by plans, maps, illustrations, and a carefully-compiled letterpress, which establish the topography, illustrate the architectural remains, and delineate the features of the country, with a correctness, vividness, and particularity of detail, which will make this, hereafter, a text-book for politicians, archaeologists, philosophers, and explorers. The man who makes one blade of wheat grow where one never grew before, confers, it is said, a benefit on

the world; and surely he who sets before us in light and knowledge one particular nation, however unimportant it may be in the economies of peoples, has done something for mankind—something which shall aid us in knowing and communing with one another. This our author has done. He cannot or may not expect that his costly volume will lie on the lap of railway travellers, or that his leaves will be turned over by the fair fingers of sea-side visitors; but when the governors of his nation seek for knowledge on the subject of the country he describes, or when savants and philosophers seek for facts on the characteristics and analogies of the race of whose past and present he treats, they will recur to him as their authority and councillor. This appreciation may not be so sweet or so ready as popularity, but it is more solid, more enduring; and he who has been capable of so much labour and research will also be capable of waiting for his reward.

Whilst, however, giving all due honour to those who thus creditably fulfilled the mission intrusted to them, it were unjust not to pay a passing tribute to the energy and wisdom of the mind which planned and sent it forth. It would be well for us and our policy were all rulers to follow the system then adopted by Lord Dalhousie, and to make the missions of diplomacy and etiquette instrumental to the acquisition of the knowledge of a people, and the advancement of science. Such a system must be ever of incalculable gain to a governing power, and to the general interests of mankind; and it is to be hoped that all future missions may be conducted on a principle so worthy of a civilised nation.

A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

PASSING showers of rain, which set in towards evening, did not deter the officers and many of the Earl of Elgin's staff from visiting Decima and Nangasaki.* They returned in a perfect state of delight with the cleanliness and order of the towns, the civility of the people, and better still, the absence of all those unmentionable smells which haunt the visitor on the shores of the neighbouring continent of China. About sundown the boom of three heavy guns twice repeated rolled from seaward over the hills around our anchorage; presently the same sounds came apparently from some nearer point—the battery above the town next took up the tune, and then the reports were heard again and again, until lost in the distance. When we inquired what all this noise was about, a Japanese interpreter informed us that two European sail had appeared in sight of the look-outs, and that these guns were signalling the fact throughout the interior up to Miaco, where the spiritual Emperor resides. Their method, in the absence of electricity, is a rapid mode of signalling, but the expense must be enormous, and can only be supported by a naturally thrifty government, through excessive jealousy and anxiety to know of the movements of Europeans. Next day the arrival of the naval Commander-in-Chief, Sir Michael Seymour, in the "*Calcutta*," towed by the "*Inflexible*," Captain Brooker, proved that the Japanese look-out men's eyes were as correct as they were keen.

It was early morning when we landed at Decima; and in justice to the Dutch residents, whose post-prandial somnolence we have already mentioned, it must be owned, that they had risen with the lark, as men should who dine when the sun is in the zenith. Decima, the foreign quarter of Nangasaki, is an island,

and dear old Kämpfer, the most charming of old Dutch writers upon Japan, compares it in form to an outspread fan without a handle. Its length cannot be much more than five or six hundred yards, and the settlement consists of one street of that extent, intersected at its centre by a short one leading to the only bridge which spans the canal that separates the once hated Christians from the good folks of Nangasaki. Along this street are the houses of the Dutch residents, and their Japanese agents and retainers, besides a number of native stores filled with articles of Japanese manufacture, and called by the name of the Dutch Bazaar. Decima and the residents were all awake and stirring; a few porters were carrying bales of imported produce; a store here and there was open, and boxes or packages were being tumbled about as if some commercial movement was taking place; but Decima, wide awake and stirring, had none of the rush and throb of buyers and sellers, such as we had seen at the ports of China frequented by European merchants. How changed the scene will be (one involuntarily exclaimed) a few years hence, when Cockney, Scot, and New-Yorker shall be competing who can make money fastest, or be the quickest to improve the Japanese off the face of the earth! Whatever the future "*Decima*" may be, Decima as we found it was a solemn-looking, weird-like place—it seemed as if it bore the impress of its past strange history, and as if haunted by the memory of the Portuguese and Dutchmen whose jail it had been. It quietly said to you, "Yes! here the condemned Pagan, as you, in your self-conceit, oh Christian, are pleased to call him, crushed and exterminated the professors and believers in your faith, and tempted with gold these poor Dutchmen to commit

* We have preferred to spell Nangasaki thus, because the *g* in Japan is usually pronounced like *ng*.

apostasy, and for its sake they did it!" Even the very stones bear witness to the depths of degradation nations will stoop to, to preserve some base commercial or political advantage; and without any wish to throw stones at our Protestant neighbours, it would be well if all the reclamations against the Dutch in Japan, by the Roman Catholic writers, could be gainsaid. Could one forget, standing on Decima, their torturing the Christians instead of merely expelling them the country, one's sympathies would all be with the Japanese.

What could be more noble, more self-denying and energetic, than the course they pursued, when they found their independence as a free State was imperilled by the adoption of the Romish faith of those days? The Portuguese found the Japanese merchants trading to every part of the East Indies, and they had from the earliest times been in intimate commercial relation with China, sometimes dependent upon her, at other times fiercely assailing her. Their country could not produce many of the luxuries, hardly the necessities of life, and necessity as well as interest urged the Japanese merchant, in his frail bark, to very distant ports. Yet when it was deemed requisite by their Emperor, the sacrifice was made—all foreign trade ceased—Japan recoiled from connection with every nation, and by dint of great exertions, not only vigorously carried out this system, but, judging by the present happy and contented condition of her people, has had no reason to regret it. "Not a Christian shall remain in Japan," said the edict; and it was a sort of compromise when the Emperor Yoye Mitsu, after driving the priests from his dominions, putting their converts to death and expelling the Spaniards, caused a heap of rubbish to be piled up in shoal-water off the town of Nangasaki, and in 1633 ordered the Portuguese to confine themselves to *that*, the present Decima. Before this time these foreigners had been at liberty to wander about and establish themselves where they pleased on the shores of Kiu-Siu. On Decima the Portuguese remained a short time, subjected to every degradation, instigated, they declared,

in a great measure by the Dutch, who then were located at Firando. First their wives and children were banished to Macao; then they were compelled to abstain from the public services of their Church; and, lastly, they were ordered to tread upon the emblem of their faith. Instead of fleeing the country, they raised a rebellion; and under the bloody ruins of Simbarna, a city a short distance to the southward, the Portuguese, their converts, and priests, found a common grave; the Dutch assisting in what the Church of Rome dignifies with the title of martyrdom, but which was nothing more than the bloody penalty of a religious insurrection. This happened in 1640. Two short years afterwards, the Dutch, at Firando (for we English had voluntarily withdrawn, in consequence of difficulties arising from the Great Rebellion, and other causes), were peremptorily ordered to quit their factory, to erase the date of its erection from the portals, and proceed to Decima. "You will cease to observe the Sabbath," said the mandate; "and on all other points be guided by the instructions you will receive from the Lords of Firando!" The poor Dutchmen went tamely to their jail; and though the most enterprising seamen of that day—though their stout burghers had shaken off the strong grip of Spain—still Japanese gold kobangs, and Japanese copper bars, reconciled them to the continuance they must endure, if they desired to share in those good things; and they bore it with all the phlegm and patience of their race for two centuries. And now, when Americans, Russians, and British, have come to awaken them and their jailers up to the necessities and obligations of 1858, they have roused up, looking rather cross, as if we had much better have let things be.

The sun, however, was rising too fast over the Peak of Hi-kosan (giving already an earnest of a considerably hot day), for us to stand longer ruminating on the past or present of Decima.

Wood enters largely into the construction of all Japanese dwellings; those in Decima are no exception to

the rule ; but the European houses, though probably very comfortable, are, without exception, formed on the ugliest models Holland ever produced. I need not describe them. The cottages in a box of Nuremberg wooden toys represent them exactly ; small black cubes of wood, four white windows in front, as many behind, and a red door. It is, therefore, to the credit of the taste of the natives resident in Decima, that they appear in no way to have copied the Dutch mode of house-building, but have adhered faithfully to their own ideas of the comfortable—which seemed to be comprised under the two sound conditions of good ventilation and plenty of light.

A Japanese house consists of a ground-floor and top-story. The front and back of the basement can be removed at pleasure, leaving it quite open, through the premises, for air and light, except where the posts supporting the first floor intervene. Usually, the front panels only are removed during the daytime, and the back panels, formed of a light, graceful, wood framework, covered with translucent paper, are left to screen the cooking departments and back premises. The floor of the basement is raised about three feet above the level of the ground, and is neatly boarded, and then laid over with a series of stuffed grass mats, on which the inmates walk, sit, feed, and sleep. If it is a shop, the arrangements are still the same, except that the boxes or drawers containing the goods are arranged on shelves on either side, and the merchant and purchasers in their *socks*—for all shoes and boots are carefully put off on these mats—sit on the floor to discuss prices and qualities. The story overhead serves as a place of abode for their wives and families, and those we visited are in height, and ventilation, and cleanliness, vastly superior to the majority of up-stairs rooms in the East.

There was hardly a house in Nangasaki that had not some sort of garden attached to it, and all were well and tastefully kept ; but the most striking thing in this city (and it was generally observed by all of us in Japan), was that every man, woman, and child looked happy and contented !

There was an exception to the rule—a number of unfortunate solemnities who were in charge of the gateway leading from Decima to Nangasaki ; and they were evidently bored to death. Poor scribes ! they had to keep notes of everything, animate and inanimate, that went in or out of that solitary outlet to Japan ! Every one else met us with a friendly smile, or a good-natured look of amazement, at either our brilliant buttons, our shining boots, or some other phenomenon exhibited in the gorgeous attire of a British naval officer. The labouring portion of the male population decidedly took little anxious care for their raiment—a piece of cotton cloth, a yard long and six inches wide, constituting their general attire ; and many of the children might have just escaped from Eden, so innocent were they of any clothing. Laughing and coaxing, they came unhesitatingly up to us, begging, in their naturally pretty way, for buttons, “Cassi button ?” “Cassi button ?” It was irresistible, and we gave all we could spare ; but what those little urchins are going to do with buttons, seeing they had neither rag nor ornament upon them, is a puzzle to us. The grown-up women were modestly attired in dark-coloured garments, their beautiful hair neatly dressed, and, but that their nails were dyed, there was a general appearance of beauty about them, combined with much grace in the figures of the younger ones. The Japanese officials and gentry were very well dressed, and in their attire displayed considerable dandyism, according to their own fashion. But in their dress, as well as in their houses, in Japan, we noticed the prevalence of quiet, indeed sombre colours, and the absence of that vulgar colouring and tinsel-work so common in China. Here the out-door dress of the ladies, and that of the poor girls at the tea-gardens, and the wives of the tradespeople, was quiet in colour, however fine the texture might be ; and amongst the official dresses of the officers, black, dark blue, and black and white patterns, were the most general. Their houses and temples are likewise painted less gaudily than elsewhere in the East,

and there was far less gilding about them. This peculiarity in Japanese taste was one of the first impressions received on our visiting Japan, and, like many first impressions, proved to be correct.

We found the Dutch bazaar at Decima filled with porcelain and lacker-ware in a thousand tasteful forms; we had fancied ourselves perfectly *blasé* about all "curiosities," but such impenetrability gave way rapidly with the temptation before us. The first feeling was a desire to buy up everything, where all was so pretty. Tables, curiously inlaid with mother-of-pearl—representations of birds and animals, which our papier-maché manufacturers, or those of France, would give anything to be able to imitate—cabinets, on which golden fish or tortoise stood out in most truthful relief—wonderful little gems in ivory, bone, or wood, fifty times more replete with originality, skill, and wit than anything China ever produced—porcelain so delicate, that you were almost afraid to touch it—in short, a child in a pastry-cook's shop never ran from sweet to sweet more perplexed to know which to invest in, than we that morning in Decima bazaar!

We were fast approaching the bottom of a very modest purse, and, in exultation at our purchases, remarking to a Dutch understrapper, who happened to be near, that the articles were most beautiful. "Most beautiful," he repeated; "the Dutch bazaar has all the beautiful things—you will find nothing in the Roshian bazaar." Here he smiled with supreme contempt—did this inhabitant of Decima, adding scornfully, "Roshian bazaar! there is notings beautifuls in that bazaar."

We instantly resolved to go there (so naturally perverse is man), but inquired of our friend, whether the bazaar to which he alluded was for the sale of Russian produce or manufacture?

"Nay, nay," said my scornful Hollander; "they have notings Roshian in it—only they frightened the Japanese, to make them open another place in which tings might be bought, and had it called a Roshian bazaar."

"They have been much about Japan of late?" I remarked.

"Yah! very moch, and more by-and-by." Then he wagged his head and sighed, evidently seeing sad days in store for Japan and Dutch merchants at Decima.

Why is it, we thought, as we hurried off into Nangasaki, that Russia is always thus the *bête noir* of every man, except Monsieur le Comte de Morny?

Through a gateway we entered the Russian bazaar; it was situated close to the water-side, and consisted, of an enclosed quadrangle, about an acre in extent, having on three sides booths, in which a profusion of articles were exhibited for sale—much of the same sort we had seen in Decima, but perhaps not quite so good, though in greater variety. A rush of officers from the men-of-war in port now took place—each stall was speedily besieged with eager faces; and eager voices, in good round Saxon, were clamouring to know the price of everything, and to be served immediately. The Japanese tradesmen showed wonderful self-possession and commercial acumen, under this sudden onslaught of purchasers. A Chinaman would have sat down sulkily, smoked his pipe, and given short answers to be rid of such a crowd of purchasers. The Japanese called for more aid, and then briskly rushed about the booth, giving information, praised his wares, packed up and despatched his goods expeditiously, and laughed and smiled all the while, as if the whole thing was an admirable joke. They were quite as ready to sell as we were to buy, and showed a degree of handiness, intelligence, and good arrangement, which augured well for their management of commercial transactions upon a more extensive scale.

By the old laws of the Japanese Empire, the exportation of their currency, whether gold, silver, or copper, is strictly prohibited, and to insure it, no European is allowed to possess native coin. The difficulty, therefore, of purchasing would be great upon that ground alone; but in addition to this rule, another exists, by which the natives are forbidden to receive our coins either. For a while, it seemed there must be a dead-lock in

the market ; but it was explained to us that a government bank existed in the bazaar, where we could obtain paper currency (available only in Nangasaki) in exchange for our dollars. From that bank we came out with bundles of very simple-looking strips of card-board covered with cabalistic signs, indicative of their value, in lieu of the silver we had given—a favour for which the Government charged us six per cent ! With these Japanese bank-notes we paid the tradesmen, whom no amount of persuasion could induce to receive silver ; and they again, poor fellows, had to present them at the bank, and receive the amount in the metallic currency of the country, paying of course a handsome tax for the honour of selling to the foreigners. Apart from this little restriction upon the exchange, there was, however, no difficulty in making purchases ; and it was very remarkable that in this country, which for two centuries had declared that it required no foreign commerce, and was totally indifferent either to the products or money of other nations, and proved how great was the natural commercial and money-making genius of the people—that nearly every article exposed in this Russian bazaar was the manufacture of the dependants of the prince upon whose territory Nangasaki was situated. We were then assured, and subsequent information confirmed the statement, that nearly all the independent princes emulated each other in manufacturing, or rather imitating, every European article that could be copied, and then sent the surplus specimens to be sold throughout the empire.

For instance, at one stall we found microscopes, telescopes, sun-dials, rules, scales, clocks, knives, spoons, glass, beads, trinkets, and mirrors—all of native make upon European models—and the prices were so ridiculously small, that even at the lowest estimate of the value of labour it was a puzzle how any profit could be realised upon the articles. The microscopes were very neat, and intended to be carried in the pocket : an imitation morocco case opened, and contained within it a small and not very powerful lens, fixed in a

metal frame at a short distance from an upright pin, on which the object for examination was to be stuck, and the entire workmanship was highly creditable. The telescopes were framed in stiff paper-cases, sufficiently thick and ingeniously lacerated to resemble leather over wood. The glasses, though small, were clear ; the magnifying power was not great, but it was a marvel to see such an instrument sold for a shilling ! We saw another superior description of Japanese telescope, six feet long when pulled out ; it was quite as powerful and as genuine as those *real Dollands* which our naval outfitters are in the habit of procuring for credulous parents when equipping their sailor children at seaports. The price at Nangasaki is a dollar or five shillings, but at Portsmouth it is five pounds sterling ! The Japanese clocks exhibited for sale were beautiful specimens of mechanism, and proved what we had heard, that the people of this country are most cunning in the fashioning of metals. One we saw was like those neat table-clocks at home under square glass-covers, all the works being open to scrutiny ; it was six or eight inches high, and about as broad, and it would have been difficult to know it from one of Mr Dent's best of a like description. The Japanese day being divided into twelve hours of unequal duration—dependent, so far as we could understand, upon the amount of daylight or darkness in each day—the dial of their clocks was therefore different from ours ; in some it was changed every month, and in others the motion of the hands was regulated by an ingenious adaptation of weights and increased or decreased length of pendulum. A good clock of this description, which, from its elegance, and the beautiful workmanship and chasing of the exterior, would have been an ornament anywhere, was only priced at about £8.

When Japan was first visited by Europeans, silk in the raw state was largely imported from Tonquin and China ; to us it appeared likely that, when Nangasaki was opened again to foreign commerce, silk, both raw and manufactured, would be exported to an equal extent. Manufactured

silks and crapes were both plentiful and cheap, and some of the heavier descriptions, such as are not made in China. The gentry and higher orders of tradespeople wore silk, and it appears more than possible that, during the period Japan has shut herself out from the world, she has succeeded in successfully naturalising the silk-worm.

Every dollar spent, and nearly denuded of uniform buttons, which had been presented as *gages d'amitié* to the delighted children in the streets, we strolled back to the landing-place, and pulled to the ship, raced off for the greater part of the distance by a gig's crew of Japanese men-of-war's men — stout-built, brawny-chested fellows, with shaved polls and beardless faces. Of course it was highly unbecoming that such exalted foreigners as ourselves should race against a boat-load of black fellows, and our men looked as if they thought their chief must have taken leave of his senses when they were ordered to "give way;" but it was something to find a boat full of dark skins, who, from pure spirit of emulation, desired to match their bone and muscle against white men; so we indulged them. Right well the Johnnies—for who is not a "bono" or "no bono Johnny" to our men?—put their wills to their oars, and good-naturedly they laughed as we shot by them, and told them in words and by signs that they were stout good fellows. Then they tossed their oars, and sheared off to his Imperial Japanese Majesty's schooner, a craft which looked in very fair order, and on board of which the men exercised daily aloft in a highly creditable manner.

Our day's observations led us to a conclusion which every hour in Japan confirmed—that the people inhabiting it are a very remarkable race, and destined, by God's help, to play an important rôle in the future history of this remote quarter of the globe. It was impossible not to recognise in their colour, features, dress, and customs, the Sinitic stock whence they must have sprung; but

they differed much, physically and mentally, from that cold-blooded race. Full of fresh life and energy, anxious to share and compete with European civilisation, ready to acknowledge its superiority, and desirous of adapting it to their social and public wants, how charming a contrast to the stolid Chinaman, who smiles blandly at some marvel of western skill or science, and calmly assures you that their countrymen "hab got all the same that Pekin side!" The Dutch naval and general instructors bore the highest testimony to the intelligence and mental capacity of their pupils; that their aptitude for every branch of knowledge, and their avidity for acquiring information, were equally remarkable. Mathematics, algebra, and geography, they acquired *con amore*, and the facility of computation by means of the European system of arithmetic, astonished and delighted them exceedingly. There was not a trade, or manufacture, or invention common to Europe or the United States that they did not expect to have explained to them, in order that they might immediately proceed to imitate it; and inquiries upon these subjects would come from the Government, the nobles, and the people generally. Like very inquisitive children, they often nearly posed their instructors.

One day some great personage desired to have the construction of Colt's pistols and Sharp's rifles explained to him, in order that he might undertake their manufacture.* Another insisted upon making aneroids at Yedo. Glass-making in all its branches became a great rage, and some of the specimens of ornamental bottles were very original and tasteful in pattern. Iron and brass guns were cast of every calibre up to those of ten inches diameter. Shells, with the latest improvements in fuzes, one prince could produce; and another became so enraptured with steam machinery, and I dare say so shocked at the enormous price the Dutch charged them for their steamers, that a factory for their con-

* We heard that the Prince of Saxuma had armed his retainers with both of the above weapons, made by native workmen after models obtained from Europeans.

struction was established, and one complete engine had already been turned out of hand, put up in a vessel built at Nangasaki, and actually worked about the harbour.

On all the thousand and one difficulties that occurred to the Japanese in carrying out their system of imitating in Japan all we could produce in Europe, the Dutch instructors were expected to throw a light, and perhaps they sometimes suffer in reputation as oracles. They put me much in mind of the unenviable position one of our sailors is often placed in when he deserts to some island in the South Seas. "Can you preach, mend a musket, and fight?" is the general question put by the assembled natives.

"Of course I can," is the reply of the poor fellow, who is installed immediately in the triple office of high priest, oracle, and monarch; and amidst the unceasing calls upon his theology, his oratory, his inventive powers, and his pugnacity, often wishes himself safely back in the fore-top of her Majesty's brig *Diver*.

These Dutch gentlemen were not, however, daunted by the difficulties they had to surmount, and strove hard to impart all the knowledge that was sought. As an instance of the abrupt and unexpected queries put to them, one of these persons told me that a Japanese came all the way from the capital, an overland journey of forty odd days' duration, to inquire about one particular subject. What was it?—"Explain the means by which the hourly variations of the barometer may be registered by means of a photographic apparatus!"

My informant was for a time fairly puzzled, but at last, in some recent work on photography, he found what had been done, and told the messenger how it was possible to do so. "But surely you want some other information?" he asked. "No, that was what he was sent to know, and he had no other business!" The latest improvement adopted was to teach the young men to ride in European fashion for military purposes; and whilst we were in Nangasaki, a Dutch non-commissioned officer was busy teaching a number of

Japanese gentlemen to ride in a riding-school constructed for the purpose. When they were perfect, they would be sent into different provinces to instruct their countrymen; for although there are abundance of horses in Japan, and rather good ones too, still, what with straw-shoes for their hoofs, and stirrups weighing fifty pounds a-piece, and lackered saddles, it must be acknowledged that their cavalry is as yet far from formidable. In infantry movements I was told that they had for some time received instruction, and that, as a militia, their force was very respectable; indeed, a Russian officer who was staying at Nangasaki, and who had seen much of Japan, spoke of the perfect military organisation of the empire in the warmest terms. From his description, the entire population formed one complete army, of which every town, village, and hamlet might be said to be companies or sections. The power, however, of directing this formidable array upon any point, either for offence or defence, is vastly curbed by the independent tenure of the three hundred and sixty princes. Each of these is the chief authority in his own state, and, like the barons of old, claims a power of life and death over his subjects, though at the same time acknowledging as their sovereign and chief the Tai-koon, and the council resident in Yedo. Owing to the absence of the Dutch superintendent of trade, Donker Curtius, upon the diplomatic service spoken of in the last chapter, there was a considerable amount of restraint in the bearing of the Dutch residents. They appeared in doubt what part it was prudent to play, and what amount of information to give in the present uncertain state of the foreign relations between Japan and Europe. Perhaps it was natural enough that they should not at once feel at ease, when the restrictions and contumely they have endured so long were suddenly removed. From what they said, it was utterly out of the question for the British ambassador to attempt to open negotiations with the imperial government through the very inferior officers known to Europeans as the governor and lieu-

tenant-governor of Nangasaki; indeed, had they even been men of rank, there were obvious reasons why they who had been the instruments of an insulting policy towards Europeans should, if possible, have nothing to do with the arrangements upon which our future intercourse was to be carried on. The presentation of the yacht sent by her most gracious Majesty to the Emperor of Japan would have been equally improper at this spot, and as, in the orders given to her commander, some one in England had by accident directed her to be pre-

sented at Yedo, Lord Elgin gladly availed himself of that excuse for proceeding thither immediately. This arrangement became all the more feasible, as the naval commander-in-chief, who had been the person instructed to deliver the yacht to the Japanese government, found himself unable to go as far as Yedo at this moment, and deputed the senior officer of our little squadron, Captain Charles Barker, to do so, in such a manner, time, or place, as the ambassador might desire; and to Yedo, or as near it as possible, we were now to proceed.

CHAPTER IV.

The promised visit of the Lieutenant-governor of Nangasaki to his Excellency the British Ambassador took place in the afternoon. The Lieutenant-governor was most anxious not only to see the Ambassador, of whom they had heard much in Japan, and whose advent in a pacific character they little expected, but he wished to examine and report upon the yacht "Emperor." It was arranged that, after the visit to Lord Elgin, the Lieutenant-governor should proceed to inspect her, escorted by Lieutenant-commander Ward. On all previous occasions that British men-of-war had visited Japan, or that high officers of the two nations had exchanged civilities, our usual custom of saluting with guns in honour of their rank had been avoided, in obedience to Japanese port-orders. Even on this occasion Lord Elgin had requested the senior officer, Captain Barker, not to pay him the usual token of respect, in deference, as we concluded, to the wishes of the Japanese authorities. Suspecting, however, that the Japanese officials might after all be inclined to stretch the point when compliments to themselves were in question, it was arranged that the Lieutenant-governor should be asked if he would like a salute, and if so, it was immediately to be fired. He not only wished to be saluted, but knew the number of charges he was entitled to by our European code. I need not say that the "Retribution" was firing away

almost as soon as the wish was expressed; and for the future, at any rate, British ships need not hesitate to pay their own or foreign officers the proper marks of respect. We afterwards learnt that the American and Russian flag-officers had very recently, in the same port, been firing salutes in honour of the anniversary of American independence, and of each other.

It was suggested that it would give us great pleasure to salute the Japanese flag with twenty-one guns, as men-of-war usually do on visiting the port of a friendly power. Our visitors approved of the idea amazingly; but on making an inquiry as to whether the forts or ships would return the salute with an equal number of guns (*a sine qua non* in all international salutes), they replied—"Return salute—how?—why?" We explained that if England salutes Japan, Japan must return the compliment. "Ah!" said the interpreter, "Japan cannot do that. Japan cannot salute: the Government has given no authority to do so." "Then please to tell the Governor that England cannot salute until Japan does."

The Lieutenant-governor then proceeded to lunch with his Lordship. After lunch, the yacht was visited, and the authorities expressed themselves highly delighted with the completeness and beauty of every part of the vessel, and promised to send up to Yedo most favourable

reports of the gift to his imperial majesty the Tai-koon of Japan.

Every one in the squadron asked at least once, Why, of all things to be found in Great Britain, the Government should have selected a yacht—about the only object that it was utterly impossible the Tai-koon should ever use? Any one who had taken the trouble to read the briefest account of Japan could have told you that. Yedo was said to be unapproachable for vessels; and even if the yacht, drawing twelve feet water, could touch the quay, the Tai-koon at Yedo (like the spiritual Emperor at Miaco) was forbidden to quit his palace, and so could never see her except with a spy-glass from his terraces, two miles off! So far as an excuse for going to Yedo was concerned, any present, with instructions to deliver it at that place, would certainly have answered the purpose. When one saw how full of intelligence all the higher classes in Japan were—how capable of appreciating the skill and mechanism employed in any of the marvels of scientific labour Great Britain contains—it was a subject of regret that a screw-schooner, with bird's-eye maple panels and velvet cushions—very handsome, no doubt, but quite matched by most river-boats in England or America—should have been the only specimen sent of our mechanical or manufacturing skill.

A lieutenant of the Russian navy, who had been left behind in charge of a party of scorbutic sailors, landed from the frigate "Esvold," visited, and had much to say of the untiring kindness of the authorities, and the Japanese in general. Lieutenant L—— declared them to be the finest race on the earth; and as he lived amongst them, and saw but little of the Dutch, he was in a very good position to form an opinion on the subject.

There is, I think, far more of the South-Sea islander than of the Chinaman in these inhabitants of Southern Japan. Love, who never assuredly had so little nose as to enter China, has made Japan his abiding-place, and lurks in the bright eyes of all her bronze-checked

daughters—the "ower gude" may think too much so, but, poor souls! let us be charitable until we teach them better. These people are an active-minded, intelligent race, obedient to their own laws; and obedience to them is the only limit they know to their anxiety to serve or oblige the European. Two hundred years of peace have not made them scorn the sword as the best arbitrator of fraud or injustice, and military rank is still held in high honour among them.

Woman holds in Japan a high social position. She is not couped up in pestiferous apartment to delight some fattened-up Chinese mandarin, or greasy Brahmin, but contributes not a little to the charms of man's life; she has succeeded in asserting her right to be treated like a rational being, quite as well able to take care of herself as the sterner sex. Their freedom granted, it is true the fair damsels—nay, and the matrons—have in some respects "jumped over the traces." Then, with a highly commendable liking to scrupulous cleanliness, they somewhat depart from Western notions of propriety as to the time and place for their ablutions. Yet, after all, that is a mere matter of taste. A tub of water in the open air, in a balmy climate, is, all will allow, very delicious, and the ladies of Nangasaki saw no good reason to forego their pleasurable bath because there happened to be an unsolicited influx of hairy-faced strangers, at a season of the year when bathing was more than ever necessary. Their own countrymen did not stop and stare, but went and did likewise. Let future European residents resist the temptation to adopt the *al-fresco* habits of the people; meantime let us bear in mind our good old motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" . . .

We had been two days and one night in Nangasaki; the second evening was closing in, and though we could not already be tired of it, yet, oh! we longed so to be off to Yedo!—Yedo, the mysterious city of such enormous extent, famous for the beauty of its site, with a population next in numbers to London. Yedo was the great wonder it was just

possible (thought and said some sanguine individuals) that we might see. The idea was scoffed at by our Dutch friends: it was true that there was salt water, that the Gulf of Yedo washed the beach close up to the capital; but then there were banks and shallows and dangers which rendered it impossible for great ships to approach the sacred city. Yet the sea was there, and where there was salt water, there was hope for our handy ships. . . . To wish to be off again from so sweet a place as Nangasaki, seems unreasonable and restless. Looking as we did that last beautiful evening on all the loveliness around us, the rebuke at first seemed well merited. The bay by day is beautiful, but give me Nangasaki by moonlight, when the heat is passing away, and the cool breezes of night invigorate the frame and stipple the polished surface of the water, which reflects the starry beauty of the blue vault overhead, except where the dark shadows of native and foreign craft are thrown athwart it. The delicate play of the moonlight upon town, village, and upland; the phosphorescent wake of the numerous boats passing and repassing; the twinkling lights and the drowsy hum of a large city during the early hours of night—all formed a picture which might tempt the mind to rest here content. And as we stood in that calm moonlight, we talked of wild scenes that had been enacted here. We hear of a goodly Spanish ship that sailed in long ago through that seaward portal, now shrouded by the dark gloom of the overhanging cliff. She is a tall ship of three decks, a yearly trader from the Philippines—a royal vessel combining the war-ship and merchantman. Her swelling canvass furled, she swings to her anchors, and flaunts from many a mast quaint colours and pennons. Culverins and brass pieces peer out of her ports; and the golden ensign, with its broad bloody stripes, waves proudly over her stern. On shore there is much excitement. Twelve months previously, the Japanese had

learnt that a vessel of their country had been basely set upon off the Philippines by Spaniards, and the vessel and crew sunk in the depths of the sea, and the imperial government had forbidden Spaniards under pain of death to visit Japan.* This galleon had come in contempt of the mandate, and, though warned of the horrors that would ensue, the Spaniard would not or could not sail. The court issues a mandate, and the Spaniard must suffer at any cost the penalty of his insolence. We may fancy the muster of row-boats,—the Prince of Arima arranging his devoted retainers, promising high reward to the valiant, short shrift to the craven. We can fancy the scornful feelings of the high-couraged Don in his lofty bark for the yelping wolves around him, naked half-armed infidels, who come against the steel-clad conquerors of half the world! Then the shout of defiance, and the wild music of the war-shell, as each party rushed on. Wolves never went better at a sure quarry than the Japanese at the huge ship. In spite of resistance, they cling to her tall sides, scale them, reach the upper deck, and throw themselves, regardless of life, upon the astonished Spaniards. When too late, the Don sees he has underrated his foe. He determines to resort to a desperate expedient of those times.* The retreat sounds, all the Spaniards rush below to the lower deck, and the upper deck is blown up, and with a yell of victory on their lips the Japanese are hurled into the water scorched and burnt.

Alas for the Spaniard! the wind is right adverse to his escape, and every minute adds hundreds to the host pouring down to the attack. There is nothing for it but a death worthy of his race. Again the assault, again numbers carry the day, and the resolute Spaniards retire to the third deck, and again blow up the victors above them. Thrice, says the Japanese chronicle quoted by worthy Master Kämpfer, was this desperate mode of resistance resorted

* In olden times, blowing up the deck with small quantities of powder was resorted to in cases of a desperate resistance to boarding-parties.

to, until defenders, assailants, and galleon sunk in the bloody waters. Although the unfortunate infringers of the imperial edict had perished to a man, the native historian acknowledges that the triumph of Japanese justice had been won only by the sacrifice of three thousand of her sons ! Such was one episode in the history of Nangasaki. Under the seductive appearances of this Japanese Capua are there still such fierce and bloody feelings, which a single spark may rouse into action ?

In naval life, they who would be doing must necessarily be restless, and too true is it that

— “To have done,
Is to hang, like rusty armour, in monumental mockery.”

No sooner does a sailor anchor in quiet haven than he would fain be pushing to sea ; no sooner there, than, buffeted by wind and sea, he desires another port. Some call this restlessness, discontent, and it has been declared to be

— “A fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all that ever bore.”

And while we do not agree with this, we say that if we sailors do not always know what is best for us, we do not differ in this respect from the rest of mankind—the tale of the three wishes and the famous black-pudding having been invented long since for the reproof upon that point of landmen, no doubt. And as the night is fine, and we do not sail before noon to-morrow, let me tell you, as a *pendant* to that same story, the nautical legend on the subject of constantly wishing for what we have not got, and not knowing what we want. Down amongst those South-Sea isles which fairies delight to visit, and sailors love to cruise in, H.M. frigate — had just sailed from some sweet spot, where the songs were as sweet as those of Tobonai. There had been weeping Neuhas on the shore, and there was many a sad Torquil on board that day. No one, except the restless captain, rejoiced in the sparkling blue Pacific and rattling trade-wind which filled the frigate's canvass, and sped her dancing over the sea.

Tom Hardy sat on the fore-bitts,

and said, “There was no peace whatsoever aboard a ship ; and it was precious hard, just as a poor fellow had got exactly what he wanted, that the adjective ship got under-weigh, to pitch her adjective fore-castle into a chopping head-sea.”

“Ah ! you never knows what you really want,” said his sage shipmate ; “and if so be you could get what you wants just for the asking, you would not know what to ask for.” Tom used most emphatic language, and wished himself in very uncomfortable places if ever he should growl again, provided he could have three or four wishes fulfilled. Hardly had the words passed Tom's lips when a beautiful fairy stood before him.

“Speak up, Tom Hardy,” said she ; “say what you want to make you a contented captain of the fore-castle. I'll give you four wishes, provided they are for as many different things.” You might think Tom would be for a moment startled ; but a beautiful lady, with a profusion of hair and very little clothing, was not quite the thing to frighten him. “Thank ye, marm,” said Tom, touching his cap ; “I'm all ready, and much obliged to yer.” “Then fire away !” said the fairy. “First and foremost,” said Tom, “I wants plenty of grog.” “That you shall have,” replied the fairy, smiling ; “real Jamaica pine-apple flavour—as much as you can swim in.” You see the fairy was accustomed to sailors. “Then,” proceeded Tom, rubbing his hands, “let us have heaps of 'baccy—bird's-eye and cavendish mixed.” “All right, Tom !” said the lady ; “heaps of 'baccy, bird's-eye and cavendish mixed, you shall have.” “By Jove, you are a brick !” says Tom ; “you are about the best friend I ever had. Lookye here, my beauty !” says he, getting up as if he was going to shake hands with the fairy. “Hands off, Mr Tom !” exclaimed she ; “go on wishing. You are only half-way through your bargain.” “Well,” says Tom, “what I next wants—begging your parding, seeing you're a lady—is plenty of pretty girls when I goes ashore.” “Very well !” replied the fairy, laughing like anything, “you shall have them too ;

and I'll throw some fiddlers into the bargain." Tom was delighted. "By the Lord Harry!" he said, "I'm happy now. I say, chum! how about not knowing what was good for me? Here's grog galore, heaps of 'bacery, and lots of sweethearts. I'm content." "But come, come, Tom," urged the fairy; "fulfil your part of the contract. You must wish once more: be quick!" "Oh, bother it!" growled out Tom Hardy; "must I really?" "Yes; come, be quick!" she replied. "Well, then," said he, "give us more grog." "Your chum was in the right," said the fairy; "you don't know what you want. You ask for more grog, when I have already promised you enough to swim in; and you have forgotten to ask to be put ashore from the frigate. You are a good-for-nothing old growl, and so you will remain to the end of your days." With that she disappeared; and it is true enough Tom Hardy is now as big an old growl as ever chewed quid on a fore-castle, though he firmly believes, if that fairy would only give him *another chance*, he would know what to ask for.

The afternoon of August 5th, 1858, saw the good ship steaming past the different headlands, islands, and batteries as we quitted Nangasaki: the sea was smooth, and played upon by just enough wind to give animation to great numbers of native craft. Every creek, channel, and bay was studded with vessels of all sizes—from those of a hundred and fifty tons burthen to petty fishing-boats—so that though the government has interdicted foreign commercial intercourse, there must be a vast coasting trade and a large seafaring population. Brighter afternoon never shone, and the scene was one of unsurpassed beauty and interest as we bowled away southward to round the extreme point of the Japanese group, and so enter the sea which washes its eastern seaboard. Between the deeply indented coasts of the Morea and its off-lying islands and this portion of Japan, there is much resemblance; but on close approach Japan shows signs of a high order of civilisation, energy, industry, and wealth, which modern Greece decidedly does not exhibit, whatever it did in olden days.

Singular as is the construction of a Chinese junk, and original as are the various appliances to meet the requirements of her occupation as a traverser of stormy seas, the Japanese vessels of large size are still more curious. We saw many fully one hundred and twenty tons burthen. Their length was about a hundred feet, the extreme beam fully a fourth of the length, and far aft as in the "America" yacht; the depth of the hold was not great; and the form of that portion of the vessel that was immersed was very fine, and calculated for great speed. The bow was long, and the gunwale was not high, but it curved gently up into a lofty stem very like that of the Roman galley, and finished, like it, with an ornamental beak head, serving to secure the forestay of the solitary mast. The mast was a ponderous mass of pieces of fir, glued, pegged, and hooped together in the same way as those for our large ships are built; the height from deck to truck was full fifty feet, and the head of the mast had a curve in it, to serve better as a derrick in supporting the heavy yard: the halliards going in one direction aft, and the stay in the other forward, seemed the principal supports of this ponderous spar, but there were backstays and shrouds in some cases. The yard was a rough clumsy spar slung amidship, the sail an oblong mass of cotton cloths, which are not sewn, but *laced* vertically to each other in such a manner that daylight may be seen between the cloths of which the sail is composed; and when it is desirable to reef, a cloth is unlaced, and the sail reduced in a vertical direction—not horizontally, as seamen of every other part of the world do, including even those of China. This sail and mast are placed well abaft the centre of the vessel, and to tack or veer, the sheet and tack have merely to be reversed. When on a wind, the vessel's long bow and nose serve like a head-sail to keep her from coming up into the wind's eye; and it is truly strange to see a sail hanging in a perfect bag, and each cloth in it what seamen call *bellying*, like a yacht's balloon jib, yet that the vessel keeps a good wind, and makes great progress in smooth water. In the arrangement

of the stern and rudder they differ little from the Chinese, but the tiller is marvellously long, doubtless to save labour by increased leverage. The shores of the Japanese group afford great facilities for a coasting trade, from the abundance of harbours, and the shelter for vessels of small size which can cling to the shore. This is one reason that every Japanese vessel is so profusely furnished with anchors and cables. The former are of iron, and of graptel shape, right serviceable-looking, and all the large vessels had from six to eight arranged on the fore-end. This circumstance gave us the first hint that Japan was anything but a smooth-water coast. These traders navigate the great inland sea known as the Suwo-nada, between the three great islands of Nipon Sikok and Kiu-siu, and they likewise run up and down the west coast of Kiu-siu, and from Miaco to Yedo by way of the Strait of Kiuo. We saw none of them on the stormy east coast of Kiu-siu; indeed, in the weather we experienced off it on two occasions, no native vessels could have lived.

Towards sunset we saw on our larboard beam the entrance to the great bay in Kiu-siu, on which the ill-fated city of Simbarra stands. The place still exists— at least it is marked in the latest chart— and history will preserve the name of a spot which was the last stronghold of native Christianity in Japan, and which saw, as Roman Catholic writers assert, the destruction of thirty thousand converts to their faith. It was at Simbarra, too, over the common grave of its inhabitants, that the famous inscription was erected, warning the natives, that to prefer to their ancient faith that of the Christians, would be to draw down upon themselves the punishment due to traitors to their emperor and their country. One sentence ran thus: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Chris-

tian's God (query, the Pope?), if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

Before night closed in, the lofty inland heights in the centre of southern Kiu-siu rose sharp and clear against the sky, and throughout the first watch we saw the loom of these mountains, known to ancient mariners under the not euphonious title of the highlands of Bungo! A freshening breeze sped us on, and islands and rocks were rapidly passed as we hurried to reach the channel (called after the navigator Vancouver), which separates Kiu-siu from the long string of dependent isles known as the Linschoten and Loo-choo groups. There was a threatening twinkle about the stars, which would have betokened a hard north-easter upon our own shores; and as, in spite of a difference of twenty degrees of latitude between England and Japan, there was reason to believe the climates were much alike, we made preparations to face the heavy gale and sea which would already be lashing the coast to the eastward of Cape Satomomi-saki. The squadron had parted company, but we expected we should all meet again at the port of Simoda, our next rendezvous. Waiting for one another was not to be thought of where expedition was so necessary. Lord Elgin intended to finish off his work in Japan, and return to Shanghai in time to meet the Imperial Commissioners from Peking. As we are rounding the coast to enter the Straits of Vancouver— from right before the breeze to a taut bowline, then, furling sails, sending down top-gallant yards and masts, and by the aid of steam power facing the gale— we may, the better to understand the country we are writing of, tell in a condensed form some of the most striking passages of the history of its intercourse with foreign nations. The basis of the narrative is taken from Purchas, Marco Polo, Kämpfer, Siebold, and portions of a Chinese work entitled *An Illustrated Notice of Countries beyond the Sea*.*

* This work was compiled by Commissioner Lin, of opium notoriety, during his disgrace in the last war with England. It first appeared in 1842, and has now gone through four editions, with considerable corrections. It is rather remarkable that the wealthy family of Commissioner Yeh contributed largely to the expenses of its publication.

translated by Thomas Wade, Esq., Chinese Secretary to the British Embassy, to whom I am indebted

not only for its perusal, but also for some most able papers published some years since.

CHAPTER V.

Japan, or, as the natives pronounce it, Ni-pon, consists of three large islands, Ni-pon, Sikok, and Jesso, and a host of smaller ones, extending from latitude 29° north to latitude 45° north. Ni-pon, which gives its name to the empire, and is the abode of the court, was doubtless the centre from which its present civilisation emanated. It appears that the whole group was inhabited long prior to the commencement of its authentic records. Whether first colonised by refugees from the mainlands of China and the Corea, or by a people who came direct from Babel by a north-about route, as old Kaempfer maintains, can be of little importance. Travellers, like ourselves, may rejoice that, if it was the confusion of tongues which led to the peopling of Japan, the wanderers thither carried with them a full, rich, and pleasant-sounding language, far superior to the wretched discordance of their neighbours in China.

It will be going back far enough into the ancient history of Ni-pon to say, that 650 years B.C., when Rome was still in its long-clothes, a hero, known as the Divine Warrior, invaded and conquered it from the West. Simmoo, for so he is named, firmly established a dynasty which has flourished to the present day, in a line of 120 successive male and female monarchs. Of their reigns, far better records exist than the oldest European empire can boast. The early monarchs combined in their person the double offices of high-priest and generalissimo. Chinese historians, with their usual modesty, assert that Jih-pun, as they call Japan, was voluntarily tributary to the Celestial emperor; but it is doubtful whether the imperial air of "subjugation perfected" ever sounded in the ears of Japanese tribute-bearers, unless in the same surreptitious manner as it was once played over a British ambassador in more modern days.

Marco Polo was the first who brought Japan to European ken under the name of Zipangu, and he was at the Chinese capital in 1278, just after Kublai-Khan with his Mongol hordes had overrun China. Envoys had been sent, we are told, to speak plainly to the Emperor of Japan. "Lest," says Kublai-Khan, "that the true state of things be not as yet known and understood in your land, therefore I send to acquaint you with my views. Already philosophers desire to see all mankind one family: I am determined to carry out this principle, even though I should be obliged to do so by force of arms: it is now the business of the King of Ni-pon to decide what course is most agreeable to him." The Mikado, or Ni-pon king, did not enter at all into the philosophical views of his powerful neighbour, and behaved very unlike a tributary monarch. He was assisted in the management of secular affairs by a Zia-noon, whose office had become hereditary, as a sort of assistant-emperor; and while the Mikado zealously performed his part of praying for the success of his armies, the Zia-noon set a valiant example to the people, who victoriously repelled Kublai-Khan's invading forces. But henceforth the Zia-noon retained the increased powers with which he had been intrusted, and the spiritual and temporal emperors became joint authorities. No sooner were the Chinese and Mongols driven off, than the Japanese retaliated by ranging in their barks as pirates or buccanners up the coast from Swa-tow to the Shan-tung promontory. In 1350 we find Chinese records of extraordinary levies and defences to meet the marauders, and expel them from different points in their possession. A century later, the Chinese, with their usual patient endurance of misery, were still suffering from these freebooters. They are described by writers of 1459* as a fierce people, naturally

* See *Illustrated Notice of Countries beyond the Sea*, a Chinese work translated by T. F. WADE, Esq., Chinese Secretary.

cunning : they would always put on board their ships some of the produce or merchandise of their own country, and also weapons of war ; with these they would stand off and on, and so they could parade their goods, and call them "tribute to the crown," until a favourable opportunity offered, when they would take arms and make a wild inroad on the coast. In 1540, these Japanese pirates had become so formidable that the Chinese historian says their extermination was impossible.

The Portuguese adventurers had already arrived at Ning-po, and, doubtless, met Japanese ; and there could not have been much difficulty in the way of an enterprising individual like Fernando Mendez Pinto doing what he says he did, returning in one of their homeward-bound junks, and reaching an island off the south extreme of Kiu-siu, named Kañega-Sima — and then carrying back to his countrymen the first news of the rediscovery of Marco Polo's Zipangu. It is strange that both their reports were hardly believed. Marco Polo has long since had justice done to him, but poor Pinto still labours under the charge of having told sad travellers' tales. Writers generally assert that Japan was accidentally fallen upon by shipwrecked Portuguese ; but we are inclined to think that the meeting of the two peoples upon the coasts of China would naturally lead the Portuguese to visit Japan. It is quite possible that, until formal permission to trade was obtained from the Mikado and the Zia-noon, it was necessary to represent the visits as purely accidental.

It is very remarkable that, from 1542, when the Portuguese were first received in Japan, and their friendship, faith, and commerce warmly espoused, until a reaction took place, Japanese hostility to China became still more virulent. Whilst the sainted Xavier and his zealous successors were winning in Ni-pon more than a million souls to the fold of their heavenly Master, the race they found so tractable was carrying fire and sword into the opposite

provinces of China. It was only when the active persecution of the Christians and Portuguese commenced that China found peace.

The records of the courage and daring of these Japanese Vikings read like those of the Danish invaders of Britain. "In 1552, the Japanese vessels," says the *Chronicle*, "hundreds in number, covered the seas, and spread terror along the coasts of China for many thousands of *li*." * Shanghai, Keang-yin, on the great river, and Shapoo, were sacked. In 1553 they pillaged Soo-chow-foo, Chinu-keang-foo, and the Island of Tsing-ming in the entrance of the Yang-tsi. In 1554 they waxed still more bold ; their vessels arrived in great numbers ; and the leaders of each division (like Cortes in Mexico) fired their barks as they landed in a country they intended to conquer. Hang-chow-foo soon fell, and they appear to have sacked the entire country situated between the Yang-tsi and Ning-po rivers, and as far back as Kang-chow, Soo-chow, and Nankin ! At Nankin, being too far from their base, they were defeated ; but it surprises us to learn from the accounts given of this affair, that these bodies of buccaners seldom exceeded sixty or seventy in number. Yet these small bands often defeated forces ten times more numerous, and carried fortified or walled cities by stratagem or escalade. One body of 200 Japanese actually, during a period of fifty days, ravaged three prefectures, any of them as large as an English county, "killing and capturing an incalculable multitude of people," says the *Chronicle*. These war-parties were detachments from the main body of buccaners, who, to the number of twenty thousand, occupied places of security from Woosung to Shapoo, and thence round by Ning-po to Tski-ki, places all easily recognised on a map by those who are cognisant of the British operations in China. As late as 1575, Chusan was in the hands of the Japanese ; in 1579 the Pescadores, in Formosa Channel, Tien-pak, in Quang-tung, and some places in Fuh-kien fell to them,

* A *li* is about the third of a mile.

and great was the misery of the sea-board dwellers of the Flowery Land.

"It was the custom of the barbarians of Japan to divide their force into three divisions. The van, composed of their stoutest men, and their rear-guard of the like, in the centre the brave and cowardly were ranged alternately. They rose at cock-crow, and fell on the ground—this over, the chief, from a position above them, read the orders for the day, detailing their duties, telling off the different companies, and pointing out the place for their foray that day. The companies did not consist of more than thirty men each, and moved at a distance of two-thirds of a mile from each other. At a blast from a conch-shell, the nearest company closed to give support to the one that had given the signal. Skirmishers in twos or threes moved about armed only with swords. Towards evening the force reassembled, and every one gave up his spoil, none daring to retain it. The chief then made a partition in just proportion to those that had contributed to the day's success. They were addicted to drunkenness and debauchery, and usually set fire to places they had sacked, and escaped in the alarm thereby awakened. Every precaution against treachery or surprise was closely observed. They marched in single file, some distance apart, but in slow pace, and in such good order that the imperial troops could seldom take them at a disadvantage. Their powers of endurance were very great, and they marched vast distances without apparent fatigue. In action against artillery or archers, they received the first fire, and then rushed in to close quarters. They were adepts in all the stratagems of war, and, though brave, used strange means to deceive the Chinese, and effect their end at as slight a loss to themselves as possible. Severe to prisoners made in battle, they were nevertheless so kind to the people in the vicinity of their resorts, that they were kept fully informed of all hostile movements against them. Fighting upon the water was not their forte," adds the Chinese annalist, and then naïvely says, "The bulwarks of their ships were all covered with cushions, which they damped to render them proof against fire. In some actions, as soon as they came to close quarters they boarded

with rapidity; their onset was terrible as the thunder, and those on board were scattered like the wind." *

In spite, however, of the state of constant hostility between the two races, there was a nominal peace between the two governments directly the Ming dynasty was re-established, and a legalised commerce upon a stipulated scale was allowed. A work entitled *Records of Things seen and heard*, published in China, gives much accurate information about the habits and customs of the Japanese, besides some rather involved geographical information. We gather, however, what is tolerably correct, that a voyage of forty 'watches' duration (eighty hours) will carry a ship from the island of Pootoo in the Chusan group to the heights of Changki (Nangasaki) in Japan, provided she steer an east course; and the author adds, that where the winds and currents are so perverse, and there are so many dangers from storms and sea, it is very difficult to maintain one course, and that the voyage is altogether extremely hazardous. Whereupon he incontinently goes off into the poetic vein, and gives utterance to the following rhyme—

"Jeh-pan hsin ho
Wu tau mán-kwo!"

which being interpreted by our friend Mr Wade, means,

"Goodly are the waves of Nipon,
But the isles of Gotto are hard to pass!" †

It is possible some of our skippers, in dull-sailing merchant-ships, may have reason to think so too, in the good time coming.

In the year 1579 terrible times dawned on Japan. The Portuguese had apparently worked marvels in Christianising the people. The great Xavier, having built fifty churches, and baptised as his own share thirty thousand natives, became so satisfied with the spiritual safety of his Japanese, that he had quitted the country, despairing of winning

* *Annals of the Art of War*; an historical work in 300 volumes, extracts of which have been translated by T. F. WADE, Esq.

† The Gotto Isles lie a short distance N.W. of Nangasaki; they would be a lee-shore to a junk in the S.E. monsoon, if to leeward of her port.

there the crown of martyrdom, which he soon found upon the inhospitable coast of Southern China. About this time the Zia-goon, having quelled some intestine troubles, caused by various ambitious nobles, secured to himself greater power than he had hitherto enjoyed as the secular monarch. He adopted as his successor Taiko-sama, who, on the death of his benefactor, gave short shrift to all the disaffected princes and nobles in the land; and, aided by a powerful army, would have won a name as the conqueror of the Corea, had he not rendered himself still more remarkable by his edicts against Christianity. At first Taiko promised fair; but the Jesuits' refusal to baptise him because he would not give up his harem—the Portuguese captain's disregard of the order to take his ship to Taiko's residence for examination—the answer of the Spaniard, who, when asked by the Prince, "How is it that your king has managed to possess himself of half the world?" said, "He sends priests to win the people: his troops then are sent to join the native Christians, and the conquest is easy"—might naturally

excite alarm for his own authority and independence, and make him swear, as tradition has it, "that not a priest should be left alive in his dominions!" On 25th June 1587, the first edict for the banishment of the Catholic missionaries was issued. Taiko, by way, it is said, of getting rid of his disobedient subjects, sent large armies of Christians to the Corea, where they were victorious, though their losses were very great. In 1596 the edict was renewed against Christians; again all missionaries were ordered to quit the country. They disobeyed for the most part; and on 5th February 1597, twenty-three rebellious priests suffered death in Nangasaki, and were duly canonised by Pope Urban VIII. in 1627. Taiko-sama's warrant has been preserved, and says, "I have condemned these prisoners to death for having come from the Philippines to Japan under the pretended title of ambassadors, and for having persisted in my lands without my permission, and preached the Christian religion against my decree. I order and wish that they be crucified in my city of Nangasaki!"

CHAPTER VI.

In the following year, 1598, Taiko-sama died, and a usurper seized his throne. The Christians fancied all danger to be past, and the enormous profits of trade compensated for the loss of certain religious privileges. Kæmpfer, who is a very sober-minded writer, assures us that the Portuguese exported from Japan three hundred tons of gold per annum for a considerable period; and that when, through the hostility of the Japanese, and the pertinacious competition of the Dutch, their prosperity was on the decline, their export of silver alone in the three last years amounted to the enormous sum of 5,637,000 taels, representing nearly two millions sterling in the present day, but twice as much at that time. The tolerant conduct at first of the successor of Taiko-sama might have been dictated by necessity or policy; but his suspicions of the Portuguese and Spanish missionaries were either

fomented or aroused into activity by support from the subjects of Protestant powers of Europe. Their arrival in Japan happened in so strange a manner, that the hand of Providence seems apparent in a course of events which prevented Roman Catholicism from taking firm root, where its influence might have entirely altered the present condition of Eastern Asia.

"In the year of our Lord God 1598," says the original account in dear delicious old Purchas, "Peter Vanderbaeg and Hans Vanderguck, chiefs of the Dutch Indian Company, made ready a fleet of five Hollanders to traffic unto the Indies. Tempted by the success of the Portuguese, the Dutch desired to enter upon the trade of those regions in spite of the hostility of the Dons, the bulls of the Pope, or the fires of the Inquisition. The admiral was stout Master Jacque Mahay, in the

good ship 'Erasmus.' From the pilot of this proud argosy, we have, in his letters to his wife, a faithful and touching record of the voyage, of which we will give a brief sketch.

William Adams was born "in Gillingham, two miles from Rochester and one mile from Chatham, where the queen's ships do lie;" and he calls upon us to remember that he is thereby "a Kentish-man." "I was," he says, "from the age of twelve brought up in Limehouse near London, being 'prentice twelve years to one master, Nicolas Diggin, and have served in the place of master and pilot in her majesty's ships, and about eleven or twelve years served the Worshipful Company of Barbary Merchants, until the Indian traffic from Holland began, in which Indian traffic I was desirous to make a little experience of the small knowledge which God hath given me."

The fleet in which Will Adams was embarked, sailed from the Texel on the 24th June 1598. Before they reached the equator sickness broke out, and they touched for refreshment on the coast of Guinea—a strong argument in favour of the late Premier's assertion as to the wonderful salubrity of that delightful naval station, and one which we freely place at his Lordship's disposal for the next annual motion of Mr Hutt, against the immolation of Christian officers and men to save about an equal number of negroes. However, in spite of the coast of Guinea, Admiral Jacque Mahay and many more died there before the fleet again sailed. In April 1599 they reached the Straits of Magellan, having decided that they should go to the Indies by way of the South Seas, to make, no doubt, those "experiences" for which bold Will Adams had such a craving. Cold, hunger, and sickness pressed heavily upon the poor Dutchmen; and when, by dint of perseverance and skill, the solitary ship "Erasmus" reached Moka on the coast of Chili; the Spaniards were ready to slay and entrap them on every opportunity. After waiting until November 1599 for her consorts, only one vessel joined at the rendezvous, and she

was piloted by Will Adams's very good friend and countryman, "one Timothy Shotten, who had been with Master Thomas Cavendish in his voyage round the world." Two of the fleet, it was conjectured, had sunk at sea, and another was known to have fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. These same gentry suddenly one day set upon the captain of the "Erasmus," who was on shore purchasing supplies for his famishing crew, and besides slaying him and "my poor brother Thomas Adams," says Will in his letter, "they left scarce so many men whole as could weigh our anchor." The consort likewise lost her captain and twenty-seven men killed in another affair. Yet the resolute survivors, having appointed captains to their vessels, "held a council as to what they should do to make their voyage most profitable. At last it was resolved to go for Japan; for, by the report of Derrick Gerritson, who had been there with the Portugals, woollen cloth was in great estimation in that island; and we gathered, by reason that the Malaccas and the most part of the East Indies were hot countries, woollen cloths would not be much accepted. Therefore it was we all agreed to go to Japan."

Gallant fellows, decimated by disease and an active enemy; there is something very fine in their resolve to push across that great, and then but little-known sea—not in flight, not in abandonment of their enterprise, but to find a market for their woollens, which undoubtedly, as they appear to have somewhat tardily discovered, would have been a drug in the Indian market. On 29th November 1599, these two stout Hollanders, piloted by Will Adams and Timothy Shotten, bore up before the south-east trade-wind on their long and lonely voyage. Nothing can give a clearer idea of their weary journey than the following entry in the narrative:—"The wind continued good for *divers months*!" They cross the equator; we follow them through island chains, where eight men are killed and eaten by the natives; we see them as at last they approach the western limit of the great South Sea. Storm and angry seas await

them as they come nigh Japan ; and on the 24th February the "Erasmus" parts from her consort. Poor Timothy Shotten ! he and his charge succumbed at last. Nevertheless the "Erasmus" still did her best—still directed her course for Japan. "The four-and-twentieth day of March we saw an island called 'Una Colonna,' at which time many of our men were sick again, and divers dead. Great was the misery we were in, having no more than nine or ten men able to go or creep upon their knees ; our captain and all the rest looking every hour to die. But on the 11th April 1600, we saw the high land of Japan near unto Bungo ; at which time there were no more than five men of us able to go. The 12th April we came hard to Bungo, where many country barks came aboard us, the people whereof we willingly let come, having no force to resist them ; and at this place we came to an anchor."

The Japanese Tai-koon, or executive emperor, happened at the time to be at Oyaaka, the seaport of the spiritual capital ; and when the circumstance of the arrival of other than a Portuguese or Spanish vessel was reported to him, he ordered the pilot, Master Adams, and one of the mariners, to be brought before him ; the more so, doubtless, as the Portuguese represented the character of these new arrivals in anything but an amiable light ; "for," says the Englishman's letter, "after we had been there (in Bungo) from five to six days, a Portugal Jesuit, with other Portugals, and some Japanese that were Christians, came from a place called Nangasaki ; which was ill for us, the Portugals being our mortal enemies, who reported that we were pirates, and were not in the way of merchandising." As crucifixion was the penalty of this crime, and poor Adams and his companion were not aware that the other charge which was made against them, of being heretics, was rather a merit than otherwise with the rulers of Japan, it was natural that they took a tender leave of their sick captain and shipmates ; and then adds the stanch old sailor : "I commended myself into *His* hands that had pre-

served me from so many perils on the sea."

In the presence of the emperor he spoke up manfully. "I showed him," says Will Adams, "the name of our country, and that our land had long sought out the East Indies ;" and after explaining the purely mercantile purpose of their voyage, the king asked whether our country had wars ? I answered him, "Yea ; with the Spaniards and Portuguese, being at peace with all other nations." Well spoken, Will Adams ! that was thy best and surest defence.

From what we have seen of Taiko-sama's dealings with the Christians, we may conclude that, from a feeling of jealousy and dislike, his successor would see without regret the arrival of strangers of a different religion, who, though worn out with suffering, and with the prospect of immediate death before them, openly avowed their hostility to the subjects of those powerful monarchs of Spain and Portugal, of whose vast resources, wealth, and ambition he had heard so much. It was, however, some time before the resolute Englishman was relieved from suspense as to his own fate. Nine-and-thirty long days of anxiety were passed in prison, the emperor having in the mean time ordered the ship to be brought up to Oyaaka ; and during all that time the Jesuits and Portugals used their utmost endeavours to have the crew of the poor "Erasmus" treated as thieves and robbers, and saying, "that if justice was executed upon us, it would terrify the rest of our nation from coming there any more ; and," continues Adams, "to this intent they daily sued to his majesty to cut us off." But the pagan was more humane than the Christian ; for, "praised be God for ever and ever !" ejaculated the saved sailor, "the emperor answered them, that because their two countries were at war was no reason why, to please Portugals, he should slay Dutch and Englishmen !" and forthwith Will Adams and his companion were liberated, and sent to their ship and shipmates. They saluted each other with much shedding of tears, for all on board had been informed that Adams and his

comrade had long since been executed. Bright days now smiled upon the sore-tried Dutchmen and their honest pilot; they were given everything they needed, treated most kindly, but they and their stout bark were never again to leave Japan. The "Erasmus" was ordered to the city of Yedo, then, as now, the capital of the Tai-koon, as Miaco was that of the Mikado. Will Adams's merits were so appreciated at court that he eventually obtained great influence. When, in 1609, the next Dutch ships arrived in Japan to act hostilely against the Portuguese, they found the Japanese government very well disposed towards them, and considerable privileges, as well as the port of Firando, were conceded to them, through the good offices of William Adams. Though he individually behaved with forbearance to the Portuguese, and, as he assures us, returned good for their evil, the Dutch had no such intention; and it is certain that, in introducing the Hollander to the commerce of Japan, our Englishman struck the deathblow to Portuguese interests there. By the Dutch ships Will Adams sent the interesting letters we have quoted, and at last, as he desired, stimulated his countrymen to enter upon the same remunerative trade. He had been thirteen years

in Japan, when at last he learnt that a ship bearing the red cross of England had reached Firando.

She was the "Clove" of London, belonging to the East India Company (then in its infancy), and commanded by Captain John Saris, furnished with a letter from King James I., and suitable presents to the emperor. The good ship "Clove" had pushed to sea from the Thames on April 18th, 1611, and reached Firando on the 11th of June 1613, two years having been profitably spent in trading on the way, as ships were wont to do in those days. Adams was then at Yedo, and was immediately sent for by the Prince of Firando, who, in the meantime, treated the newly-arrived Englishmen with marked attention. On the 29th July 1613, poor Will Adams arrived, and greeted his long-expected countrymen; thirteen weary years he had looked forward hopefully, and at last the old man's prayer was granted. Early in August, Captain Saris, William Adams, and ten Englishmen, started for Yedo, bearing the royal letter and presents. The dignified bearing of Saris and the influence of Adams soon obtained from the emperor, or Tai-koon, a favourable treaty,* granting to England the most important privileges that had ever been conceded by Japan

* TREATY CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN AND KING JAMES
OF GREAT BRITAIN.—August 1613.

"ART. 1.—We give free license to the subjects of the King of Great Britain—viz. Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and the Company of the East India merchants and adventurers—for ever safely to come into any of our ports of our empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without any hindrance to them or their goods; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations; to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasure.

"ART. 2.—We grant unto them freedom of custom for all such merchandise as either now they have brought, or hereafter shall bring into our kingdoms, or shall from hence transport to any foreign part; and do authorise those ships that hereafter shall arrive and come from England to proceed to present sale of their commodities, without further coming or sending up to our court.

"ART. 3.—If any of their ships shall happen to be in danger of shipwreck, we will our subjects not only assist them, but that such part of ship or goods as shall be saved be returned to their captain or cape merchant, or their assigns. And that they shall or may build one house or more for themselves in any part of our empire where they shall think fittest, and at their pleasure.

"ART. 4.—If any of the English merchants or others shall depart this life within our dominions, the goods of the deceased shall remain at the disposal of the cape merchant, and that all offences committed by them shall be punished by the said cape merchant according to his discretion; and our laws to take no hold of their persons or goods.

"ART. 5.—We will that ye our subjects trading with them for any of their com-

to a foreign power. Saris carried back a letter likewise from the Tai-koon Tyeyas, in which he says he especially desires the friendship of James I., promises that his subjects shall be "heartily welcome," applauds much their worthiness, and skill as navigators, and promises that in their "honourable enterprises of discoveries and merchandising, they shall find the said Tai-koon further then according to their desires."

The year 1613 saw the English factory established (as was the Dutch) at Firando. The English, from political reasons, very soon withdrew, and so avoided the troubles that overtook the other European residents in Japan. It is worthy of note that in the following year the persecution of the priests and their converts recommenced with renewed vigour, and ended, as I said before, in the expulsion of the Portuguese, and then the close imprisonment of the Dutch to the Island of Decima, where they have submitted to be considered anything but Christians.

In 1637 the great interdict was published, of which one paragraph runs thus:—"No Japanese ship or boat whatever, nor any native of Japan, shall presume to go out of the country; and who acts contrary to this shall be put to death, and the ship and goods shall be forfeited; and all Japanese who return from abroad shall be put to death."

From that time their vessels have never voluntarily left the coasts of Japan, though many a ship-load of poor wretches has drifted away in storms, and reached some foreign land. But when, as once or twice was done, Christian ships carried back these men to Japan, they have been sternly refused admittance. The American Government have,

however, of late years, wrought a change in the law on this point, and more than one Japanese seaman now, who has against his will been blown away to the Sandwich Islands or the American continent, has been restored to his country.

When, in 1673, the East India Company attempted to reoccupy their former factory, there was no Will Adams to be their advocate with the emperor. The selfish Dutchmen did not choose to remember that they owed their own introduction to Japan to the influence of the English sailor. Although the English were civilly treated, yet, at the instigation of the Dutch, our trade was refused, because our then reigning king (Charles II.) was married to a daughter of the King of Portugal! The Dutch remained undisputed masters of the field until Sir Stamford Raffles made two attempts to break down their monopoly, but failed. After that no nation except Russia, whose ends are purely political, gave Japan further notice until 1831. In that year, American attention was directed to the islands, and it was thought that a good plea for introducing America to their notice in a kindly way might be found in sending back some shipwrecked Japanese sailors. They received a very uncivil welcome, and, repelled with violence, the ship "Morrison" desisted from her purpose. But not so the persevering nation that had sent her forth! If smaller ships did not succeed, bigger ships might; so the huge two-decker "Columbus," of 90 guns, and the corvette "Vincennes," were sent. This time, to speak the truth honestly, America wanted intercourse for commercial and political purposes with Japan. She then intended to be very shortly on the shores of the

modities, pay them for the same, according to agreement, without delay, or return their wares again unto them.

"ART. 6.—For such commodities as they have now brought or shall hereafter bring, fitting for service and proper use, we will that no arrest be made thereof; but that the price be made with the capo merchant, according as they may sell to others, and present payment upon the delivery of the goods.

"ART. 7.—If in discovery of other countries for trade, and return of their ships, they shall need men or victuals, we will that ye our subjects furnish them for their money as their need shall require.

"ART. 8.—And that without other passport, they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Jesso or any other part in or about our empire." •

Pacific, and this great force ought to have shown the Japanese that Brother Jonathan was in earnest. But the Tai-koon still held out. No trade except with Holland was still his motto; and America, being in no immediate hurry, was patient but watchful. In 1849 the Japanese were foolish enough to retain some American seamen shipwrecked upon the coast. The U. S. ship "Preble," Captain Glynn, forthwith dropped in and gave them such a shaking that they gladly liberated the citizens of the United States. Then a very efficient officer and admirable squadron were sent from America in 1853, to bring about by moral force some specific terms regulating the intercourse of the two countries. Commodore Perry, in his voluminous work, has so recently told us what

means he employed to this end, that we need say no more than that he fully succeeded. The treaty he obtained in itself is no great thing; but it was the small end of the wedge; and, after all, sailors cannot be expected to finesse in diplomacy. Hardly was the ink dry with which this treaty was signed, when the lamentable war with Russia broke out, and the Japanese found their islands, creeks, and inland seas used for a game of hide-and-seek played by the Russian and Allied squadrons. Then everybody wanted treaties with the Japanese; and in apparently a waggish humour, they gave a British admiral one in 1854, which must ever stand unique amongst such documents.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO BOIL PEAS.

So here we are safe at home once more from Lady Scrubbs'; for which let us be thankful. Away with the vanities of patent leather, and let us find those easiest of slippers. And now, Mary, you be off to bed, there have been three terrible yawns already; I must sit up an hour and philosophise. "That means, smoke," you say. Well, that's what a good deal of very reputable philosophy begins and ends in. "Let you stay!" By no manner of means; women don't understand philosophy, and don't require it:—

"What moral is in being fair!"

"You don't mind the cigar!" Of course not, no sensible woman does. But sitting up late, you know, is very bad for the complexion; and, besides, who can philosophise with a pretty face opposite him? Plato himself couldn't have done it; and I am not Plato, as you very well know.

Turk, sir, get up into that arm-chair opposite, and let me stick this paper cheroot in your mouth; there, that looks companionable. Now look as wise as you can, and hold your tongue; it's what many other-wise rational beings haven't the

sense to do. I shall address my remarks to you, and challenge contradiction. It is pleasant to have an imaginary opponent of this kind; one is always prepared for his arguments, and they are so much easier to answer. Whereas, your real live articulate-speaking human adversary, if he be worth anything, is never convinced. Mahomet was quite right in his system of persuasion; a man is seldom a hearty convert till he has been well thrashed.

Did you ever read "Peter Pindar?" Excuse me, my good friend, if, in these days of reading for the million, I very much doubt it. You have read the last shilling novel off the railway bookstall, no doubt, though there is such a strong resemblance between it and half-a-dozen of its predecessors that you have not the least idea at this moment what it was about; but as to your acquaintance with our really original English writers, I suspect the less closely we examine you the better. Well, you possibly know that Peter was Dr Wolcott, and that he amused himself and the public by libelling—with tolerable good-humour, however, I should say—that best of men and

monarchs, or that pig-headed Hanoverian farmer, (which was he?) George the Third. He was, in short, to that respected personage much what Punch may be supposed to be to Prince Albert, only his jokes were better; and the fact of their being rather broader was no discredit in his days.

But as he may not be a very familiar acquaintance to the men of this generation, let me tell you one of his stories, in which I assure you there is nothing whatever disrespectful either to the third George or to the present Prince Consort, or even any scandal against poor Queen Elizabeth, which has been of late received. The original is in verse, and is called "the Pilgrim and the Peas." Two unfortunate sinners, by way of penance, were bid to undertake a pilgrimage to Loretto: the place to which (as all good Catholics, we will charitably trust, do *not* believe) a little red house belonging to the Virgin Mary walked of itself one fine morning. To Loretto, then, they were bound; and by way of making the travelling easy and pleasant, there being no excursion trains in those days, their father confessor had recommended them to put peas in their shoes. Any one who has walked a mile with an accidental grain or two of gravel under the heel of his stocking may form some idea of what it would be to do fifty (that was the distance) under their circumstances. One of them had scarcely got over half his journey, in much bodily grief, and in a frame of mind scarce befitting a penitent—for, according to our friend Peter, he was doing anything but blessing "the souls and bodies of the peas"—when he met his brother sinner returning, stepping out as briskly as if he were the daily postman, and happy in the consciousness of having been thoroughly white-washed, and free to begin a new score. He very naturally expressed his surprise and envy, in pretty strong language too, according to Dr Wolcot, whom therefore I decline to quote. As to *his* getting to Loretto, he said, it was quite out of the question; if his absolution depended upon that, there was an end of him; for the peas, at all events,

had done their duty, and he had not a toe left to stand upon. How had the other managed?—was it long practice, or a miracle? Neither one nor the other; the simplest thing in the world, as all great discoveries are;—"Why, to tell the truth," said the successful traveller,—

"Just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

Now, in this story there lies an admirable moral, which may perhaps have been an unintentional prophecy on our friend Peter's part, for, indeed, morals do not seem to have been much in his line. But I trust you will not imagine for a moment that such a story would have been introduced by me here except with a very high moral and philosophical purpose. We have all of us heard this human life of ours very often described as a pilgrimage. Very often indeed, especially in some of those dull sermons about which we have all on a sudden become so critical. Rather a favourite theological fancy, in short, and, as such, common property, from Bishop Patrick and John Bunyan down to the present archbishops and Mr Spurgeon,—which is a long way down. Yet the word is by no means so very happy a selection after all. It will not do to say that we have scriptural authority for it: in the English translation, no doubt, it stands visible enough; but there is nothing whatever in the word in the original which at all corresponds to our English notion of a pilgrim. We surely understand by the term, a person who undertakes a journey *purposely* long, or wearisome, or perilous, or it may be all these combined, either as an expiation of some crime, or with the view of thereby purchasing a certain quantum of sanctity. "A superstitious discipline" is what our modern theological dictionaries give us as the explanation of the word "pilgrimage." And we picture to ourselves at once, if we call up our notions of the pilgrim apart from the accident of theological association, a weary, way-worn traveller, voluntarily expatriating himself for a while, from a high religious motive, making an asceticism more or less

strict a necessary part of his vow, and looking forward, as the termination of his wanderings, not to the city or the shrine towards which his vow leads him—and here lies the great failure in the analogy—but to the country from which he set out. Not merely to reach Jerusalem, or Rome, or Loretto, was the real pilgrim's object, but to return to his own home, and resume his place in society when his penance was completed, or his religious standing secured. It is plain that this is not the idea conveyed in any passage where the word occurs in the Bible; it could not be, for pilgrimage is of necessity a comparatively modern idea; and one rather wonders, when one comes to think about it, that the Puritan writers especially, excellent men, who hated palmer, and penance, and absolution, and religious vows, with an honest and hearty hatred, should have been so very fond of the word. Bunyan's pilgrim is, in fact, no pilgrim at all; the very last thing he would have wished to do would have been to return to the City of Destruction where he was born; he is a traveller, and a soldier; and these are the real similitudes which the sacred writers use. Man is a wayfarer, life is a journey; man is a soldier, life a campaign; but surely the soldier will hardly fight the better for looking upon his vocation as a hardship, or the traveller get through his journey more successfully for groaning at every step.

But I find myself basely taking advantage of the preacher's privilege of having no one to contradict me, to add another to the dull sermons inflicted on a helpless public,—and under such a shabby disguise too! My apology is, that I would not willingly be suspected, even over a cigar, of throwing the slightest ridicule, intentional or otherwise, upon any scriptural view of human life; but if it turns out to be only a theological view instead of a scriptural one, I have not the slightest additional respect for it on that ground; it must stand or fall by its own weight, and put up with a little rough handling like the rest of us; if it be not *orthodox*, but only *your-dox*, as Swift has it, then let it take its chance.

I argue, then, if you will have it still that life is a pilgrimage—(and really Bunyan and Bishop Patrick, to say nothing of the resuscitated Guillaume de Guileville, have had possession of the field so long that it may seem ungrateful as well as hopeless to try to dispossess them)—at all events, there can be no objection to boiling the peas. In fact, the great mistake we are all apt to make is the not doing so. Troubles we shall all have, plenty of them, Heaven help us! But it has been admirably said, that “the worst are those which never come;” certainly they are those which we run to meet half-way, and look at through magnifying-glasses when they do arrive. If life must be a pilgrimage, let us put a stout heart to it, and not make it a more painful one than it need be. Let us set the palmer's hat on jauntily, and take a little wine with us in that mediæval-looking bottle. The peas must be in the shoes; that makes part of our sentence; little things in themselves, but with a wonderful capacity for making themselves unpleasant; but there can be no religious or moral obligation against boiling them, and the difference it makes is wonderful. This *secreto per esser felice* is not a difficult one, yet few things seem so little understood by the pilgrims of this highly civilised nineteenth century. Some men, instead of boiling their peas, seem to take a pride and pleasure in choosing for themselves the largest and the hardest—Brobignag marrowfats—and disposing them conscientiously under the tenderest places. It would be nothing to them to walk through life without a grievance. Grievances are part of their inherited privileges as Englishmen. They must have come in with Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus. We have been called “a nation of grumblers;” and most of us probably take it as a compliment. There was once a difficulty amongst the schoolmen in finding out for the human species its proper logical *differentia* (meaning thereby, my unlogical friend, that which specially distinguishes men from other animals); Plato, as is well known, had marked him down as a “featherless biped,” which was

irreverently illustrated by one of his scholars by plucking a cock (probably a cochin-china), and turning him out in the lecture-room as "Plato's man;" some one else suggested "laughing," but was met by the case of the hyena. "Rational" was a characteristic which would obviously occur to many; but such a shallow definition could not stand for a moment before any one who had seen the learned pig, and compared him with some of his human visitors. It must have been a Briton who at last hit upon the happy conceit of man's being a "discontented" animal; that this was what our modern teachers call his normal state, and that such a term could not be truly predicated of any other creature under the sun. They might be discontented, it is true, accidentally, as the logicians have it; the cochin-china, for instance, with nothing to cover his ridiculous legs, the pig in a gate, the hyena in the zoological gardens; but discontent, *pur et simple*, was the high distinction of the nobler animal alone.

It seems a distinction never likely to be lost in our branch of the human family for want of due assertion. If, as paleontologists assure us, certain extinct species, alike in all their ordinary developments, are still distinguished from the existing type, and recognised at once and for ever as extinct species by some variety in the formation of the jaw, or distribution of the teeth, or equally minute but certain differences; and if time and climate seem to operate so wonderfully as to affect even the workings of nature, and induce her to modify the moulds of her original creation, so that the elephant of our days is not the elephant of the pliocene formation; and if ever the march of civilisation has a somewhat similar effect, and future generations can no longer show the bump of grumbling on their improved craniums; still, when the fossil Briton of the age of *Blackwood's Magazine* is dug up by that New Zealander (what a useful person he is!) he will assuredly carry some slight but distinctive mark in his conformation to vindicate his claim to a separate label in the museum as an undoubted "*homo primigenius malecontentus*."

"Why shan't I hiss?" says the free and independent Briton in the pit. "I've got a right to hiss; I've paid my money." This is the principle upon which a good many of us seem to go throughout life. "We are not here for amusement, or for pleasure; that's all very well; but we go for our rights: some people are weak enough to be gratified by the entertainment provided for us; they laugh and enjoy themselves, because they don't know better: but we see a good many hitches in the performance; it's not so good as we have seen—not so good as it ought to be: we flatter ourselves that we are rather good judges of this kind of thing; and the advantage of being a good judge, you see, is, that while you are delighted, we are disgusted. Let's hiss again—louder." There you have the free translation of a good deal of what passes for rather transcendental thinking. Take up any modern poet, and see whether he does not sing something after this tune. He is too wise for the world he lives in. He can see what you cannot—the snake in the grass, the poison in the flower. There was a time—before he was a poet—when his eyes, like yours, were blinded. He thought this world rather a pleasant place, in spite of many imperfections. But now—he pities you if you still think so—that's all. Enjoy your innocent delusion; be happy, be contented, if such is your base nature. He forgives you, but he rather despises you: he could tell you a great deal, but you are not worthy of it; so he puts it all into some very fine language for you, and then it remains like a sibyl's oracle—musical and mysterious. Men are fond of murdering Hamlet, both on the stage and off it; there are plenty of aspirants to the character, with whose dispositions "it goes so heavily, that this goodly frame the earth seems a sterile promontory—this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."

If ever, my excellent friend opposite—if ever this morbid gloom threatens to close in upon you, as perhaps it does upon us all sometimes,

let me beg you not to sit down and sentimentalise about it. If you have been indulging in too many of the good things of life, as is the case with a large class of discontented geniuses, take some blue pill. The world is not out of course—it's your liver; it's not philosophy—it's bile. Or rush vigorously up the highest hill you can find; mount Arthur Seat, or climb Snowdon, if within reach: if it be your misfortune to live in a flat country, get up a tree or a church-tower. Get a higher view of life. Enlarge your mental horizon, and stretch your legs at the same time. Things will soon look very different. Or get on a good horse, if you are anything of a sportsman, and have a good burst after the hounds. Ride at everything: breaking your neck would not be of much consequence to yourself, in your present frame of mind, by your own admission; and probably of none at all to the public generally. You'll come home another man—if you don't come home on a hurdle. Or again, if you chance to have been living too low (a bad habit, unless it have the excuse of necessity), "*indulge genio*;" take a few glasses of wine—champagne, if you can get it; even if not genuine Moët or Clicquot, it's not the juice of perdition (unless it be made of rhubarb); it has the merit, as we learn from good authority, of making glad the heart of man occasionally: try its effect on yours. I am supposing you, remember, not to be fretting yourself about pitiful trifles, but to be indulging in that nobler form of discontent which is the purgatory, we are told, of superior minds—that miserable undefined feeling of life's being a burden and a weariness, which may generally be traced to a torpid state of the bodily functions: such a strange and humiliating truth it is—which we really should thank you philosophers to explain to us—that the body thus tyrannises over the spirit. Come, let me help you to a moral and physical remedy combined. If you have not the nerve to hunt, and champagne has long lost its charm, let us take a walk. Step out briskly, and never mind the dirt. There sits Bill Green

breaking stones; he is paid by the yard, and will make about one-and-ninepence if he works hard as long as the light holds. Go and talk to him a bit; he'll be pleased to be treated as a human being, though he loses perhaps a pennyworth of time by it; for he stops his hammer, out of courtesy, to answer you. "Cold work this stone-breaking by the roadside in November." Well, Bill admits it; it is cold, but "it's uncommon fine dry weather for the time of year." That's Bill's philosophy; that's how he boils his peas. There are sermons in stones, you see, even in our geological generation. Don't give Bill a tract in return; that excellent lady who has just passed by before us, in a carriage and pair, with crimson liveries and a very large coat-of-arms, has already given him one more than he can read. There it is, in Bill's hat; entitled the *Stone-breaker*, if you want to know—a very appropriate and taking allegory; Bill's heart being therein set forth in a figure as the stone, only harder—much harder. How came the lady to know? Suppose Bill now were to have an allegorical fit upon him, and take upon himself to spiritualise that charitable and fashionable party, with the bright liveries and fat horses, into some comparison with a certain other lady we have read of—in scarlet, and riding upon a beast,—how would she like it? Bill has his regular parson already, and a long-winded Independent preacher at the meeting-house besides; why is he to be made a mark for amateur apostles to practise at? No—give him sixpence instead; fourpence-halfpenny will maintain him in the weed which his soul loveth for a week; and he can buy two tracts of his own selection, and somewhat less personal, if he prefers it, with the odd three-halfpence.

There's little Joe Twist going back to his work; he has to get up at five these cold dark mornings, and tramp two miles in the fog to Squashton Farm; but he has had his dinner now, and is as happy as a king. Listen!—he is whistling "*Cheer boys, cheer*"—admirably. He is but twelve years old, and he can drive a cart—

ay, and plough "a bit;" and you couldn't whistle half as well, and don't know the tune to begin with. And as to ploughing, Joe would give twopence, poor as he is, to see you at it; and Joe carried his little brother (he is two years younger, and keeps the pigs) the first mile on his back this morning, because he cried so with his chilblains (did you ever try to put on stiff half-dried boots, on a winter morning, with your feet all red blisters?—that's worse than peas in your shoes, I can tell you). Do you suppose Joe makes himself miserable about life, or his little brother either? Not a bit of it. If you could only hear them as they come home along the road together at night, you would be surprised at the fun they have in them. They have got that receipt for boiling peas, too, from some merciful teaching which beats even the modern national school-master; and he has a first-class certificate, and knows very nearly as much as he thinks he does, which is saying a great deal.

Do you feel at all better? Your eyes look brighter already. Come, step out. I'm not going to let you off a yard under ten miles. Stay—look over that gate. There are three hearty young fellows playing skittles—for beer, I have more than a suspicion—and I am afraid they ought to be at work. For that matter, so perhaps ought you and I. We have both played at skittles too, or something worse, in our time, when we might have been doing better. Look how they enjoy it! Should you mind having a game yourself now, supposing the world and his wife were gone from home, you know? I shouldn't; but I had rather not drink the beer. It will never do for us two to sit in the seats of Minos and Rhadamanthus in judgment even over these poor scapegraces. They had far better be playing at skittles, and even drinking that vile publican's compound, than be sitting down grumbling over the evils of the state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call them. Suppose they do lose half a day's work; let us only trust Farmer Jobson, remembering his own delinquencies, will not turn them off for it. "It's a poor heart that never re-

joices." That's their motto—and it contains as much wisdom, of a homely pattern, as many of the wise men's maxims.

So turn we homewards, for these days soon close in. There stands Mrs Green, at her cottage door, waiting for her Bill to come home from work. "Wretched, slatternly woman!" Now, why call her names? She is not your wife, remember. She is not that perfect model of elegance and propriety in personal or household arrangements which you have had the good fortune to secure. If she were, you don't suppose she would have married Bill Green, or have added very materially to his comfort if she had so far condescended. She would very soon have put poor Bill's pipe out, you may be sure. In his eyes, possibly, she is all that is desirable as she is. He prefers her in a *negligée*; or, shall we say, doesn't care much about it, provided the bacon and greens be hot. Coarse, but comfortable. She swore at Bill this morning, it is true, just before he went to work—a proceeding by no means to be defended; but remember, Mrs Rhadamanthus—oh no, never swears; certainly not; probably doesn't know how—but conveyed to you this same morning, in the most perfectly polite and ladylike language, her distinct impression that you were a brute, and will probably, as you know, preserve in consequence a dignified and injured demeanour all day; whereas Bill and his wife will both, by this time, have quite forgotten their little difference in the busy toil of their humble existence. Well, slatternly I think you called her; but the time which the charming mistress of your establishment spends in adorning her stately person, poor Molly has employed in "tidying up" for a sick neighbour, and sat up with her half the night besides. It is difficult certainly, with our modern notions, to recognise any sacredness in dirt; but I confess, under the circumstances, I regard Mrs Green's *dishabille* with much greater reverence than I could ever have bestowed upon that under-garment of pious memory which St Somebody (I forget her name, and in any case should suppress it from motives of delicacy),

after wearing it unchanged for some fifteen years, bequeathed to the kisses of the faithful.

Don't mistake me, my excellent and fastidious friend : it is not that I undervalue the delicacies and refinements of life ; I would not have Mrs Green for my wife for any earthly consideration whatever ; but I hold this understratum of society to be a very necessary part of our social building. We must neither wish nor expect to find the high finish and the polish which we put very properly upon the upper works ; and we ought to be very thankful to find it so sound and strong at bottom. If life be really a sore pilgrimage to any, it must surely be to these ; and see how easily and cheerfully they take it. We are very busy some of us just at present, in St Paul's and elsewhere, with special missions and special services for the working-classes ; very excellent things if judiciously managed : we can teach them many things, no doubt, and it is well that we should ; but there are a good many lessons on the other hand, and these not the least important, which we may well learn from them.

We may take it as a pretty certain symptom that we have not much to complain of in earnest, that we are all apt to fuss ourselves so much about trifles. The groans of the Britons are the highest possible tribute to the working of our national institutions. When you see the columns of the *Times* occupied with the letters of Paterfamilias about his coals—about his beer—about the ten minutes he was detained so unwarrantably at Crewe Junction—about the extra shillings which his heir-apparent has to pay for knocking-in late at Cambridge, and the half-crown he was charged at Diddlum's hotel for that last beef-steak—you may be pretty sure that, if you turn to the "trade report" of the same date, you will find that things look lively at Birmingham—that the market is "quite cheerful" at Leeds—that there are no bread-riots at Manchester—and that, with wheat down to thirty-five shillings a quarter, farmers are the only grumblers. The broadsheets from Printing-house

Square had no room for hotel-bills and railway grievances on the 10th of April 1848. At that date Paterfamilias was probably wielding a special constable's staff instead of a goose-quill, and the "thirsty soul" barricading himself in his cellar. We never heard much about these sufferers while we had the Russian war on our hands ; when there is real distress in the household, the most querulous children learn to hold their tongues.

Look at some of the popular grievances of late years which these irritable old gentlemen, not content with exasperating themselves, have insisted on plaguing the public with. Take the crusade against street music. It disturbs them, forsooth ! Disturbs who, or what ? Some conceited prig of an author hammering his brains over a production which, for his credit and his pocket's sake, he had better burn ; some mathematician intent upon squaring the circle, or some nervous patient who dislikes a noise. Grant all the facts, that they are so disturbed ; they are very small units in the city population, and we have no more right whatever, for their mere comfort and convenience, to stop the street band than we have to stop the street omnibus or Pickford's waggons. How are the little London boys to learn the airs out of the new operas if you stop the barrel-organs ? They are much more popular, and every whit as useful, as two-thirds of the books we print, and the discoveries we announce so grandly. If ever any attempt is made to put these unfair and selfish restrictions upon one of the few innocent enjoyments (few enough they are) open to the children of the streets, let us hope that our friends at St Paul's will not think it beneath their dignity to devote a little "special service" to this point also. Let us have the street-preacher by all means ; but save us also the street-musician, even if one per annum of our city geniuses goes mad under the infliction. There was a war of much the same kind waged a year or two ago, against hoops on the pavement ; they were found to be in the way of respectable elderly ladies, and the hoops, I am afraid,

have been banished in consequence ; though, if the truth were known, it would be found also that elderly ladies, what with themselves, their poodles in a string, and occasionally their Bath-chairs, were much more in the way of the little boys ; but then they, poor fellows, could not write to the *Times* on their side of the question.

What an exaggerated amount of indignation we have lately been pestered with, levelled against the French passport system !—more mischievous than ordinary grumblings in this, that there was an attempt evidently made to get up a national ill-feeling on the subject, which has happily been an utter failure. There never was, as a matter of fact, any difficulty on the subject, except to a select few, either determinedly obstinate or hopelessly stupid. And even if there had been, what right have we to complain of another nation's requirements as to its visitors ? May not our police regulations appear to some foreigners equally vexatious, unnecessary, and ridiculous ? What does our honest German friend say of us in his heart, when first he spells out that barbarous notice at London Bridge railway station—"Smoking strictly prohibited" ? and when, after sitting in dudgeon for the first twenty miles of his journey, he discovers, by a director getting in with a cigar in his mouth, what this strict prohibition amounts to ? The Japanese ladies, we are told by "our special correspondent," do their tubbing publicly at their street-doors, and enjoy at the same time the morning's gossip with their friends as they pass. Now imagine one of those pretty innocents taking lodgings in Regent Street, in the city of the western barbarians, and proceeding, without the slightest intention of giving offence, to do after the custom of her country. She would have policemen B 1 to 99 down upon her in no time ; and if fortunate enough to escape being carried off straightway on a stretcher (covered with the sergeant's great-coat) to the nearest lock-up, would at all events have it pretty severely impressed upon her that, in this land of boasted liberty, we are weak enough

to insist, upon all such occasions, on the most stringent precautionary measures in the way of blinds and curtains. Suppose, further, that this unprotected female, thus inhospitably treated, writes a statement of her grievance to the *Times* (who, of course, keep a Japanese scholar on the strength of their establishment), inveighing loudly against the dreadful state of morality in this country, where even common cleanliness is prohibited on the score of propriety ? I really don't see in what the cases differ. The Fiji chief, if he will walk along the Strand, must wear a shirt ; it's a fancy of ours—a weakness perhaps, but we insist upon it ; if he objects to comply with our police regulations, he can stay at home. He may eat his wife there, if he is very fond of her ; he mustn't here on any account. These are the little drawbacks to a residence in London. So the French Emperor too has his little prejudices. A bit of paper with Lord Malmesbury's seal and autograph must be about your person, if you wish to enjoy the baths at Dieppe, or sun yourself on the Boulevard des Italiens. It's of no use, that's very true ; a mere piece of botheration (so is a shirt to a man who is not used to it) ; but the customs of the country require it. There is no more to be said, if you wrote for a week on the subject. We don't think the French Empire much the safer for passports ; perhaps neither the Japanese nor the Fijian may think the morality of London much the better for its drapery.

But the fact is, that to some people, everything they don't happen to like is at once voted "an intolerable nuisance." Not having their share of the real hardships of this world, they compensate themselves by making the most of minor ones. To the Sybarite the crumpled rose-leaf might have been a real torment. Some people, having nothing better to annoy them, spend half their lives in scolding their servants, and all to no purpose, as they innocently assure you. "It's no use speaking ;" of course it isn't, if it is only to say the same thing over and over again. Why waste breath and temper ? If you have been unlucky enough to get

a bad servant, either get rid of him or her at once—or, if that be inconvenient, make the best of the bad bargain as long as it lasts. All the alchemy of scolding in the world will never transmute a ten-pound buttons into a fifty-guinea butler, or teach the plain cook to toss up an omelet like Soyer. Girls will have followers, glass will break, and china chip, as long as the nature of all such frail vessels remains unchanged. If such trifles are too much for your temper, there is no remedy but to keep an establishment of one-eyed Gorgons, and drink out of wooden bowls. Servants are “the greatest plague in life,” we have heard pretty often; some day, if the march of education goes on, and we all take to writing our autobiographies, we may hope to have the servants’ opinion of the masters and mistresses. Then, again, how miserable some people make themselves and their children, by a perpetual worry about trifles. They adopt an insane view of the merits of order and regularity, and sacrifice their own and every one else’s comfort to an attempt to regulate the versatile human instincts like a piece of clockwork. I once spent a week in one of these well-ordered families: it was a great punishment to me; I hope also in some degree to my entertainers. The iron rule of that house was “a place for everything, and everything in its place.” I wasn’t. The disgrace my somewhat vagrant habits led me into there was dreadful. The very first morning I opened *Paterfamilias’s* newspaper, which was always laid in one particular spot upon the breakfast-table, never to be violated by any hand but his. There I stood, with my back to the fire, conning the outspread sheets, and nodding a cheerful good-morning to my host when he entered. I had the hardihood even to read to him (out of his own paper!) the last Indian despatch—very politely, as I thought—and to request his assistance to decipher the possible place intended by a dozen letters which the telegraph clerk appeared to have selected at random. To do him justice, he bore this inroad on his rights with tolerable outward composure; but I was formally

made aware, on the first opportunity, by Mrs P., of the outrage I had committed, and made to feel as uncomfortable as I deserved. Then I left my handkerchief on the drawing-room floor, one glove on the library table, another in the governess’s parasol (which certainly was not the place for it, and how it got there I have no conception), and was formally presented with each article separately, and an account of its discovery, in the presence of the whole family assembled for dinner. One day the whole household was under strict cross-examination as to who had come into the drawing-room with dirty shoes. I was the culprit, of course, but I was too great a coward to confess; besides, the lady knew perfectly well who it was, but was polite enough to entertain the fiction that such conduct was impossible in any well-bred person: it must have been one of the children or the housemaids, of course; and the whole investigation was intended for my solemn warning and improvement: just as they used to whip a little boy vicariously to strike terror into misbehaving little princes. Then the terrible punctuality which made slaves of all of us, and kept me always looking at my watch, and always afraid of being late for something, as indeed I was once for dinner, in spite of all precautions—four minutes and a half exactly. Shall I ever forget it? If they only had had the charity to sit down quietly without me—if they had put me off with no soup, cold fish, and the last ragged cut of the mutton—if they had sent me to bed without any dinner at all, as once happened to me when I was a little boy—or inflicted upon me any other reasonable and humane form of punishment: but no; there they were all waiting for me in the drawing-room, all standing up, the door set wide open, and the head of the family opening fire upon me at once, before I was well inside it, with, “Now, Mr —, will you take in Mrs P.” Of course, I hammered and stammered over an apology—“quite unintentional,” and so forth. “Oh, of course they knew it must be quite unintentional; only”—in a semi-whisper—“Mr P. did not like wait-

ing for his dinner." There was an abominable child, too, in that family, the very incarnation of premature method and order. All the other children had redeeming points of carelessness and destructiveness about them; and we soon established a sort of freemasonry among ourselves as fellow-culprits, trying to keep each other out of scrapes as much as possible; they conveying to me private warnings as to how soon the prayer-bell would ring in the morning, and in how many minutes the carriage would be at the door, and furnishing me with much valuable secret intelligence as to the enemy's weak points, and the interpretation of the laws of the Medes and Persians, to whom I was in captivity; and I finding substitutes for impounded pencils, mending a broken Cupid who carried the wax matches in his quiver, brushing the boys' clothes after birds-nesting, "before Mamma saw them," and actually cutting up the ribbon of my eye-glass into shoe-ties for one young lady who was generally in trouble upon that score. But as to the imp I speak of, he was irreproachable. If I left the door open, he got up and shut it, not quietly, you understand, but officiously and reproachfully. If I took down a volume from its shelf, and it left my hand for one moment, if he could get at it, it was up in its place again before I knew what had become of it. I took courage one cold morning, there being no one but he and I in the room, to stir the fire, and put the poker, when I had done with it, under the grate (which I take to be the natural place for a poker), when up jumps this well-behaved little monster, and arranges it by rule and measure where he has been told it ought to be. I take credit to myself for very great forbearance—he and I being alone—that I checked an inclination to punch his head with it. Is it excusable in any rational beings to put themselves under such a life-long penance as this, and to bring up their children, and force the unhappy stranger whom they get within their gates, to do likewise?

As to the thousand petty vexations which we invent for ourselves in an over-civilised state of society, they

have been the stock subject of satire ever since satire existed: they have been preached at till we are tired of the text, and laughed at (in other people) till we can laugh no longer. Still, to this moment, in our own rank of society, they make the daily bitterness of life. We torment ourselves because Mr A cut us in the street; because the B's did not ask us to dinner; because we were asked to meet the C's, and not the D's; or because the E's saw us getting out of a second-class railway carriage. Not one of these things makes the slightest real difference to our comfort or happiness; and in nine out of ten of such cases, no one is conscious of any neglect or annoyance but ourselves. Our imagination supplies the peas, in this case, and our vanity will not suffer us to try the boiling plan.

Look at the British pilgrim again on his foreign travels. He halts considerably over the passport difficulty, we have observed, at starting. But boil his peas, indeed!—not he; not if he knows it. He limps along upon little worries of his own creation, proud of them as if they were the ancestral gout that proves his pedigree; and comes home with sore toes in consequence. He calls for his bottled stout in the most impossible places, and grumbles if he is charged in proportion to the distance from Messrs Guinness and Co. The scene in *Tamered*, where his English body-servants think it rather hard not to have lump sugar with their coffee in the Arab sheikh's tent in the desert, and lament over "the family prayers and the home-brewed," is no exaggeration whatever; if it never literally occurred, we may, any of us, see the ditto of it enacted over and over again.

Turk, sir, you're asleep. And my cigar is out. The remark, sir, which I was about to address in conclusion to you or to any other traveller on the road of life is—take things easy. If I may be allowed to quote an ancient vernacular poet—

"A light heart and a thin pair of brooches
Will go through the world, brave boys."

To which may be added, by way of corollary, that a grumbling, discontented spirit will fret through the

stoutest corduroys in comparatively no time. There will be trials duly appointed for you, penances which you must perform whether or no; but even these will hardly be lightened by making a long face. And there will be still more of which the making and the mending will lie entirely in your own hands. If you choose to speculate in annoyances, there lies a large field open to you, between your own weaknesses and your neighbour's. But let me advise you not to take more shares than you can help. Have as high an opinion of yourself and your deserts as you please, but don't expect to cut all the world out after your own pattern. Keep a good digestion, if possible, and a cheerful temper; it's easy enough to laugh when you win; but, you may depend upon it, it will prove a great advantage to your play in the end, to be able to laugh when you lose. If you go by rail, don't worry yourself about the train being ten minutes behind time; it's your very idle men, be it remarked, whose minutes are always so immensely valuable. You will be quite in time for all you have to do if you don't start for another half-hour; and may count yourself luckier than many of your neighbours if you don't arrive sometimes before you are wanted. Don't fret about being expected at home; you'll find your chaste "Lucrece combing the fleece (*i. e.* doing her crochet) under the midnight" moderator with the utmost patience, even if you are a few minutes after your time. Don't stamp about the platform; don't threaten the company with an

action; don't write to the *Times*; buy a copy instead, and amuse yourself with Paterfamilias and his troubles in print. And when the train comes up at last and you take your seat, don't tell us how very superior the French and Austrian carriages are, with their plate glass and morocco leather; go and live in France or Austria if you prefer it, and see how much better off you find yourself there. You will be apt to find in those strongly-governed countries an extra pea or two in your shoes that will pinch you pretty considerably before you have been naturalised there long.

There was a 'solemn dictum of Pythagoras' which much puzzled his scholars, and has been a perplexity to the learned ever since—"Abstain from beans." Some think it contained a deep political allusion—beans being the substitute for voting-papers at Athens—and that extending, as he no doubt meant it to do, to future ages, it conveys to us a warning against having anything to do with Mr Bright and the ballot. Others suppose that it referred to his doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and that he feared he might some day be guilty of eating his grandmother in the bodily shape of a haricot. Possibly, like some other wise men, he did not quite understand himself; possibly it was only intended as a burlesque upon all sententious philosophy. Let me offer, as an appropriate pendant to that great man's saying, this, which, not being a great man, I have felt bound to explain—"Boil your peas."

AN ANGLING SAUNTER IN SUTHERLAND.

DURING summer, one of the Quarterly Reviews—it is neither necessary, nor convenient to remember which of that now numerous family—indulged itself incidentally in some remarks to the effect that it is very presumptuous in people to write (in *Magazines*, we presume) about such matters as angling, because anglers form a very small community, and the subject cannot have either interest or amusement for anybody else. With deference, this doctrine—though delivered with all that solemnity and air of old experience which, somehow or another, periodicals published no oftener than once in three months think it necessary to assume as soon as they are born—is really what the polite call nonsense, and the more can did trash. In the first and least place, anglers are not so small a community as the reviewer solemnly assumes, but a very large one, with many and various claims to have their wants supplied and their words listened to; and, secondly and conclusively, it is a fallacy of great size and entire holowness to say that people take no interest in anything they have not seen or cannot do. As well almost say that people will not read about countries they have not visited or do not trade with, or that people cannot be expected to look at pictures they could not paint, as maintain, like this excessively grave, and, we suspect, reverend seignior, that it is impertinence or boredom to write about a sport which all have not the opportunity or the inclination to practise. “With these views” (as people say in giving a toast or proposing a resolution, after they have signally failed to give you a view of anything), and having also in view two excellent little books* which last summer brought forth, we venture to think that a short and rude account of some experiences acquired in a saunter round the remote and rough, but (in an angling point of view) paradisiacal county of Sutherland,

may be of use to some of those who may choose to read it, and do no great harm even to those who may prefer to read something wiser and better.

The best though not nearest way to Sutherlandshire and our subject, is by steamer through the Hebrides. There are two routes, or two ways of “doing” the route, Glasgow or Greenock being in both cases the starting-point—by the Kyles of Bute and the Crinan Canal to Oban, sleeping at that town of hotels a night, and catching the Skye steamer at a reasonable hour in the morning; or taking the Skye steamer when it leaves the Clyde in the evening, and spending the night (in a comfortable berth), rounding that inscrutable impediment to navigation, called Cantyre, which is so wonderfully and inconveniently made, that, after steaming swiftly all night, you find yourself at waking within three or four miles of where you were at bedding. Take it either way (of course, the route is the same from Oban northwards), you have what many, and we among them, regard as the finest scenery in the three kingdoms, viewed in comfort and luxury from vessels rushing smoothly along at from ten to eighteen miles an hour (eighteen miles is nothing to the “Iona,” one of the noble steamers of the fleet of Messrs Hutcheson & Co., the firm which, barring an occasional rebellion by the west wind, rules the Hebridean waves). Nowhere can you make so sudden and deep a plunge from multitude to solitude, from city to desert. This hour you are leaving the crammed and roaring streets of the second city of the United Kingdom; as you pass on, your ears are deafened, yet your heart cheered, by the din of thousands of hammers “closing rivets up” in those stately ocean giants which in a few months more will be dotting Mexican and Australian seas; and the next hour you are sweeping along

* *Salmon-Casts and Stray Shots*, by JOHN COLQUHOUN, Esq.; and *The Tourist's and Angler's Guide to the North of Scotland*, by ANDREW YOUNG, Inverashin.

past deserts thinly peopled by men of another race and language, within hearing of the bleat of the sheep upon the turf kept fresh by the ocean spray, and in the very shadow of the towering and jagged cliffs which sentinel the region round and defy the Atlantic's might. Onward, between a sea-indented mainland, and a chain of islands as large as counties—through labyrinths of islets, past territories and towers of poetic or historic fame—

“Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay,
That guard famed Staffa round,”

—Isle, Jura, Scarba, Mull, Corryvreckan, Duntrune, Dunolly, Dunstaffnage, Duart—till, shooting out into open-ocean from, “dark Mull, thy mighty Sound,” you see, far beyond the mountains of Morven, out against the northern horizon, the wonderful peaks of the Cuchullins of Skye, appearing less like mountains than the most gorgeous and fantastic gift that the Atlantic ever sent to cloud-land. Then the ocean-battered Ardnamurchan—almost alone, of all that coast, without an island breakwater; the stony wilderness of Arisaig; green yet drear Glenelg; “high Kintail,” with its shores smiling to the sea, and its needle-pointed mountains assailing the sky—and you are at the southern end of the almost unvisited mountains of Western Ross, which, with various degrees of grandeur, but in unbroken series, wall the Atlantic for seventy miles northwards. The probability is, that the steamer diverges up some of those sea-lochs which, running far into the country, form its chief sources of communication with the world. This is, indeed, the most roadless district in the three kingdoms. It was a worthy clergyman, in one of its least desolate portions, who, urging a late aged and illustriously obese Scotch judge to pay him a visit, gave him the enticing assurance that there was a good bridle-road to within twenty miles of the place! It is generally the case that the voyager for Sutherland has also an opportunity for two or three hours’ inspection of that people, strangely habited in more than one sense, and those bogs so flat and bleak and

wet, both of which Sir James Matheson of the Lewes, with princely munificence of heart and purse, is seeking to reclaim. And then straight across the Minsh, past the Shiant Isles, which Dr McCulloch speaks of as rivals to Staffa, but which almost nobody goes or can get to see, having all the grandest mountain-districts of Scotland, from Cape Wrath to the Point of Ardnamurchan, spread out before you, like a mighty sea in wild commotion. As our destination is Sutherland, and as we are neither able nor disposed to do all the mountains by the way, we have perhaps been loitering, or even twaddling; but where the route is, for two days and nights, through a succession of the grandest scenery in the British Islands, it is impossible and undesirable to get along as quickly and silently as if you were on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway.

The first view of Sutherland, approached from the Atlantic, gives a pretty correct idea of the characteristics of its scenery. The most conspicuous object is a gigantic conical mountain, close on the sea, standing apart from all rivals, though ringed round by some satellites; and far inland you see a repetition of the same effect in greater degree—a few peaks standing in apparent isolation, haughty and neighbourless, with no children round their knees. There are here, strictly speaking, no great mountain-ranges, but rather a mob of hills, destitute of arrangement—with one here, and another there, and a third yonder, raising their heads calmly and loftily out of the tumult—“serene, like heaven, above the clouds.” None of them attain to a very great altitude, or rather none of them, in mere height, rival Ben Macdhui or Ben Nevis—the former of which, in the recent competition for greatest height among the mountains, conducted under the patronage of the Board of Ordnance, came in winner over the latter by only fourteen feet; but their shapes and postures are for the most part magnificent, and broadly varied—Coinag, rising sharp from Loch Assynt and the sea, with walls of precipices and gloomy fissures; Ben Hope, smooth and handsome, lifting himself from a smiling

vale ; Ben Loyal, heaved up an enormous "hulking" mass from a wilderness of darksome bogs and inky lochs. It is not height merely that makes magnificence in mountains, but shape, clothing, and accessories. The grandest and most impressive mountain-scenery in Great Britain is not that of Ben Nevis or Ben Macdhui, but that of the Cuchullins in Skye, the highest of them being only about 2600 feet in altitude, but rising stern and sharp from the sea to the seldom-absent clouds—shaped on the extremest alpine model, but with wild and wondrous variety—scowling, dark, and naked, from base to peak, and afflicting the beholder with a feeling of what is meant by the blackness of desolation.

"The aggregated soil,
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote."

Though in Sutherland scenery you have no far-stretching mountain-ranges, and few long-withdrawing glens, you have things as fine and more rare. There are one, two, or perhaps three routes penetrating through the country, by which, following chains of lakes, you have long vistas and easy sinuosities between walls of mountains; but by the roads round the coast, which are the most attractive, especially for the angler, you proceed over a series of violent and comparatively short undulations, which in most countries would be regarded as a succession not of mere heights and hollows, but of peaks and pits. Taken in this way, which is the way in which you see most of what is peculiar or characteristic of Sutherland, you find the country a series of cups or basins, of which you are alternately toppling over the rim, or sweltering at the bottom. As you journey, you have on one hand, or rather on all sides but one, the great mountain-peaks of the country, seen every few minutes at a different angle, and changing endlessly in shape and aspect; on the other hand, ever and again the Northern Ocean, blue and curling, bursts upon you with cool freshness on its wings, and in every hollow you find yourself on the margin of what, till you see the water-lilies or

the sea-tangle, you cannot tell to be or firth or lake.

But wherein consists, and in what way is produced, the attractions of Sutherlandshire to the angler? By a union of the two great powers which lord it over those regions, with a sway of course unequally divided—Nature and the Duke. The one provides the feast, and the other says Come. That physical conformation of which we have just spoken, produces aquatically a state of things most favourable to the seeker after fish. All those cups or basins are more or less full of water, and in almost every case the water is thickly and often variously populated. The number of lakes in Sutherland amazes the traveller, and not only delights but bewilders the angler. They count not by units, but by hundreds; and as to their names, the Southron may at once call them Legion in slump and have done with them, because their pronunciation is even a greater tax on the labial, or rather guttural, than their recollection would be on the mnemonic powers. Mr Andrew Young speaks of two hundred in one parish, and more than a thousand in the county; and our experience leads us to suspect this to be an under-estimate. All these are not equally excellent, but many of them are excellent; most of them may be pronounced very good, few of them bad, and only a very few barren. The differences, however, are immense, with no visible or conceivable cause therefor; and their qualities are very imperfectly known even to those living nearest them, who, truth to tell, are neither many nor nigh at hand. The majority of the lochs of Sutherland are, in an angling point of view, unexplored; and we should think that Sutherland is the only county in the three kingdoms of which any such thing can now be said. Not many years ago, some such remark was partially true of the remoter districts of Kerry and Galway; but the names of many of the stations there have now become as familiar to angling ears as Teddington or Tibbie Shields. One division, indeed, of the lochs of the county is not only explored, but appropriated: a few of the best of

those which contain what numerous Acts of Parliament, with a convenient vagueness, call "fish of the salmon-kind" are let to sportsmen. Even in those cases, however, with one or two exceptions, the proprietor has reserved right not only for his friends, but for strangers from afar, who are made welcome to a day or two in passing, on application to the factor of the district, from whom no gentleman need fear other than a gentlemanly and courteous reception. Most of the rivers containing any store of salmon are in the same position—which, it will be seen, is one far from unfavourable to the passing angler. It may, however, be naturally feared that this state of things cannot last long: the demand increasing, and the supply remaining stationary, it will some day become impracticable to make room for all, and there will be almost nothing for it but to permit none. There is, however, one remedy or preventive which might be made, with advantage to all parties, to operate against the result of the whole salmon-fishing of these remote and beautiful districts becoming the monopoly of a few. It cannot be expected that the proprietor should give for nothing to all and sundry what many are praying to be allowed to pay for; such an arrangement, even if reasonable, would be impracticable. But why not let the many pay each a little, instead of half-a-dozen paying a great deal? Instead of letting a whole river for an entire season to one angler, why not let it in parts, and by the day, to any comer, through means of a trading lessee, taken bound to give a fair day's angling for a fair day's pay? This plan is adopted already with great success and acceptance on one Sutherland river, the Shin, and might be extended to the others at rates proportioned to their value and accessibility. In this way, hundreds might be gratified by what very often fails to give gratification even to one. And let us add, that such an arrangement would be in accordance with the liberal views obvious in the entire policy of the noble proprietor in matters affecting tourists—a policy which aims at the attraction of many visitors rather

than of a few *quasi*-residents, as instanced by the innkeepers being taken bound not to let portions of their houses be occupied by the tenants of shootings, to the exclusion of travellers either on business or pleasure.

In the mean time, however, and apparently for all time, there is attraction enough for the angler in Sutherland over and above all the appropriated salmon-fishings. To the merely tourist-angler, wandering perhaps always, and necessarily often, on foot, from inn to inn, salmon-fishing—with its rigid and nice requirements as to sky and water, its inexplicable failures and numerous "blank days," its cumbering apparatus and unportable spoils—ought not to be the main resource. The joys of salmon-fishing who shall deny except those that never tried them; and therefore have no right to speak? But nowhere are they the sole or even chief joy of the true angler, and nowhere should they be less so than in Sutherland. Trout-fishing is, we boldly maintain, not only a more delightful amusement, but a higher art. A really good trout-fisher—that is, not a trout-fisher who can take trouts under circumstances when anybody can take them, but who can conquer the most perplexing difficulties, and circumvent the most sharpened instincts—is a person of higher accomplishment and greater merit than an equally good salmon-fisher, somewhat in the same proportion that a trout which knows every pebble in its haunt, and is familiar with every kind of worm of the earth and insect of the air, to say nothing of a ripened repugnance to steel and feathers, is a better informed and more sceptical fish than a salmon which has only left the ocean a few days or hours, and is a stranger to everything that comes before its eyes or is offered to its mouth. Some skill in handling implements is required in salmon-fishing, but even in that department the requirements of trout-fishing are more rigid. The knowledge required for salmon-angling is chiefly local—the knowledge of the very spot, never to be inferred certainly from mere appearances, where the fish is

lying, if he is lying anywhere; whilst the knowledge required for trout is chiefly a knowledge of the whole habits and instincts of the race. Again, salmon being few but ignorant, and trout numerous but knowing, the capture of *that* is largely a matter of chance—of *this* almost purely a matter of skill. These are not laid down here as unquestionable articles of faith, but only as materials for consolation to the Sutherland tourist-angler who may not be able to get all the salmon-fishing he would like, and as reasons why, if he cannot get his will of this, that, or the other river or loch, he ought to go on his way rejoicing to the multitude of others, where neither men nor fish say nay.

Another and most important particular in which the Duke co-operates with nature in making welcome and provision for honest anglers throughout the realm of Sutherland is in the matter of *inns*. And is that a small matter? Who that hath much partaken of that species of Highland hospitality which is dispensed, for the most part, by gentlemen belonging to the great clans of Campbell and McGregor, under arrangements with the Quarter Sessions and H. M. Inland Revenue, has not bitterly repeated the lamentation unluckily put in the mouth of that scandalous old defaulter, John Falstaff, “Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?” It “feelingly reminds us what we are” to be made aware of how much of the enjoyment of mind and eye—how much our peace within and our appreciation of even the grandest objects without—depend upon what we get, and not less upon what we *give*, in the places where our mere bodily needs are attended to. A friend who always felt a certain amount of depression whilst touring in the Highlands, could not, by mental analyses pursued through years, solve a tormenting doubt whether it was the scenery or the inns that were too much for him—whether it was the stupendousness of the hills or of the bills that so weighed upon his soul. After experience in Sutherland, he concludes that it was all

along of the bills; for there the hills tower and frown beyond almost all other hills; yet the bills being small, and the hosts smiling, the feeling of awe departed out of him; whilst as soon as he got down to the low country of Ross, where the hills sink but the bills mount, he had a return to that solemnised condition which he had hitherto been inclined to ascribe to a spiritual frame too impossible by the glories of nature. The mode in which the Duke of Sutherland prevents the grand scenery of his realm being thus unjustly accused of depressive influences, is by furnishing good houses, and looking out for good people to keep them, and then putting the good people on good terms with the good houses by having no rent to intervene between them,—the consideration in lieu thereof being, that the wayfaring man shall be well and cheaply entertained. And the contract is faithfully fulfilled. Loch Inver, Scourie, Duirnish, Tongue, Altnaharra—*et*, almost without exception, *cetera*—plenty, comfort, cleanliness, cheerfulness, give welcome to the coming and reluctance to the going guest. Let tourists take a care that this system, devised for their benefit, is not impaired or destroyed by their own folly, in either of the two ways of protesting that they are giving too little, or of attempting to get too much. The charges are not ridiculously small, but merely fair; and if, on the whole transactions, there is any loss, it is obviously borne by the Duke, who, we daresay, can very well afford it. The proper recompense, therefore, consists in drinking his Grace's health, and not in making corrupting preachments to the innkeepers about what some people insist on calling the “excessive moderation” of the charges. Again, do not expect things which it would be unnatural to find, and is affectation to seek. People wanting luxury and show—people who cannot be content with good things, unless they are the very same good things presenting themselves in the very same style as they are accustomed to, or affect to be accustomed to, when at home—should never leave home, or at least should never come so far afield

as Cape Wrath. It is that low-thinking high-living class who, by their exacting demands, have rendered so many of the inns in the nearer Highlands unfit for quieter and better people. In this respect, tourists may be divided into two classes—those who tour for the apparent purpose of indulging in in-door luxuries and ostentations in unfit places; and those who tour, if not somewhat to escape such things, at least to seek the pleasures appropriate, and not those alien, to the region. The former class will be apt to fare the worse the farther they go from home; the class seeking scenery, health, and recreation, and content with all in-door things neat but not gaudy, sufficient but not luxurious, abundant but not superfine, may take ship for Sutherland with greater confidence than for any other portion of Her Majesty's realm on which the sun (occasionally) shines.

Suppose the tourist angler landed from the steamer at Loch Inver, the south-western corner of the county, he has two difficulties to encounter, according to the nature of his expectations. If his soul be attuned solely to salmon-fishing, he will find the difficulties on the river Inver more insuperable than almost anywhere else; if he is prepared to be content with access to everything in the district but that one stream, he is immediately plunged into very considerable suffering from *embarras de richesses*. He finds about as much water as land—water, too, more productive than the land—and all not only permitting but inviting his attentions. Here he is immersed at once in the angling wealth peculiar to Sutherland, the lakes which lie on every hand, up on the hill and down in the glen, in bewildering number and endless variety. There is Loch Assynt, seven miles long; and as for the rest, they are innumerable and unnameable. Loch Assynt has salmon, and the much-coveted, seldom caught, and little worth, *salmo ferox*; besides being crowded with common trouts of that variety and uncertainty of size which form so much of the tormenting pleasure which only anglers know. But Andrew Young (tacksman of the Shin fisheries,

author of the *Tourist's and Angler's Guide* already mentioned, and a terrible fellow upon the "parr" question), otherwise so accurate, is wrong in speaking of an abundance of sea-trout: that enterprising but capricious immigrant seems to turn back from the mouth of this river as if offended with its coarseness and brawling. Such sport, too, as is here attainable, is enjoyed in the heart of some of the finest mountain scenery in the British Islands. To glide about a summer's day on the now leaden, now golden surface of this hill-encircled sea, "gazing, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away;" now gloomed beneath the almost mingling shadows of Coinag and Ben More, then dazzled and oppressed by the rays poured down from the mid-day sun, multiplied and intensified by the ramparts of rock; no sound but the clatter of cascades high and unseen upon the mountain-side, the scream of the bird of prey in the sky above, and, not least sweet, the plungings of the fish in the waters below;—even one such day is recompense for months bypast, and material for refreshing memories during months to come, of toils and anxieties in the sweltering city. Nor less, though different, are the delights of straying at will through the endless series, or rather labyrinth of lakes—here, one fringed with copse and isletted by rocks clothed with the silver-stemmed and trembling birch—there, one gorgeously carpeted with water-lilies—next, another black and barren. The great drawback to ordinary loch-fishing is its sameness or tameness; all day you look on the same unvaried surface, and whichever way you turn, it is as likely one way as the other that your line will fall in pleasant and profitable places. But here you have, within a few yards from one another, lakes differing each from each in size, shape, and features, with differences as great as between the different streams and turnings of a river, and also with a variety, and, we may say, mystery of produce, which no river can equal. Your knowledge of the species and magnitude of fish existing in one loch is no index at all to what you will find in its neighbour round the

corner; each time you shift your ground or water, you begin in utter uncertainty as to what may be the fruit of your labour and skill, or what may have caused that troubling of the waters which has drawn your cast—perhaps it may turn out a newt, perhaps turn out a salmon. And so may you wander the live-long day, with unsated eye, by bog and cliff, always catching something “good,” always expecting something better, till the hour comes when no man can fish, and every sensible man takes thought of what he shall eat, and how much he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be bed-clothed.

Among the grand and peculiar scenery stretching from Loch Assynt to Cape Wrath, and even onwards to where the country ceases to be mountainous and to be called Sutherland, and becomes flat under the name of Caithness, there is much more than a fair day's work among these lochs between each inn or resting-place—that is, more than enough for the pedestrian angler. Perhaps it may seem absurd to speak of the pedestrian angler; but once, at least, we saw an equestrian one: an officer of the royal navy, whose frigate had been temporarily turned into a meal-girnel for the relief of Highland destitution, borrowed a pony to reach a trouting loch in Mull, and when he got to the place was much struck with the fortunate idea of “getting in to the big ones,” and yet keeping his feet dry, by making his casts off the back of his steed, which, at the first “whip” of the line, pitched the ingenious operator into his “native element”—as the newspapers say in describing a ship-launch, obviously on the hypothesis that timber is a marine vegetable—and careered off madly to the mountains, taking with it the only bridle and saddle in the parish. Three days afterwards, this anglophobian brute was still missing; and the equestrian angler, on his quarter-deck, was threatening to quell with thunders from our native oak any person or persons whatsoever coming from the shore with inquiries as to what he had made of the “pit peastie,” and who was to pay for the saddlery. The pedestrian angler, we repeat, has more than

enough to do and to see between inns—between, for instance, Loch Inver and Scourie. On every hand are temptations to loiter—kyles, black and deep to the edge, and rushing in and out of the land with the speed of mighty rivers—streams, now tumbling into the ocean sheer over the cliffs, now suddenly stagnating on meadows and bogs, and, like the lochs, giving variety and sweet uncertainty to the angler's search.

At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper vocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff-scenery in the British Islands. No description nor expectation is felt as adequate, when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at one step stand on a wall of rock seven hundred feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here, the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird or hiding to an insect. There, you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen ruins and isolated, fantastic turrets, and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays within which the wild waters are one moment lying in grim repose, the next roaring and leaping in fierce impatience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence and the thunder of ocean's artillery, as each slow-succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing-bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spirit-visitant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that cruel war between the invading ocean and the defying land; but so it was—a deeper, though less dreary dread, came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine-strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that “still small voice” which, issuing we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms

and fiercest tumults of our mortal state.

There is another thing to be seen, or rather not to be seen, at Scourie, which few passers-by will fail to look for—the grave of General Hugh M'Kay of Scourie, who fought against Dundee. (By the way, why does the generally correct, and always correcting historian, John Hill Burton, repeatedly speak of M'Kay's lordship being in Ross-shire?) M'Kay, who, a Highlander himself, yet used such utterly un-Highland tactics, was, it is true, no very great general. He was thoroughly accomplished in the best rules of war, as practised by the great masters of the art in his time, but it is rather against his fame that he and the best rules generally got beaten, as at Killiecrankie, where, having arranged his troops on the most accurate principles, he found himself in five minutes left without either foes or followers—the one having driven the other in hopeless rout down the glen just when he was going to leave off his scientific faces and begin. But, though misplaced and unfortunate, he was a brave and humane soldier, an honest man, and a sincere patriot—virtues more than sufficient to entitle his grave to preservation from oblivion and dishonour. It stands on a knoll overhanging the sea, not only unmarked, but left outside a modern enclosure of other graves. This is not only neglect, but indignity; and now that these northern regions are so much more full of the Covenanting spirit than they used to be, some local atonement to the Whigmore general, who, as to his own Sutherland, was so far before his times, is fitting, and should be immediately forthcoming. The erection of some worthy memorial is therefore recommended as a fit subject for rivalry between the Established and the Free Kirk Presbyteries of Tongue—whom failing, we protest and appeal to the ensuing Synod of Sutherland and Caithness.

Leaving grave matters, let it be known that within easy reach of Scourie Inn lies perhaps the finest sea-trout fishing to be had in any British loch—we do not say river, and we do not include Ireland, in memory of

some possible exceptions in Kerry and Galway. After a tantalising journey up two or three miles of a river with the ancient and most fish-like Norse name of Laxford, which is *tabooed* for a resident sportsman, the angler has Loch Stack, full of fish, and encircled by a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. For some thirty miles farther inward and upward, there is an almost unbroken chain of lochs free to all comers, renewed again when the water-shed tends southwards, and ending with Loch Shin, itself about as long as from London to Windsor. That, however, is somewhat off our road, though in Sutherland the angler can hardly go wrong. All along the northern sea-coast, eastward as well as westward from Scourie, you have more loch than land—and some knowledge, as well as plenty of fish, is to be got in some of these waters. Within a stone's throw from the door of the inn, and lying literally on the sea-beach, there is a loch which, under moderately favourable circumstances, is to be seen "hottering" with well-sized trouts. But here, too, is to be witnessed a fact which much vexes and perplexes anglers in Sutherland more than in any other known country—that the nearer the sea-level, the more wary, or fastidious, or capricious, do fresh-water fish become. In this loch, whose Gaelic name, we daresay, signifies disappointment, you shall see hundreds of trouts dashing at everything on the face of the waters, with apparently ravenous appetites and reckless demeanour; but the most tempting lure, plied with the lightest hand, seldom obtains any other notice than a contemptuous and unseemly toss of the tail. Half a mile up a gentle ascent there is a larger loch, where things are comparatively better, though not positively good; up again and behind some gentle heights, there are at least half-a-dozen lochs where things are excellent—that is, where the fish, though not superb either in size or quality, are open to reason and apprehension. But it would be endless to mention the lochs even in clusters; between Scourie and the next inn, Rhi-conich, there is a week's fishing

without leaving the roadside. There, too, is a loch called Garbet-beg, crowded with salmon and sea-trout, for the catching of which nothing is required but the factor's permission and a strong wind. Immediately above it is another loch called Garbet-more, where many anglers have been tempted to waste their time under the impression that "beg" means the big loch, and "more" the bigger one, with fish to correspond: but in Gaelic "beg" perversely means little, and "more" means simply big; and in this case, as in many others, the big fish are in the little loch, and *vice versa*.

For all that is to be seen and caught in the region beyond—across the howling wilderness of the Gualin, and down the boggy and midge-infested Grudie—reference is made to the literary works of Mr Andrew Young of Invershin. But let us save from disappointment the tourist who, under Andrew's guidance, may be taking his way through this region. "On the right or south side of the Kyle of Durine," says Andrew, "we see the most beautiful hills perhaps in Scotland." Stimulated by this strong remark, you look to your left as directed, in expectation of beholding a range which shall dwarf and make commonplace all you have beheld before; and what you see is the lowest, tamest, and most unimposing elevations within the Highland line. You think perhaps of that odd mismeasurement by Miss Porter, in her *Walter, or the Scottish Chiefs*, where she speaks (we hope our memory is not wronging her) of "the Scottish army wheeling its march along beneath the frowning and gigantic range of the Corstorphines." In Miss Porter's case the mistake arose probably from a defect in her topography; but in Mr Young it is only a peculiarity of taste, about which, though there is no use disputing, it may be permitted to wonder. Revealing his meaning, he goes on—"At all events, there is nothing to compare with these hills north of Fifeshire." Fife, before being thus taken in hand by Mr Young, had a celebrity of her own, but not in the way of anything Highland; indeed, Fife is in all respects the most non-

Highland county in Scotland, and some people have a theory that the main causes are its peninsular form, and the difficulty presented of old to Highland immigration by the demand of a halfpenny portage at Perth. But Mr Young has a theory of his own about mountains, under which he arrives at the conclusion that Largo Law and the Lomonds are the most beautiful in Scotland. Here, says he of those particular Sutherland hills which alone draw his admiration—"here you have no heather and but few rocks—green as a meadow to the very top!" The less a mountain is a mountain, the more meritorious and beautiful does it become in the eyes of the author of *The Tourist's Guide*. Mountains, he reasons, are for treading sheep; the more sheep fed, the more beautiful the mountain. Andrew is logical—he is also patriotic, if we may venture to infer that his infancy was spent amongst those Fifeshire mountains which, except at the Kyle of Durine, Sutherlandshire so utterly fails to rival.

Moving eastwards, the waters are found to be running due north, and the small lochs get both less numerous and less valuable, though one of them at least—called, we think, Loch Sain—is of some value as a curiosity. Its peculiarity consists in being a sort of compromise between loch and sea. Its water is fresh, but its bed is salt; a large expanse of fresh water has found itself a basin on the sea-beach, the basin retaining all its natural characteristics notwithstanding its unnatural contents. The aquatic vegetation seems entirely marine, the bottom and many parts of the surface being covered with sea-tangle, to the equal astonishment and disgust of the angler. Its piscine inhabitants are mixed and motley: fish which are never got but in fresh water, such as common trouts—and fish, such as sythe and coal-fish, nowhere else found out of the salt water—both abound. Of course there is a supply also of those species which frequent both salt and fresh, though, perhaps, not so many of these as some people might or did assume. We hooked a fish of highly respectable dimensions,

either, we at once concluded, a salmon, or a grilse of considerable weight and decision of character; but from faults on his side we parted on bad terms. "Fery fine cuddie, indeed, sir, but she would not stay—oh, no, sir," was uttered from behind by an ancient Celt, who had, to no good purpose that we could perceive, wandered our way, and had been looking on unobserved until he made this unwarranted observation. What this superannuated person meant, it turned out on explanation, was, that the fish which had so highly excited and so deeply disappointed the angler was one of that most degraded and despised even of all sea-fish, very vulgarly known in some districts as a *cuddie*, and in others by an equally dignified name, and everywhere regarded as the very extreme of stupidity and worthlessness. Nevertheless it is of course open to the person chiefly concerned to cherish for ever the conviction that that fish was a fine salmon, and that that Donald was an old fool. But willingly passing that, how is it that we have here salt-water fish living and thriving in perfectly fresh water? Even in the case of the migratory fish, which spend part of the year in the fresh and part in the salt—salmon, sea-trout, and eels—there seems to be in all ordinary cases a sort of *acclimatising* process, by a lingering both on the outward and inward journeys, at the point where river and sea meet and mix. But here the communication between loch and sea being by a small burn or cascade of only half-a-dozen yards in length, and existing only after heavy rains, and much more rarely by the inroad of a wave during high tides and certain winds—there is but one step from the salt to the fresh and back again, which step, however, does not seem to be considered a rash one even by those fish which naturally have no more to do with fresh water than with bitter beer. All the numerous sea-fish in this lake—for instance, that cuddie of six or eight pounds, not the individual thoughtlessly alleged by that ignorant barbarian to have personated a salmon, but any given cuddie out of

the hundreds that are lying within a few yards of us—came in in a couple of seconds from the brine of the Northern Ocean to this moor-loch, the water of which is made up partly of caller springs, and partly of peat-impregnated exudations, but as fresh as if it were not within sight of the sea. Yet there he is, seemingly quite at home, taking his food and his fun, sometimes (though certainly not this time) at the cost of the way-faring angler. How can it be? Can it be that fish do not feel the difference between salt water and fresh? This seems incredible, looking at the extreme sensitiveness displayed, not only by the fresh-water fish, but by the migratory species, to the quality and the condition of the waters of rivers and lakes—how they detect and abhor every kind of adulteration, and, even when the water is left undisturbed by the operations of man, will seek and thrive in this water, and shun or pine in that. Nor is the case made clearer by the fact that, at least in the instance we have stumbled upon, there is no reciprocity in the emigration trade; the sea-fish come on shore, so to speak, but the fresh-water fish never go to sea. For the two reasons that this is not an ichthyological essay, and that we have nothing to say, we say nothing on this knotty case, beyond thus mentioning its existence and hinting its difficulties.

And other ichthyological puzzles are to be found without going much or almost any farther from the spot we have been speaking of. This Loch Sain is, as, to its common trouts, another illustration of the fastidious and capricious habits of the fish in lochs near the sea-level; but pass on a few miles across Loch Erriboll, then across the river Hope, you come to a quaking morass called the Moin. At the very summit of this lifeless and storm-swept region there lies a small loch full of trout. Yet it is only now and then, with the finest tackle, and with the greatest caution, that it is possible to obtain even two or three specimens—worm, and worm at night, being the only reliable lure at any season of the year. To look at the altitude of this lake, and the sterility of its

borders, destitute of anything promotive of insect life, you would conclude that nowhere on earth, nor in the waters under the earth, had Dr Malthus been more utterly defied, and the demand for food got so ridiculously in excess of the supply. In a cluster of most attractive but most unget-at-able lakes in what may be called the same district, a few miles up the very rough country at the head of Loch Erriboll, there is something to be seen that might mistakenly be called similar—the trout in one loch rising recklessly at anything you may throw in their way; those in another, a few yards off, refusing to look at anything but their own interests. But in these cases there are not only visible differences between the lochs—in the quality of the water, and the aquatic vegetation—but the trout in the shy lochs are large, few, and fat, conditions of fish-existence everywhere accompanied by a repugnance to any sort of entertainment which the angler has to offer; while in this loch on the moor (which is only one instance among many), the trout are small, many, and lean—just the very circumstances under which, naturally and ordinarily, fish are most eager to be killed. Again, why is it that in some rivers closely adjoining, as in the Borgie and the Halladale in this district, both salmon and trout will, in one, refuse to “take” or be taken in the evenings; and, in another, seem only then to awake to a sense of duty? Why is it that, in some rivers, fish of the salmon kind take as soon as they enter, and in others not till after they have passed days and miles in their new element? Why is it that on most Highland rivers, although you may have ten times the number of fish in any one “cast” that you might have in a “cast” on the Tweed or other Lowland rivers, you have not ten times the chance of success, nor even so good a chance? Ask any keeper who has had sufficient experience in both regions, and he will tell you that so it is; but be cautious in listening to him on the point why it is.

Only once more. In these Sutherland rivers, a point in the salmon question, hitherto undisputed, is very

considerably confused. It has been an accepted rule, that the proportion of grilse to salmon in the “take” on any river is a sort of measure of the severity of the fishing. Grilse are the crop, so to speak, of a single year, salmon the crops of an indefinite number of years; so that, if more are killed of the last year’s produce than of the produce of all years preceding, the number of survivors of any year but the last must be very small. Grilse are on their first ascent, salmon on at least their second; so that, if more fish are killed on the first ascent than on the second, third, fourth, and so on, all put together, the state of things is much the same as if in any human community there were always alive a larger proportion of persons under, say, two years of age, than at all ages above. Further, grilse have never propagated, salmon have; so that the greater the proportion of fish killed as grilse, the smaller the sources of reproduction. All this seems plain in itself, and is corroborated by the history and statistics of the chief salmon rivers. In the Tay, and much more in the Tweed, as the proportion of grilse to salmon has increased, has the total produce dwindled. But in some of the best Sutherland rivers we find the proportion or disproportion of grilse killed much greater than in those cases, yet without there being the smallest ground for alleging anything of the nature of over-fishing. Thus, in the Halladale and neighbouring rivers the proportion is ten or twelve grilse to one salmon; and in the abounding Naver (which, by the by, is reputed the best salmon-angling river in Scotland) the proportion is not much smaller; although all these waters are netted very mercifully, and only at their mouths, and during a season much shorter than the legal one. There is not the shadow of a doubt that, in these rivers, a much larger proportion of the descending fish of any one year effect their return to the sea unharmed than in the case of the Tay or Tweed; yet it would appear that a smaller proportion come back from the sea. How is this? Is it the greater proportion of marine natural enemies in the

north than in the south? Who shall say, when not only is it not clear that that proportion really is greater, but when it is unknown in what part of all the ocean the salmon of the British rivers have their marine residences? The point is so important that we may be held to have made a sufficient contribution to that branch of science by stating the difficulty, leaving to posterity the honour of solving it.

Take it all in all, this extreme northern part of Sutherlandshire is perhaps the richest salmon district in the kingdom. The Hope, the Borgia, the Naver, the Halladale—every few miles the traveller passes some river, moving on, stately and smooth, or hasting and brawling, from its birthplace in some chain of mountain-lakes to its grave in the sea. And though his basket may sometimes remain empty, his eye is filled and his mind stirred by the scenery, and by the very names of the region he traverses. He treads the rocks which wall out a sea stretching thence unbroken to the regions of eternal ice—on every cliff he passes is breaking, day and night, “the long wave that at the pole began.” Nor can the traveller hear unmoved that those specks which, on rounding some headland, he sees motting the blue expanse, are “the far Orcades,” whose very name to the dwellers in cities is a synonyme for distance, storm, and loneliness. At this point, which is perforce a turning-point, we begin thinking that our prattle may be tedious, and shall have done.

At the river Halladale we are on the borders between Sutherland and Caithness. The summit of those low hills on the east of the river separates, by an imaginary line, two counties differing utterly in physical aspects, and not less, even at this day, in the blood, language, and social habits of the people. Eastwards, instead of mountains and glens, you have unbroken and especially treeless flats. In the matter of trees Sutherland has little to boast of; but she is able to look on Caithness with contempt, and is pleased to get up contemptuous stories regarding her neighbour's nakedness. Up Strathal-

ladale, within the Sutherland boundaries, there is a clump of the scrubbiest birches that ever disgraced the name of “a wood;” and the Caithness people come thirty or even forty miles to picnic on that happy bog, and revel in forest scenery. This Caithnessian defect is visible even in the interiors of the churches, the timber in which the natives owe much more to the sea than to the land; the pews, and even pulpits, it is said, being ordinarily constructed, and that with but little adaptation to altered circumstances, out of the wrecks of fishing-boats. Our informant (but whose information, we fear, was less ample as to the inside of churches than as to many other subjects) was even ready to swear (but *that* seemed no effort with him) that in one Caithness kirk, which had been fitted up with timber not much altered from the state in which it had come ashore, he found himself embarked in a pew inscribed “The Brothers, of Bauff,” whilst the minister appeared to be considerably at sea in a pulpit which, as all men might read, had in its unregenerate days buffeted the waves as “The June, of Portsoy.”

In the appearance and character of the population the diversity is striking, even to the most careless observer. On the one side of these knolls you have the Celts, with all their virtues and faults; on the other, the Scandinavians, with all theirs. “The Caithness folk,” said a south-country shepherd, whose lot had been cast among both races, “are far mair *anxious*—they work harder, and live better, and pay bigger rents, than the folk in Sutherland, where the men like to *beak* at the house-ends while the women are tearing their lives out working.” One notable form of this last evil is still to be seen in some parts of Sutherland, though we were fortunate enough not to see it—the manure is filled by men into creels on the backs of women, who, after carrying it to the field, open the bottom of the basket and let the contents spill down over their clothes to the ground, then return to the midden, where the men meanwhile have been leaning gracefully on their “graipts,” ready to renew their easy part in

the operation. But the business in which alone we have properly to do with this diversity of races here is that of poaching, into which department of industry, both on water and land, the Caithnessians carry much of the energy they display in the more legitimate occupations of herring-fishing and stone-quarrying; whilst the Sutherland Celts are in these matters so tractable as even to incur the contempt of the south-country keepers who bear rule among them. "Them poach!" said one of those guardians, who had confessedly "dune something on his ain account" both with gun and leister on his native Ettrick—"when I cam' first, I gaed to the folk in the clachan up there, and said, quite bold, 'I hear ye have guns among ye—you maun put them awa.' Ye'll no believe me, sir, but the puir-spirited deevils actually did it. Besides, if ane o' them does mair gude for himsel' ony night than the rest o' them, some o' them's sure to tell. Hoo can folk be poachers if they've nae honour!" The same authority had formed a very different estimate of the Caithnessians as to skill, courage, honour, and all the other qualities which go to the character of a perfect poacher.

To the angler these Caithnessian accomplishments present themselves in a peculiarly odious form. Going to some of the lakes on the borders between the counties, which contain many and large trout, the angler is amazed to find the fish rising rarely and carefully as in waters over-fished. The explanation he gets is, "The Caithness folk come wi' otters"—that is, with a piece of wood which carries out across the lake as many yards of line, with as many hooks, as the owner's fancy leads, or his means permit. This engine is but little used among the Sutherland people, both because of the reason just stated, and because the possession of such an instrument infers an amount of preparation, enterprise, and capital, rather above their reach. But the Caithness folk grudge no trouble nor reasonable outlay in such matters. And they meet little impediment; some of the Sutherland keepers, sad to say, and even an occasional sportsman, rendering them-

selves liable to the same condemnation. The case against the otter is simply this; it is not skill, and it is not sport, but can be practised by any fool, and to the destruction of all sport. Its productiveness, too, is not in anything like proportion to its destructiveness. For one fish that it kills, it wounds a score, and disturbs and frightens a hundred. A few days' use each season of this infernal machine will reduce the most populous loch to practical barrenness. One lazy pot-hunter or incompetent keeper destroys in one day of stupid greed the sport for which hundreds of men are willing to come, and do come, hundreds of miles. A word from the lord of all these regions, or from his ministers, would suppress the scandal; and when that word goes forth, all honest anglers will have one sufficing reason more to say, that good and great is the Duke of Sutherland, of whose aqueous dominions, long and lingering as our look may have seemed, we have but glanced at the outskirts.

One reason for not here penetrating deeper into the bowels of that watery land is, that, in proportion to the number of visitors, Sutherland, especially those portions of it which we have passed by almost unmentioned, has had more and better describers, and chiefly from the sportsman point of view, than any other district of the kingdom. The late Mr St John rambled the whole region twice, and twice gave us the fruits in a series of pen-pictures delightfully dashing, careless, and vigorous. Mr Young's little book is fitted to be exceedingly useful—indeed, is complete as a guide—and he is manifestly a shrewd fellow, though peculiar in his sentiments upon mountains, and somewhat ultramontane in the opinions and the spirit he manifests upon the venerable and momentous question, "What is a parr?" Mr John Colquhoun (in the fresh and breezy volume named at the commencement) comes very near Mr St John as a faithful, effective, and unaffected describer of the scenery and sports of the Far North, which none that have ever enjoyed can weary in reading of, or cease wearying again to see.

THE FIELD OF TOWTON MOOR.

[SOME eighteen miles south-west of the city of York, a few scattered cottages form a hamlet called Towton. The country in the neighbourhood is characterised by a succession of gently undulating eminences.

The ridge of hill next to Towton was occupied by the Lancastrians, March 29, 1461. The opposite, and more southern ridge, was occupied by the Yorkists, commanded by Edward IV. in person. The space between the summits of the two lines of hill is not so great as that of the field of Waterloo; but as the traveller surveys the ground, he is led, almost involuntarily, to compare the position of the Yorkists with that of Napoleon at La Belle Alliance, and the position of the Lancastrians with that of the Duke of Wellington on the heights of Mont St Jean. A high-road runs through the centre of either battle-field.

On the morning of Palm-Sunday 1461—for both battles were fought on a Sunday—a thick, heavy, cold snow-storm, springing up from the south, drove, sharp, cutting, and blinding, right into the faces of the Lancastrians. (It rained nearly all day during the battle of Waterloo.) The Lancastrians could take no aim against an adversary whom they could not see; but their own ranks, meanwhile, were being fast thinned by the bolt and the arrow. They therefore rushed to charge the Yorkists on their own ground; and so, hand-to-hand, along the whole line of either army, the bloody battle of Towton was fought, during the whole of that Sabbath-day. Some thirty-seven thousand of the bravest and noblest of the children of England fell on that disastrous field. No quarter had been given at the battle lately fought at Wakefield, where the ruffian Clifford murdered the innocent Rutland, and the princely Duke of York was killed; and now Edward, on the field of Towton, commanded that no quarter should be given. This savage order was executed with frightful exactness and ferocity. Lord Dacre, and some others who fell, lie in the neighbouring churchyard of Saxton, the parish in which the hamlet of Towton is situated; but the main mass of the slain were buried in heaps on the field.

When, or by what hand, planted, or how they came, is not known, but in the field where the bones of the brave thus repose, white and red roses grow in great abundance. They are the small wild Scotch rose. The owner of the field has repeatedly tried to get rid of them by burning and mowing, but in vain; they still spring up again. According to popular belief, these roses will not bear transplanting, but refuse to grow on any soil except that consecrated by the remains of those valiant men, who there fell the victims of a senseless national quarrel. Who would wish to disturb or disprove so touching, beautiful, and poetical a legend ?]

Αἷμα ῥόδον τίπτει νιφάδες δὲ τὰδ' ἔνθεμα λευκά.

On, the red and the white Rose, as all the kingdom knows,
Were emblems of the foes in a sad and bloody work;
When old England's noblest blood was poured out in a flood,
To quench the burning feud of Lancaster and York.

For then the rival Roses, worn by the rival houses,
The poor distracted nation into rage and frenzy drove—
Tore the children from the mother, tore the sister from the brother,
And the broken-hearted lover from the lady of his love:

When the Percys, Veres, and Nevilles, left their castle-halls and revels,
To rush like raging devils into the deadly fight;
And loyalty and reason were confounded by the treason
That cast into a prison the King of yesternight.

Oh, the red and the white Rose, upon Towton Moor it grows,
And red and white it blows upon that swarthe for evermore—
In memorial of the slaughter when the red blood ran like water,
And the victors gave no quarter in the flight from Towton Moor :

When the banners gay were beaming, and the steel cuirasses gleaming,
And the martial music streaming o'er that wide and lonely heath ;
And many a heart was beating that dreamed not of retreating,
Which, ere the sun was setting, lay still and cold in death :

When the snow that fell at morning lay as a type and warning,
All stained and streaked with crimson, like the roses white and red,
And filled each thirsty furrow with its token of the sorrow
That wailed for many a morrow through the mansions of the dead.

Now for twice two hundred years, when the month of March appears,
All unchecked by plough or shears spring the roses red and white ;
Nor can the hand of mortal close the subterranean portal
That gives to life immortal these emblems of the fight.

And as if they were enchanted, not a flower may be transplanted
From those fatal precincts, haunted by the spirits of the slain ;
For howe'er the root you cherish, it shall fade away and perish
When removed beyond the marish of Towton's gory plain.

But old Britannia now wears a rose upon her brow,
That, blushing still, doth glow like the Queen of all her race—
The Rose that blooms victorious, and, ever bright and glorious,
Shall continue to reign o'er us in mercy, love, and grace.

R——.

POPULAR LITERATURE—THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

POPULAR literature has till lately been regarded rather as a collection of curiosities than as a mine of wealth; and it is still regarded by many people as an object of jest or dread rather than of sympathy or admiration. But jests are sometimes costly; dread is too often the paralysis of thought; and curiosities, if they are trifles, are not always like flies in amber, insignificant trifles. Sometimes, like straws in the wind, like the cloud no bigger than a hand which foretells the coming storm, like the foot-print on the lonely island which made its sole inhabitant stare, they have a peculiar importance; and we desire to call the attention of our readers to some facts of this kind in our current literature—facts which individually are of small account, but which in the mass have a value that cannot easily be overrated. They have a critical value which must not be overlooked; but it is to some of their social and political bearings that we are at present anxious to draw attention. It is, indeed, too much the custom to regard literature as mere literature. We speak of a republic of letters, and the phrase seems to imply that every other form of republic may be in alliance more or less close with it, but is essentially to be treated as a foreign State. Just as there are ecclesiastics who regard the Church as essentially distinct from the State, so there are people to whom literature is a province by itself—a world of books as completely severed from the world of life as the heavens from the earth. Literature in this light loses half its importance. It is only when we come to see in it the fine blossom of history that its full meaning can be caught. It is nothing if it is not a reflection of the period in which it flourishes, —its active as well as its meditative life, its politics as well as its romance; and we may rest assured that there is not a movement in it, not a force, not an atom of life which has not its counterpart in contemporary history. As such the

very dust of literature is precious, and its dross may be of more worth to the historian than its beaten gold. A handful of the rubbish collected by Samuel Pepys outweighs all the grand poems of the celebrated Sir Richard Blackmore; the diary of old Pepys himself is of greater interest than a whole library of state papers.

Literature, in fact, now implies far more than it ever did before. If before it was a reflection of history, still it was but a partial reflection; if it was a portrait of life, still it was not a full-length. It is now a complete representation of society, from the crown on its head to the buckle on its shoe, from its highest aspiration to its meanest want. There is no recognised limit to it. A century back the title of literature was limited, if not to classical productions, yet to productions that paid some regard to classical rules. An Act of Parliament would not have been considered literature; an advertisement sheet would not have been considered literature; a cookery-book would not have been considered literature; *The Pilgrim's Progress* would not have been considered literature, and a poet apologised for even mentioning it in one of his poems. How marvellously our whole feeling in this respect has changed, is evident in the proposals which have lately been circulated for improving and enlarging the English lexicons. The list of English words is said to be lamentably deficient, and the list of authorities for the recognised vocabulary to be equally meagre, through the arbitrary limits which the critics of the last century were induced to impose upon literature—here banishing certain subjects from its domain, and there banishing certain authors. It is now ascertained that, practically, whatever has been written belongs to literature. *Litera scripta manet*. It is impossible to pick and choose. Selection can proceed only on arbitrary principles; what we might reject now might be sought for most eagerly in the next generation; what we might preserve now might prove

to be worthless hereafter; and thus, even for merely critical purposes, literature implies far more nowadays than it ever did previously. It is almost unnecessary to say that also for the historian and the politician it has an incalculably increased interest and value. Authorship is fast ceasing to be a peculiar profession, and is becoming an ordinary accomplishment—a mode of addressing the public, universally practised by a people delighting in publicity, dependent on association, and accustomed to act in masses. Literature thus seizes upon the whole of our public life, and upon so much of our private life as through social irregularity or individual force of character necessarily emerges into publicity. It is accordingly to the historian precisely what the dial-plate is to a timepiece; it is a perfect index of the innumerable processes at work throughout the whole frame of society, all tending, by slow revolutions and oscillations, to complete the destined cycle of events. To the politician, however, it is far more than a dial-plate. A dial-plate has no reflex action on the complicated mechanism of which it is the register. Literature, on the other hand, is not only the expression of public opinion and the index of contemporary history, it is itself a great force that reacts on the life which it represents, half creating what it professes only to reflect. We receive but what we give; we see only what we have eyes for; we remember but what interests us;—these are commonplaces which apply to literature as a whole not less than to individual minds. It creates in the mere act of expressing public opinion; it leads while it follows; like the Parthian bowmen, it shoots its most effective arrows as it flies.

Of such fugitive literature there has never been so great a quantity produced as at the present moment. By the wonderful diffusion of the art of printing, it is becoming coextensive with language, and it would seem as if the day were not far distant when, by some new Babylonish miracle, speech might be abolished altogether, and writing might become the only mode of communication. But not only has the extra-

ordinary development which the press has lately undergone increased the amount of literary rubbish, and of what, although not rubbish, may justly be regarded as quite ephemeral; the point which is most worthy of notice is this—that, by the mere fact of that increase, it has introduced new processes and habits, and it inaugurates a new era.

It is curious to note how, as in successive ages, literature receives a fresh impulse, although that impulse is merely mechanical, yet the effects, both on literature and on society, have all the potency of a revolution. A screw more or less, and literature changes colour, society is transfigured. Take, for example, the first invention of an alphabet—the results were tremendous. Literature, which before had been entirely metrical—since it is only metrical compositions that could be preserved in the memory—then admitted of prose and all the simplicity and truthfulness which prose implies. On the other hand, society, accepting the gift of letters, found ere long that it had unconsciously accepted the creation of a learned class, that a priesthood in the worst sense rose where there was no priesthood before, and that its power was enormously increased and abused where previously it had been limited and just. The invention of letters thus unfettered literature while it fettered society; it furnished a lamp to knowledge and a dark lantern to religion; it was a secret which, like the “Open Sesame” of the fable, gave riches to them that knew it, and, it might be, death to them that knew it not. Slowly but surely the secret became more and more known, until at length the art of printing gave it a diffusion which was before impossible. Immediately we observe a remarkable effect both on literature and on society. In literature, the paucity of readers and the habits of a learned class had encouraged throughout Europe the neglect of native dialects, and had created a sort of universal language. Authors, anxious to address the largest number of readers possible, very naturally wrote in Latin. But, as the invention of printing increased the num-

ber of readers, it soon became evident that even in his mother-tongue an author could find an audience worthy of his ambition. Hence the gradual neglect of Latin in each country, and the increased cultivation of the vernacular, until at length the European literature settled into the form which it now bears. And the effect on society was not less striking than the effect on literature. The deliberate culture of a national literature is of itself a social revolution; but a revolution not less important was produced by depriving the European priesthood of what had for ages been their almost exclusive possession. Letters were no longer a scholastic cabala; the mediæval distinction between clerk and lay was nullified; the priesthood of Western Europe, ceasing to be the exclusive owners of an art that was to the multitude like a wondrous charm, lost a mysterious power, which was an outward and palpable sign of a divine but imperceptible influence. Here we have a good illustration of the saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and that the only cure for the danger is to increase the learning which caused it. The invention of writing helped literature, but helped it under conditions that created monopoly, and subjected the nations to a hierarchy which may have been in some respects beneficial, but which must have been in all respects tyrannical. It required that still further help to literature and spread of education which printing supplied, to remedy those evils which the invention of writing had confirmed, if not generated.

Literature has in our day received an impulse and a development which in some respects may be described as not less extraordinary, not less revolutionary, than the impulse and the development which it derived successively from the creation of an alphabet and from the invention of printing. We cannot, indeed, fix upon any one discovery in the present century that may be compared for importance with either of the grand events to which we have just referred; but we can point to the concurrence of an immense number of new applications and new arrangements that have tend-

ed to diffuse education, and not only to cheapen, but also to improve and to enrich books, in a manner previously unexampled. The stereotypic process has been perfected; steam has been applied to the printing-press; the printing-press has been so elaborated that it is possible to throw off 20,000 copies of *The Times* in an hour; paper is improved and cheapened; various societies have been making the greatest efforts to popularise knowledge; we have been doing our best by "grants in aid" and competitive examinations to raise the standard of education; while, keeping equal pace with these appliances, Government has abolished the stamp on newspapers except for postal purposes, the duty on advertisements has been abrogated, and there is every prospect that very speedily the paper duty, the last of the taxes on knowledge, will go with the rest. Along with such facilities as these should be mentioned the advance that has been made in those arts by which books are illustrated. The art of wood-engraving has been revived, and beyond our expectation refined; printing in colours has been prosecuted with singular success; by the anastatic method, maps can be produced at a cost little beyond that of tracing the design; the sun not only draws pictures for us, but also prints them to any extent, so that books are illustrated directly by photographs. To all this add, that cheap music is the growth of but the last few years, and the most recent result of using movable types is, that one enterprising firm (Messrs Cocks and Co.) have been able to offer Handel's Messiah to the public at the extraordinary price of one shilling and fourpence. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the railway, and the telegraph, and the penny postage, by bringing near to us a vast world beyond our own limited circles, and giving us a present interest in the transactions of the most distant regions, enormously increase the number of readers, and of themselves create a literature. Here, then, we see an immense number of new and powerful processes all converging to one great end. We see the most strenuous public and pri-

vate efforts to educate the country, to multiply readers, and to increase the necessity for books; we see what have been called the taxes on knowledge disappearing one after the other; we see the means of communication all over the globe most wonderfully developed; we see that machinery has by a variety of contrivances been so perfected as to render publication as easy and as cheap as possible; and we see a marvellous discovery, as well as admirable inventions, by means of which art is brought to the aid of literature, and the shortcomings of description assisted by the vividness of pictures. What must be the united effect of these manifold forces, some of which are not yet fully developed, and must be regarded as putting forth but half their strength? The employment of electricity, for example, in the communication of thought is as yet in its infancy, and the results which have already been attained are so prodigious that the wildest conjectures we can form as to the future application of this extraordinary power are not to be ranked among the impossibilities. When, three centuries ago, Strada dreamt of a magnetic telegraph, and when, about a century and a-half ago, Addison described to the British public the conjecture of Strada, that by means of a loadstone and a dial-plate engraved with the letters of the alphabet it might be possible for friends separated hundreds of miles to converse with each other, the idea must have seemed to be infinitely more extravagant than it would now be to suggest that electricity, which has been made to print the telegrams, can be made to assist the printer even still more effectually. What, we repeat, must be the united effect of all the forces we have enumerated—some of them still forces in the bud? Is it too much to say that the combination of all together cannot be rated as anything less important than the discovery of an alphabet or the invention of printing?

It would be presumptuous to think that we could fully estimate the effects of influences at once so powerful and so subtle. It is not now, when they are but beginning to act, that even the most sagacious reasoner

could venture to predict what must be the infallible consequences. But we can, at all events, take note of tendencies. Already the new life that literature has received from the inventions of an age remarkable for its mechanical genius shows itself in new forms of publication, new habits, new necessities, and we may record these, if we do not profess to comprehend them fully. Even if we exaggerate trifles, it will be a less mistake than to ignore them altogether. When the first newspaper was published at Venice, and called a *Gazette*, as Mr Disraeli suggests, from the name of a magpie or chatterer, but more probably from the farthing coin which was the price of it, what would have been said if it had been then predicted that the greatest warrior of modern times would estimate the power of four journals at more than 100,000 bayonets? Napoleon is reported to have so estimated the power of the press in his day; and what is it now, at least in this country? What will it be a century hence? What is to be the destiny of all this popular literature which is now produced in almost incredible quantities, and of which the so-called "press" is but a single branch? In the whole range of political thought, there is not a subject that at the present moment is half so suggestive. Call it hope, call it fear—at all events imagination is thoroughly aroused as we watch the giant strides of literature in these days—the universality of print, the omnipotence of ink. For good or for bad, our future is in it; and although no wise man can be insensible to the dangers by which it is beset, and the abuses to which it is liable, yet every candid one must admit that in this country at least, and as far as our experience at present reaches, the rise of this great power in the State, the development of this strange form of public life, the exercise and the extension of this franchise, must be numbered among our greatest political blessings. May it be so in the future! We, as Tories, can look forward to that future, if without exultation, yet also without fear. All the movements of the time tend towards democracy, it is true, and a free press is supposed to be the pecu-

liar symbol and engine of the democrat ; but when the dreaded deluge comes, perhaps it will be found to come with safeguards in the constitution of the English press, which no previous democracy has ever enjoyed, and which not even the great democracy across the Atlantic can boast. Whatever be the result of our inquiries, however, the subject must not be blinked ; we must make up our minds about it one way or another ; and it may not be amiss to make some attempt, at least, to generalise the facts from which it is impossible to escape.

Among these facts may here be mentioned the peculiar development of modern periodical literature. The rise of the periodical press is the great event of modern history. It has completely altered the game of politics ; it has rendered obsolete more than half the State maxims of European Cabinets ; it represents the triumph of moral over physical force ; it gives every one of us a new sense—a sort of omniscience, as well as a new power—a sort of ubiquity. That, certainly, and all that it involves, is the most important of the facts which demand our attention ; but scarcely less worthy of notice is what may be termed the Tract literature of the country. This, it is true, sometimes takes the periodical form, and connects itself more or less intimately with some kind of magazine or newspaper, but it is not necessarily periodical. It is the literature of clubs, of leagues, of societies—for the most part a propaganda literature, existing for a special purpose, and ceasing when that purpose is attained. In extent it is prodigious, and in interest it is very curious for the marvellous organisation, wheel within wheel and cog upon cog, which it reveals in full activity throughout the country. Not to be confounded with the foregoing species of literature, and yet naturally connecting itself with it, is the system of prize literature which has lately been carried on with immense vigour. Prizes are offered for essays on certain subjects, the competitors being sometimes limited to amateurs of a particular class—to the working classes for example ; and the object is partly to get an effective book on

the theme proposed, but chiefly to stimulate an interest in a foregone conclusion. Under this head it is natural to inquire what must be the effect of such amateur writing up to a predetermined issue, and how far the principle of such competitions is congenial to the English mind? From literature of such an order to commercial literature the transition is not very violent. The adaptation of literature to commercial necessities is one of the most curious of the phenomena of our time, and not only curious, but important, since to a very large extent it may be regarded as the genuine outcome of the uneducated rough-and-ready popular mind. Nor while in such effusions as these we trace the more serious attempts at literature, ought we to forget the lighter aspects which the cheap publications of the day present. And at this point it is to be noted, as the principal fact, that pictorial illustration enters into every attempt to amuse the British public. What are the limits and what is the influence of illustration are inquiries that in this connection ought to be fairly met. Advancing in our inquisition, we come to an immense number of publications which might have been treated of under the head of periodical literature, but which may not unreasonably receive separate consideration—we allude to a multitude of journals and serials, most of them profusely illustrated, and all of them devoted to fiction, published at a penny or less, and intended for the most ignorant class of readers. This is the lowest and the most questionable kind of literature, and it is mainly the product of our modern facilities of publication. How far these facilities have influenced the comic literature, the ballad and song literature, the nursery and educational literature of the country, are cognate inquiries scarcely less worthy of investigation, although far more difficult of solution. Some of these subjects have been already discussed by Maga, and that, too, very recently. Even were it not so, however, we could not pretend to take any adequate survey of the vast and fertile field of observation indicated in the foregoing sketch. We must be content to seize a few of the

more important points; and we begin with the most important of all—the PERIODICAL PRESS.

A periodical differs from a book in being calculated for rapid sale and for immediate effect. A book may at first fall dead upon the market, and yet may endure for ages, a wellspring of life to all mankind. A periodical, on the other hand—be it a daily paper, a weekly journal, a monthly magazine, or a quarterly review—is a creature of the day: if each successive number does not attain its object in the short span of existence allotted to it, then it fails for ever—it has no future. The newspaper of to-day supplants the newspaper of yesterday. The Saturday summary of news scarcely lives till the following Saturday. The magazines are thrown aside before the month is out. It is necessary, therefore, to the success of a periodical, that it should attain an instant popularity—in other words, that it should be calculated for the appreciation, not of a few, but of the many. Periodical literature is essentially a popular literature, and, enormously as our literature has been increased of late years, it is in the direction of periodical publications—publications for the million—that it has been especially developed. Even in the issue of works which are not of an ephemeral nature—“Standard Libraries,” “Family Libraries,” “Travellers’ Libraries,” “Useful Libraries,” encyclopædias, and the like—publishers find the advantage of serial production. There is no reason why a man who has purchased Sheridan’s dramatic works should next invest his money in *Wheatley on the Common Prayer*; yet Mr Bohn counts upon his doing so, and treats the public as the children of habit. Such a fact as this brings into prominence another characteristic of serial or periodical literature; it is not only popular, it is a necessity of its popularity that it should also be to a very large extent miscellaneous. In the “Bibliothèque Charpentier” we find the *Paradise Lost* bound up in the same yellow volume with the *Sentimental Journey*; in any of our own magazines or reviews there will be an essay on fly-fishing immediately after an ex-

posure of the weakness of the Turkish Empire, or a tale of the most exalted love after a long dissertation on the nebular hypothesis. This wide range of subjects is indeed both cause and effect of popularity—a popularity of which it is extremely difficult to convey any adequate idea. It would be easy to heap up statistics, but, unfortunately, statistics are signs rather than ideas. An arithmetical operation is an expedient to save thought; a sum total is a number which we express in so many figures, not a quantity which the mind actually grasps. The most vivid idea of the enormous diffusion of periodical literature will be obtained by a visit to any flourishing news-vender; by seeing how his shop is loaded with periodicals of all sorts and sizes, and at prices from a halfpenny up to a shilling; by noting the rapidity with which he disposes of all these, each transaction being for the most part limited to the value of a penny; and by considering how many hundreds of such shops and stands there are in London alone, not to speak of the country, where we find every shire, every town, almost every village, with its local newspaper, strong in itself, and stimulating the absorption of the metropolitan literature. It is out of such an organisation, which is continually spreading in its influence, that we obtain journals whose daily or weekly circulation is to be measured by tens and hundreds of thousands.

Now, the first conclusion to which people who think of our periodical literature jump is, that, being ephemeral, being miscellaneous, and being popular, it must necessarily be superficial. They say it is every year becoming more and more superficial, and they ask, where is all this to end? Is the national character to lose its solidity? Is the staple of our instruction to be derived from the columns of a newspaper, from magazine articles, and from slashing reviews? It would be too much to say that the periodical press does not too often give occasion for reproaches such as these: Here we find superficiality, there ignorance, elsewhere absolute nonsense. But these are weaknesses which we find just as frequently in publications that are not

periodical, and we cannot believe that periodical literature, spite of the rapidity of writing which it implies, necessarily entails superficiality. The periodical literature itself, as we shall presently show, gives the most effectual answer to the charge of superficiality; but we may, in passing, advert to the fallacy of the principle on which such an accusation proceeds. It is the schoolboy's fallacy that learning is a punishment; it is the ploughman's fallacy that medicine is a cheat if it does not make him very sick; it is the old woman's fallacy that a sermon ought to set her to sleep; it is the classical fallacy that the owl is the bird of wisdom. On the contrary, it is capable of distinct proof that popular writing ought really to be of the most profound. If it costs the reader little trouble, it costs the writer much. On the same principle that dictated the apology of South for a long sermon—"I had not time to make it shorter," or the antithesis of Sheridan—"Easy writing's curst hard reading,"—it follows that the simplicity and the clearness which are the essentials of periodical writing frequently imply a much more perfect grasp of the subject, a much more valuable digest, than the tedious details, the incomprehensible digressions, and the technical phraseology of more ambitious performances. We do not indeed say that these more ambitious performances are not also more able than the ordinary run of compositions which emanate from the periodical press, but only that their tediousness and intricacy are not necessarily signs of superiority. Truth is generally simple, and can be simply told. The popular writer is compelled to shun irrelevancies and to study brevity. That necessity is an un-mixed good—it is bad only for show. Those who see superficiality in popular writing are much like the people who, more than two centuries ago, were accustomed to hear their favourite preachers interlard their discourses with copious quotations from the Greek and Latin authors, and who deemed it a sad falling-off when this practice was discontinued, and no one could judge from the sermon whether the preacher were a "Latiner" or not. As a sermon may be effective

without a display of learning, so within the short limits of a newspaper article the whole truth may be conveyed as in a nutshell, and the simplicity which vulgar minds mistake for weakness may be the most certain test of profound knowledge and clear vision. Or if, granting that the articles themselves are not superficial because they happen to be readable, it may be said that, since they appear in an ephemeral form, the effect on the reader's mind must be superficial, it must be remembered that the very idea of a periodical implies frequency of repetition. A subject is not treated once for all and then dismissed for ever. Hundreds of periodicals treat of it, and recur to it again and again, never letting it drop until it is thoroughly exhausted, and the public are quite sick of it.

But the most remarkable characteristic of periodical literature, and that which supplies the principal antidote to any superficial tendency, is the multiplicity and specialty of its divisions. This fact is the key to the position and influence of the press. Without seizing it in all its significance, the power of the press will be to us but a name like "the dread name of Demogorgon." And here the great point to be kept in view is that periodical literature is essentially a classified literature. No matter on what principle the classification proceeds, the result is still the same—to divide and subdivide this kind of literature more and more. It is the rarest thing in the world for a periodical to succeed which does not either represent a class of readers or select a class of subjects. We have in our time seen a great number of journals started with not a little capital, and conducted with no ordinary ability, but yet utterly failing because of the want of a specialty. Even a daily paper which is supposed to concern itself with the whole universe of thought must have its preferences, and, although aspiring to represent an entire nation, can at best be the mouthpiece of a majority. Certain subjects must be overlooked, certain interests must be ignored, certain classes must be neglected. It cannot hope to give anything like a complete record of all

the books that are published, and so there are weekly journals especially devoted to literary criticism. It does not pretend to any special knowledge of engineering, and so the engineers have a journal bristling with algebraic formula all to themselves. In like manner there is the *Builder* for architects, there is the *Art Journal* for artists, there is the *Mechanics' Journal* for artisans; there is the *Economist* for merchants. Lawyers have the *Law Times*; medical men have the *Medical Times* and the *Lancet*; chemists and druggists have the *Pharmaceutical Journal*; Churchmen of every shade—high, low, and broad—have their papers; Dissenters have theirs; Catholics have theirs; the licensed victuallers have a daily paper, and, perhaps, they are the only class of the community that singly could afford such a luxury. Then there is an Agricultural Journal, a Shipping Gazette, a Bankers' Magazine, a Statistical Journal, a Photographic Journal, a Stereoscopic Magazine, an Illustrated Journal of all new inventions, a Musical World, a Racing Times, sporting newspapers without end, Railway Times, a Mining Journal, a Journal of Missing Friends in Australia, a Journal for Notes and Queries, an Educational Journal, a Scientific Journal, an Astronomical Journal, a Numismatic Journal, a Journal for Spirit-rapping, for Mesmerism, for Insanity, a Civil Service Gazette, a United Service Gazette, a Family Friend, a Lady's Newspaper, a Classical Museum, a *Follie* devoted to fashion, an Englishwoman's Journal devoted to the rights of the sex, a Chess Chronicle, an *Illustrated London News*, a *Punch*, a Biographical Magazine for those who are interested in memoirs, a Weekly Novelist for those who like fiction; and to show how limited is sometimes the sphere of a periodical, we may give the title of one which we picked up the other day at a railway station:—"More sympathy between Rich and Poor: a monthly periodical, price 1d." Under such a minutely divided and subdivided system there is not much danger of superficiality in the treatment of subjects. If any theological discussion in which a

daily paper can indulge is not thoroughly exhaustive, there are ecclesiastical journals in which the matter is ground to powder; if in its remarks on great public works it has a tendency to dwell on results rather than on processes, professional persons will obtain all the data and all the calculations that they want from the *Engineer*; if in turning the attention of its readers to the sale of poisons, it cannot enter very particularly into the uses and abuses of each particular drug, every imaginable detail will be found in the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. And it is curious to note the method by which these journals—what we may call the class journals—seize upon their subject and provide for its complete discussion. One fact is gleaned from a London newspaper, another from a provincial one, a third from a French report, the next is borrowed from some theological discourse, and something else from the last novel. A letter on photography appears in the columns of the *Times*, and it instantly reappears in the photographic periodicals. The same Journal gives a description of an earthquake at Naples, and it is at once transferred to the scientific journals. Its Chinese correspondent announces the death of a wealthy merchant named Mr Beale, at Shanghai, and speaks of him as one of the *Medici* of Shanghai. The medical journals catch at the word, and actually reprint the paragraph under the heading "Medical Profession in China!" Before the week is out there is not one of its columns which has not been cut into pieces by innumerable scissors, and distributed among innumerable class journals. And when we speak of class journals, it must be remembered that frequently from a necessity of their position what are apparently but local newspapers come under this designation. One newspaper is published in the iron district, another in the great cotton region, another in the most bucolic of English counties, a fourth in one of the strongholds of Dissent, and a fifth in the great American emporium. Here position determines the choice of subject; a geographical difference becomes a logical one; and under a new form

we detect a class literature. No great subject is, in fact, overlooked; no great interest is neglected; no important class suffers itself to be ignored.

But if this view of the press be good as a reply to the charge of superficiality, it is also good for a great deal more. And in the first place we cannot help thinking that it throws a new light on the relation of literature to life—of authorship to society. For what is authorship according to this view? Is it, as we have been in the habit of supposing, a profession by itself? or is it not rather an integral part of every profession? Is the art of writing to be regarded as a separate occupation any more than the art of speaking? Is there something intrinsic in book-making which there is not in book-keeping? It will be observed that, in speaking of authorship and book-making, we are referring here, as throughout the article, to the vast majority of writers and of books; we put out of account those exceptional instances of wonderful genius that occur now and then in every age; we are looking not to the intrinsic merit of their works, but only to present popularity and influence, which is often attained in far higher degree by the merest rubbish than by works of purest gold, which posterity will not willingly let die. And in this view we ask again, what is there intrinsic in book-making which there is not in book-keeping? As we look at the periodical publications of the day we see every profession with its journal, every interest with its literary organ. What does this literary organ mean? Does it mean that the class thus represented, or the interest thus upheld, has employed the services of a profession known as the literary profession—one that, like the Swiss among the nations, is an army ready to champion any cause for which it is engaged? On the contrary, does it not rather mean that in this matter of authorship the tendency of civilisation is quite the opposite of its tendency in the matter of soldiership?—that as a standing army is the creation of modern times, so a literary class is a peculiarity of unlettered

times; that as in the dark ages every man had a sword by his side, so in these days every man has a pen in his hand? The principle of the division of labour tends each year more and more to separate war from ordinary occupations, while each year it is of less and less avail to prevent literature from being identified with every form of labour. Authorship is thus not a profession by itself, but a mode of cultivating any and every profession. To say of two men that they have written books—the one a History of England, the other, a History of Rhododendrons, is to insist on a unity of profession without a similarity of work. What would any political writer nowadays think if the editor of a water-and-gas company journal were introduced to him as a brother of the press? Are we not all brothers of the press? Is not the respected barber who contributes the news of his village to the county newspaper, also a man and a brother? Is not worthy Boniface, who reports the market prices, also a man and a brother? Who has not smutted his fingers with printer's ink? Let your faithful servant reply—we mean, John Thomas, whose sarcastic epistles are every now and then appearing in the *Wessex Chanticleer*, under the signature of "Veritas," and "Fiat Justitia," and "Philalathes," and "Phileleutheros," and who is at this moment bursting with the idea of a new periodical to be called *The Area Bell, or Servant's Own*, of which he is to be the founder and proprietor. It is, in fact, impossible to make a distinctive definition of literature, a definition that will not apply to every mortal who can turn a sentence; that will not include the tea-merchant who writes philosophical advertisements on the duty of regarding "Number One," which happens to be the number of his shop; that does not involve the fair grisette who composes the knitting, netting, and crochet articles for some twopenny periodical; that does not transform into a man of letters poor old Sandy, the gardener, who tells the world in very small print when to grow cabbages and how to sow peas. As Jacob Twig said, when asked what was his business, "I am in the law,"

or as any fellow who hangs about a London spunging-house might say the same, so vaguely it is that one can speak of belonging to literature as a profession. All the old ideas, indeed, about this profession, are becoming more and more obsolete; and while rejoicing to see so many men of great literary eminence in the House of Commons, we do not recognise their presence simply as a compliment to literature. It is, no doubt, the case that three successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have attained a distinguished position as writers, and that a greater number of members are authors or journalists than in any previous Parliament. But was it on account of their literary qualifications that these Chancellors were intrusted with the finances of the country? was it for their poetical, critical, or historical faculties, that so many authors have been elected to Parliament? and does their election mean the apotheosis of literature—the homage of England to the power of its authors? It means nothing of the kind. Authorship with most of these men is only an accident—a useful accident, indeed, but still nothing more; and their presence in the House of Commons proves that literature is fast ceasing to be a distinct profession; that it is simply a mode of expression common to all occupations,—common as speaking, common as letter-writing. If anybody wishes to address large bodies of the community, it is only possible to do so either by calling together a monster meeting or by acting on a still greater number through the press,—either by oratory or by authorship; and the fact that among the members of the House of Commons there is a goodly array of authors, only proves that our representatives are accustomed to use every possible means of influencing the public. Publicity is a necessity of our existence, and it implies the publisher, without by any means implying a literary class; for it must be observed that not only is literature losing its individuality as a profession, there is also the pregnant fact that the old distinction between book-learning and actual experience is fast being diminished. It is true that knowledge will always be one

thing, and wisdom another; that theory and practice will not always be identical. Yet, as wisdom depends on knowledge, and practice on theory, so it now happens that more than half the business of the world is based on the organisation of the newspaper press. Time was when a man might be a great ruler without being able to sign his name; when he might be a very successful merchant without being able to spell; when mere reading would assist one very little in fighting one's way through the world. But those days are past; reading now means something very different from what it did before. In these times we are all readers; we read not the Greek fathers, nor the Latin historians, nor the scholastic philosophers; we read of what concerns us in our actual homes and businesses; we read of profit and loss, of peace and war, of present happiness and misery, of present work, present results, present projects. Our whole literature connects itself with the present more intimately than ever. If Arnold writes a History of Rome and Grote a History of Greece, they are thinking of present England all the time; if Gladstone writes criticism on Homer, he sees the British peerage in the heroes of the *Iliad*; if a new edition of Herodotus is forthcoming, it has reference to present discoveries in Assyria and Egypt. The consequence is that the best-read man is the most knowing man. The world is too wide, and experience is too vast, for the mind and the time of any one man. The amount of experience which any of us can purchase with a penny of observation is as nothing to the experience which can be purchased every day in a penny news-room, where the wondrous network of the press gathers together all the possible information on every possible subject. And we are justified in the conclusion that, as literature is ceasing to be a peculiar profession, so in this age of readers the old contrast between book knowledge and life knowledge or experience is with equal rapidity being rubbed down, though of course it can never entirely pass away.

A still more important conclusion, however, presses itself on our atten-

tion—a great political fact, the most wonderful development which our threefold form of government has received in these latter days. As a political power the British press has been termed the fourth estate. It was originally so called by Burke, and it is so designated in the title of the most recent work on the subject, written by one who had a high character for ability, and who ought to have known what he was saying. But what does this designation mean? The three estates of the realm are the Crown, the peerage, and the commonalty; and when we speak of a fourth estate we necessarily mean a substantive power—a power that is distinct from the other three. If the clergy were elevated into a power of the realm, they would constitute a fourth estate; if all the lawyers in the kingdom had a separate voice in the legislature, they would constitute a fourth estate; and so, if authorship and newspaper writing were a profession by itself, then the power which it enjoys in the country might not unnaturally confer on the press the designation of the fourth estate. In point of fact, the press came to be so called in days when authorship was a distinct profession, when men of letters were a fraternity by themselves, when the country was so little educated that a literary class was unavoidable, and yet so well educated that the power of that class through the readers whom they influenced was enormous. But now that education has been infinitely spread, what has been the result? Why, that the power of the press has continually increased, while the literary class has been so enlarged that it has ceased to be an order by itself, and embraces every class of the community. The press, therefore, has ceased to be a fourth estate, according to any possible construction which we can put upon these words. But if it is a great power in the realm and yet is not a fourth estate, what is it? Lord Stanley hit the nail upon the head when he said, not long ago, "The press is itself a representation." This is precisely the case. It is not a substantive power of the realm, but a representative one. It is not a fourth estate, but a second representation of

the third estate. It is as real and as powerful a representation of the commonalty as the House of Commons itself. And as we have lately heard a good deal of representation without election, let us add that it is in the strictest sense an elected representation, newspapers being entirely dependent on their sale, and their sale being really a popular election, embodying in its only tolerable form the Chartist principle of payment. Now, the periodical press represents the country in two ways. In the first of these it takes after the House of Commons, which is a representation according to districts. As every county has its two or three members, so it has its two or three papers; and the towns likewise have their representatives in Parliament and their representatives in the press, each system of representation continually acting, now as a spur, now as a curb upon the other. But the periodical press also represents the country after another mode, which is the envy of our constitution-doctors. It is a favourite maxim with not a few theoretical reformers, that one of the best methods of extending the franchise would be by introducing the principle of class instead of district representation. For ourselves, we do not very clearly see how it is possible to adapt this principle to parliamentary representation; but from what has been already said, it will be seen that it is a principle in full activity in the representative system of the press, where we find class journals as well as district journals; the former enjoying immense power, since their influence, not confined to a locality, reaches all over the country, and since their opinion to a very large extent determines the policy of the district newspapers. And the sort of power which all these journals—district and class together—exercise, will be best understood if we call to mind another proposal of our reformers. It was proposed that certain persons (these were to be members of the Government, but who the particular parties were does not affect the principle of the plan) should on the nomination of the Crown sit in Parliament, and exercise all the privileges of debate with-

out having the right to vote—a right that could only be conferred by popular suffrage. Now, this is part of the power which the press enjoys in Parliament. Its position there may, without any very great stretch of fancy, be compared to the position of those representatives of the people, the tribunes in the Roman Senate; allowed to be present at the debates of the Senate, they were not allowed to sit with the senators, but had benches placed for them before the open doors of the senate-house. There is not a parliamentary debate in which the voice of the press is not distinctly heard; and if it has not the power of directly voting, it has to a very large extent the power of electing those who do. Perhaps we could not better illustrate the political action of a class journal than by referring to what occurred last session with regard to the Sale of Poisons Bill. This Bill, the importance of which is indicated in the frightful tragedy that has so recently occurred at Bradford, by no means attracted a general attention, and we need not now express an opinion as to the policy of the measure. We refer to it because we have not for a long time seen a finer instance of the working of our institutions than the history of this Bill affords. It was brought forward at a late period of the session, when the Government, which previously had been cautious enough, began to wax fat and to kick, as governments generally do when the dog-days commence, and the "blind puppies" are to be drowned. Parliament was thinning fast; the members who remained were weary, and Ministers were carrying everything before them—carrying even measures, such as the Medical Bill, which had been the despair of every preceding Government. They were also about to carry a Poisons Bill without opposition, save from the chemists and druggists, who growled dissent in their *Pharmaceutical Journal*. Lord Derby rejected their amendments, refused a compromise, determined to carry the Government Bill, and passed it through the House of Lords in the most triumphant manner. Up to the moment of the third reading there

had not been a whisper against it out of doors, except in the journal above mentioned. In a couple of hours after the third reading, circulars and forms of petition were sent through the machinery at the disposal of that journal to almost every chemist throughout the kingdom, and before another twenty-four hours had elapsed petitions began to pour in from every town and from every village. The House of Commons was inundated with petitions. The number of these petitions presented within a few days was, we believe, almost without example. And besides petitioning the House, the chemists of every district besieged their members. Such, indeed, was the pressure, that on the eighth day after the third reading in the Upper House, Mr Walpole felt the necessity of announcing that he abandoned the measure altogether. The class journal carried the day.

We have said that the voice of the press is distinctly heard in every parliamentary debate. We ought, however, to state the fact still more broadly by saying that, this being an age of readers, the action of the press has more or less altered the character of every public audience, and affects more or less intimately every public display. So that if the result is most of all apparent in Parliament, still it is not unfelt in every public assembly, in every church, in every theatre, throughout the kingdom. It is most evident of all in Parliament, because there the subject of discussion is the same as the newspapers. Both in the House and out of doors it is continually forgotten that the debates are very much forestalled by the discussions of the press. This is a fact that accounts for a great deal of the impatience with which the public regard House of Commons oratory. It is not unusual to speak of parliamentary eloquence in the most contemptuous terms. It is a favourite simile that the speeches of our legislators make the welfare of the nation as Rome was saved by the cackling of the geese in the capitol. And people indulge in such criticism at a time when, as we verily believe, the oratorical talent in Parliament is,

on, the whole, greater than ever it was. While we have such men as Lords Derby, Macaulay, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Ellenborough, and the Bishop of Oxford in the Upper House; and in the Lower House such men as Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Graham, Bulwer, Palmerston, when he is on his mettle, and to speak retrospectively, Cobden, when discussing subjects within his grasp, we need not be much afraid of comparing our living eloquence with the eloquence that has passed away. It is true that the style of speaking is different from what it used to be; but it is not therefore worse. It is, indeed, infinitely better, as anybody who will take the trouble of reading the senatorial effusions of last century must know. In proof of this, let it be remembered that Sheridan's great Begun speech in Westminster Hall was pronounced the most wonderful oration ever delivered, or second only to his previous speech in the House of Commons. Of the House of Commons speech we have unfortunately no report. Of the second Begun speech, however, which Burke honoured with even higher laudations than he bestowed on the other, asserting it to be quite unparalleled in oratory, and an example of every possible excellence in the highest perfection, we can form a very fair opinion. Now, of this wonderful speech confessedly the most wonderful part was the peroration, after the delivery of which Sheridan accomplished the grand stage effect of throwing himself exhausted into the arms of Burke. This peroration had reference to an unfortunate phrase of Warren Hastings, that "the majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation." Sheridan overwhelmed his audience with a description of justice, and it may help to place on its proper footing the much-vaunted eloquence of the past if we quote this astonishing description. "But justice," said the great orator, "is not this halt and miserable object! It is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod! It is not the portentous phantom of despair! It is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhal-

lowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords! In the happy reverse of all these I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me august and pure; the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and aspirations of men! Where the mind rises!—where the heart expands!—where the countenance is ever placid and benign!—where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate, to hear their cry, and to help them, to rescue and relieve, to succour and save; majestic from its mercy, venerable from its utility, uplifted without pride, firm without obduracy, beneficent in each preference, lovely though in her frown!" Such is the tawdry magnificence which was said to surpass all the oratory of which there is any record or tradition. Such is the dazzling claptrap which pales the ineffectual fires of modern eloquence. It is true that Moore's version of the same peroration is somewhat better; but much of this improvement is due to the fact of its being more condensed; and we must not forget Moore's own opinion that many passages of the speech, when in print, appeared so little worthy of Sheridan's reputation as to require suppression—"I thought it would be, on the whole, more prudent to omit them"—a decision which he supports with the authority of Fox, who had propounded the most fallacious maxim that a good speech must read badly, and that a speech which reads well must have been a failure in delivery. Taking all the facts together, it is impossible to believe in the decadence of oratory. It is forgotten, we repeat, that, in forming a comparative opinion of past and present eloquence, the action of the press has revolutionised every public audience; that it has rendered us more fastidious in our admiration of first rate oratory; that it has rendered us utterly intolerant of mediocre speaking; and that it has this particular effect on parliamentary debate—it takes the wind out of the sails of most members, anticipating all that they intended to say. It is to be regretted that members in the House forget this quite as much

as the public out of doors. What has Mr Cox to say on any one subject that has not been already said in print, and said much better? If Box gets up immediately afterwards, will he not say the same thing as Cox? So these brilliant metropolitan members, Box and Cox, go on night after night, until one cannot help thinking that it would be much more pleasant, and not less edifying, if Mr Buckstone were to take the part of Box and Mr Compton were to take the part of Cox. In point of fact, however, the daily papers must take a certain amount of blame to themselves for encouraging this sort of speaking. So long as the newspapers report their speeches, Box and Cox will speak for ever, since they speak not to their colleagues in Parliament, but to their constituents—to Bun-kum, as the Americans phrase it, Buncombe being the name of a district which a member of Congress used to address by inflicting long harangues on his fellow legislators. We are aware that the morning papers try hard to put a stop to the evil by abridging as much as possible these unnecessary speeches; but the task is an invidious one, and, after all, we have to acknowledge the inadequacy of these praiseworthy efforts. Perhaps when the relations of public speaking and public writing are properly adjusted and better understood, the evil may gradually cure itself. A highly educated constituency will know how to take the measure of a representative who consumes the time of the legislature by prosy twaddle, and will not think the less of an honest and active member who holds his tongue, content to vote in silence.

In a subsequent article on the tract literature of the country we shall have more to say with regard to this most interesting subject—the influence of the press on political oratory, and indeed, on all political action. Meantime we recur to the broader statement from which we started, that the action of the press has altered the character of every public audience throughout the kingdom. If it is felt in Parliament, it is also felt in every church and in every theatre. Its effect in the

churches must be evident if we combine the two facts that never has the British pulpit been so efficient as it is now, and that, on the other hand, preaching has never been held in such contempt as at the present day. Compare the Church now with what it was at the commencement of the century, in the age of beer-drinking and fox-hunting parsons; or compare it with its condition a full century back, when it was frost-bound in Socinian error, and the great majority of clergymen preached Socrates and Seneca instead of Christ, the Stoical philosophy for the glad tidings of salvation; or go still farther back to what we have been in the habit of regarding as the golden age of the English pulpit,—the days of Barrow, and Taylor, and South, and Fuller, when the great mass of the clergy were mean in their manners as well as weak in their letters; or once more recede to that strange period in the history of the Scottish Church, when some of the members were so poor that they had to make a living by keeping public-houses, and in 1576 the General Assembly was asked “Whether a minister or reader may tap ale and keep an open tavern?” the answer being, “A minister that taps ale and keeps an open tavern should keep decorum.” The comparison is in favour of the Church as we see it now. The clergy are better as a whole; the sermons are infinitely better. We point with confidence to the published discourses of such men as Arnold, Whately, and Hare, Croly, Pusey, Newman, Butler, and Manning, Maurice and Kingsley, Guthrie and Caird; and these men, be it remembered, more truly represent the common run of clergymen nowadays than Barrow and Taylor—who are above comparison with the preachers of almost any age—represented the clergy of the seventeenth century. Yet in spite of this progress, which, whatever be the defects of our ecclesiastics, it would be unjust to deny, it is also the fact that the pulpit, as an institution, has visibly sunk in our time. Not that there is any diminution in the attendance at churches; on the contrary, innumerable new churches have been built, they are well filled

—they are better filled than ever, and the cry is still for more and more accommodation; all this being due to the spread of religious feeling in the community. The fact to which we refer is the sort of respect in which the ordinary run of sermons is held, the stern patience rather than interest with which good people listen to the dull drone of their minister, the contempt which men of the world express for the pulpit, the repugnance which many highly cultivated men feel against spending a couple of hours in the sanctuary. To a very large class of persons—and these men of mark and influence—the church is as much an object of aversion, frank outspoken aversion, as, on other grounds, the theatre is to another very large class of persons whose opinion is entitled to not a little consideration. What is the secret of all this? The secret lies in the fact that, contemporaneously with the renewed life which has visited the Church, a new life has also visited the press, and through the press has so told upon the country that the progress of the Church has been as nothing in comparison with the progress of the people. To the Tractarian party we may fairly give the honour of showing to Churchmen the senselessness of the cry that the Church is in danger, and of proving that the real danger lay, not in the hostility of Dissenters, but in the deficiencies of the clergy themselves. Now, it was just about the time when this influence began to work that the country began to bestir itself in the matter of education, that cheap literature came into vogue, and that, by the reduction of the newspaper stamp, the first step was taken towards the abolition of the taxes on knowledge. There has accordingly been a sort of race between the press and the pulpit, in which the latter has lost so much ground that certain literary men have not scrupled to assert that the true working clergy of the British Isles are the authors and journalists. The comparison between press and pulpit, however, is run too close. The ministers of religion might with some justice complain that the full extent of their mission is not recognised in

this statement of the case; and Maga likewise, on the part of the press, can say unaffectedly—*Nolumus episcopari*. But in the point where the comparison holds, the point of instruction, there is no doubt that the press must very much supersede the pulpit, that reading must have the advantage of listening. Not that preaching will ever fall into disuse, nor that any amount of reading will diminish the effect of the living voice and the flashing eye. But the sphere of the sermon must be circumscribed. It will be seen that preaching is not the most important duty of the regular clergy; it will be felt that more may be had from a first-rate book than from a second or third rate preacher; it will not be expected that the third and fourth rate preacher should stately hold forth. If there is any principle of development in the Church of England, which we believe there is, then what in matters theatrical is called the starring system—the identical system, in fact, of which we see the germ in the Westminster Abbey services of last winter, and in the bill permitting a bishop, irrespective of the parish incumbent, to appoint a special service in any district of his diocese—may gradually spring up; and it is not impossible that thus, borrowing a system in full force in the Church of Rome, but hitherto only tolerated in this country among the Dissenters (as witness the history of Whitfield and Wesley), an order of apostles may arise, men who, having the gift of utterance, will devote themselves wholly to preaching, who will pass from town to town, and from village to village, and who will once again make the calling of the preacher glorious as his theme, and his theme fresh as a marvel of which we never tire.

The process which is thus evident in senate-hall and church is somewhat different in our theatres, while the result is still the same. The decline of the drama is a byword, but the most erroneous ideas prevail as to the manner and the cause of this decline. What is it that has declined in the drama? The number of theatres is rather on the increase, and the profits of the managers have by no means been diminished. The decline

is not an affair of quantity, but of quality. The higher sort of literary power has almost entirely left the theatres; plays are written solely for the actor, not at all for the reader. Nothing has been able to stay this process. Authors blame the actors, and actors blame the managers, and managers blame the public, and the public blame the authors; and we believe that theatrical critics, too, get a good share of blame for not being able to bolster the classical drama into health. There is a round of fault-finding, and the stage declines lower and lower. The decline which we deplore is the inevitable result of civilisation. For observe the process. We have heard some of the best authorities attribute the decline of the drama to the abolition of the monopoly enjoyed by the Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres; and in favour of this idea there is the fact, that since the removal of the patents the decline of the drama has become more apparent than ever. In urging this explanation, however, it is forgotten that the drama was in a state of decline long before the abolition of theatrical monopoly; and that, in truth, the abolition was proposed as a cure for the mischief which was already at work. The real explanation is the same here as in the case of the Church. Just about the time when the theatrical monopoly was abolished, educational efforts began to take effect, and more than neutralised whatever benefit might have accrued from the stoppage of the patents. At first sight this explanation looks very like a paradox. It seems very strange that the march of intellect and the diffusion of literature should tend to lower the character of the drama. But whatever be the philosophy of it, there is the fact, and it concerns not only the theatres, but all our public amusements. In our enlightened age the really successful amusements are not of the intellectual sort. On the stage it is the pantomime and extravaganza, the farce and the ballet, that succeed. Great actor as he is, Mr Charles Kean could not keep his theatre open if he did not call in the assistance of elaborate stage-appointments. In the same manner music succeeds,

picture-galleries succeed, Cremorne succeeds, the Casino succeeds, Evans's succeeds, the riot of a Derby day is the most successful of all amusements. This may be all very delightful, but it is not intellectual. Your lecturers don't succeed, even if they are men of mark—at least, they do not keep up their success. Shakesperian readings were a rage for some years, but they also have gone down. There are a couple of facts, explain them how men will, that concurrently with the spread of education, the character of public amusements has been lowered; and when we come to examine them it will seem not in the least unnatural that the two facts should stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. People expect too much from education: it was expected to diminish crime; it is found, on the contrary, that it creates as much crime as it prevents; that it mars as much as it makes. In the same way it is imagined that education must so etherealise our minds as to render us independent of sublunary joys. How exalted we are to become! How sublime in our tastes! How angelic in our desires! Alas for poor human nature, we are mortal still; we cannot shake off the animal. The animal asserts itself; and we find that as civilisation increases the tension of the mind in business, so it requires, to redress the balance, an increased relaxation in pleasure. In bygone days our minds were not so highly strung; we were not so reflective; we were not so horridly in earnest; we were not so wonderfully enlightened; and when we sought our pleasure we could afford to indulge in amusement requiring some intellectual effort. But now, when even our novels are full of reflection, when the greatest sin which has been laid to the charge of our Thackeray and our Dickens is that they write with a purpose, we are in our moments of leisure compelled to seek refuge from thought in sensation, to pass from one extreme to the other. We cannot help also feeling that on the same principle the relation of the Sabbath to life has been in some respects altered in this age of study and calculation. Precious as the day of rest

must always be, we ask regular church-goers to think charitably of those who do not find a perfect Sabbath in doctrinal meditations, who feel that a long service requires a mental effort which they can ill afford, and who pant for the calm and pure, even if it be sensuous, enjoyment of fields and flowers, bands of music and palaces of art. But whether the principle applies to the Church or not, it certainly applies to the theatre. Let us have no more reflection, is the cry of the weary brain; let us gratify sense. Give us, for the eye, the race, the regatta, and the review—flower shows and fountain displays—fireworks and illuminations—the fantasies of pantomime and the pageantry of a Shaksperian revival. Give us, for the ear, the music of thousands of choristers, the roar of innumerable batteries, the huzzas of congregated myriads. Give us the pleasure of the banquet and the excitement of the dance; let us smoke the pipe of peace, and let us lie on beds of fragrant roses. We have had

enough of reading, writing, and thinking. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we calculate again; to-morrow comes black care; to-morrow comes inky thought; to-morrow we are the slaves of awful wisdom. Thus it is that the drama declines. At Shoreditch the legitimate drama is a success, because the audience are not so habituated to intellectual pursuits as to consider intellectual amusement a weariness. Just as in the old time our countrymen could stand the interminable prosiness of the old mysteries and moralities, few plays are more popular at the Standard Theatre than the "Ion" of Talfourd, which so abounds in long speeches and fine sentiment that no West-End audience could sit it out. At the West-End theatres we want farce and frivolity, bubble and ballet, not because we are less intellectual, but because it is a necessity of our existence that, in the hour of play, we should fly thought, and cultivate sensation.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO INDIA.

A NEW era has dawned upon India; the reign of VICTORIA BEATRIX has commenced.

On the 1st of November 1858, solemn proclamation of the new Raj was made in all parts of India. Jehan Koompance, or John Company, Bhaudur, was declared to be dead or deposed, and Victoria Padshah Begum sent to reign in his place. Up went the rockets, up went the hats, and up went the shouts of the Europeans; and down in reverential salaams went the heads of the subject races. Truly the cold season had commenced most auspiciously—or portentously. Victoria Vindex in the field with Lord Clyde; Victoria Beatrix in Secretary Beadon's portfolio: the message of peace floating over the land, with awful commentary, now and then, of cannon and fusillade. Rebellion not wholly trodden out—still only in its embers. New inquietudes from strange quarters blurring the fair prospect of returning peace: an epoch of contrarieties and inconsistencies bewildering to men's minds, as though the bayonet were affixed to the end of the olive branch, and the roar of the 8-inch howitzer were the fittest language of love.

If we could have conceived the possibility of such an imposing close to the Sepoy war as that—dazzling even to the obtusest imagination—of an immense British army, forming a wide extended circle, enclosing, as it were, with a ring of fire, the revolted districts, and hemming in the few remaining rebel-bands with certain destruction; then, by the voice of its commander, sending forth, on a given day, a summons to all the rebel chiefs to send their emissaries to his camp to hear the gracious message of peace, sent to them across the sea by the Queen of England; and then, the summons obeyed, of the reading of the Proclamation at the headquarters camp before all the wakeels of our former enemies, and of our native allies, amidst general demonstrations of joy and interchanges of friendship, we might have deplored the absence

of a more dramatic close to the war than that which is actually before us. But we have long conceived it to be an historical necessity that the strife should die out, spluttering; that, indeed, there should be no crowning catastrophe, no grand climax, nothing to afford an opportunity for a closing tableau with any startling theatrical effects. The Proclamation has been read; Victoria reigns; the message of peace has been delivered; but the mails from India still bring us tidings of war; and it may be doubted whether the Proclamation will hasten its close by a single day. Proclamations, as Lord Canning has recently assured us, have little effect upon the public mind. Between those who don't understand and those who don't believe them, the great mass of the people is divided. Of course, it was necessary to proclaim the new Raj; but it may be doubted whether the framers of the Proclamation ever expected it to produce any effect upon those to whom it was ostensibly addressed.

But looking at this Imperial manifesto altogether from another point of view, it is impossible not to regard it as a highly important document. Virtually, we may conceive it to be addressed to the people of England. It is an authoritative exposition of the future policy of the British Government towards the states and the people of India; a solemn enunciation of the self-imposed obligations of the paramount State towards the subject country. It lays down the principles upon which the greatest of the dependencies of England is henceforth to be governed. Addressed though it is to the people of India, it is a pledge given to the people of England that the dusky millions, who own the sovereignty of the Queen of England, will be ruled with righteousness and justice, with mercy and toleration, befitting a Christian monarch. From that ever-to-be-remembered 1st of November, a fresh start is taken; a new career of empire is commenced. The past is to be a *rasa tabula*. The

traditions of centuries are to be as nothing. The Company is not. The Queen reigns; and how she intends to govern, we may learn from the Proclamation before us.

And yet it was barely gracious—certainly not at all graceful—to ignore all that magnificent Past. True, the army of the East India Company, after a century of loyalty, had broken out into revolt. But it is the nature of Indian armies to break out into revolt—not once in a hundred years, but many times in a hundred years—not seldom thereby overturning great empires. Even overrun as it was by blood-stained mutineers, India was a great gift to the Crown of England; and something might well have been said about the merchant-princes who had reared such an empire, not at much cost of English blood, and at no cost at all of English treasure. Was not the East India Company—great in history—worth a sentence of this royal Proclamation? To issue such a proclamation is a mighty privilege. What monarch ever before issued such a proclamation to two hundred millions of foreign subjects, so many thousand miles away from the seat of the Imperial Government? And from whom did the sovereign derive the power and the privilege to issue such a proclamation, but from the merchant Company which is now ignored? The Crown has dispossessed the Company. For good or for evil, the thing is done. Whatever we may have thought, whatever we may have said about that revolution when it was only in progress, now that it is a *fait accompli*, we shall not bewail the Past, but hope for the Future. Still we cannot speak of the inauguration of the new Raj without a word of gratitude to the old. Whether the Company governed wisely or unwisely, may be a question for the solution of historians in future ages, as it is for pamphleteers and journalists in the present. But it is a fact that, somehow or other, they achieved dominion over two hundred millions of Asiatics, and so placed England in the foremost rank of the sovereignties of the earth. In whatsoever way the new Sirkar may govern, it was by the old one that the marvellous empire was won.

The one defect of the Proclamation lies in this ungrateful omission. Forgetting what is left undone, we may applaud unstintingly what is done, and not with less pleasure for the feeling that the policy now enunciated in the name of the Queen of England is substantially the policy which the East India Company has ever professed to maintain, and, but for ambitious home-bred statesmen, doubtless would have maintained. If the Company, as its last solemn act, had put forth a declaration of its policy, the principles declared would have been substantially the same as those set forth in the Imperial manifesto. From first to last, it is little more than the traditional policy of the East India Company: the anti-annexation policy, which drove Lord Wellesley mad—the neutrality policy, which grieved the spirit of Exeter Hall. The Company, however, were always slow to make proclamation of their sentiments. They knew how the best intentions may be falsified by adverse circumstances, and they never had worldly wisdom enough to make liberal use of platitudes. No great public body, indeed, ever did such manifest injustice to itself by its reticence and reserve. If the Company had been less regardless of public opinion, we should not now have the noble and generous sentiments of the Queen's Proclamation contrasted with the grovelling selfish policy of the defunct merchant rulers. We should not now hear the manifesto of the 1st of November lauded as a brand-new coinage from the Imperial mint.

But, at all events, whether the metal be new metal, or only the old re-stamped with the image and superscription of Victoria Beatrix, from that memorable 1st of November we start afresh on a new career; and it is well that we should look seriously at the pledges that have been given, at the obligations which have been assumed, in the name of the Queen, and on behalf of the people of Great Britain. It would have been well, at all events, for the national reputation, if, in past years, England had from time to time taken stock of her duties towards India, and not waited to be aroused to a sense of them by a terrifying

and stunning explosion. But now that a new epoch has commenced, and she finds herself brought face to face with the people of India, the great veil of the Company being altogether removed, we may expect this Imperial indifference to be stimulated into something like curiosity, perhaps activity; and if the propensity to interfere be kept in abeyance, this awakening of national interest may have its uses. We have often wondered whether, after all, the past indifference of England may not have resulted from her confidence in the Company. Doubtless she had a prevailing sense that the Company knew what they were about, and might be intrusted to govern the country after their own way. There will be more uneasiness now, more vigilance, more inquiry, more criticism—criticism, in the first instance, taking the shape of grave questions about the meaning of the Imperial manifesto. “Wanted an interpreter.” Language was given to us for the expression of our thoughts, but still more, it has been sarcastically said, for their concealment. It is an awkward question that you put to a man, when you ask him what is his meaning—awkward when only the operations of a single mind are to be traced, from the germ of the idea to its verbal expression. But awkward beyond measure, when Government, in its collective capacity, is called upon to declare its meaning. Who knows? Who meant anything? Who fathers the thought? Who will be sponsor for it? The actual paternity, in most cases, rests with some very able and efficient public servant, of whom no one out of his department ever hears, and who, after having made the reputation of half-a-dozen statesmen, quietly retires from the scene into blindest oblivion. Then, perhaps, some under-secretary, “permanent” or “parliamentary,” grafts upon this original stock an idea or two of his own; then the Secretary of State applies his responsible pen to the document—*diruit, ædificat, mutat*—more or less; and then, in smaller matters, the business is complete. But, in more momentous cases, when Parliament and the people are sure to sit in judgment upon the measure, the

Cabinet considers it, the Crown condescends to it; new meanings are introduced, or new words are made to represent old meanings; and when the patchwork is accomplished, it is impossible to say whose work it is, or who is really the fittest interpreter of its meaning.

And, after all, we do not know that this is much to be deplored. If a proclamation is to be drawn up, or a despatch is to be written, it is necessary to find words at the outset; meanings may be found afterwards. It is no contemptible part of statesmanship to be able successfully *spargere voces ambiguas*—to employ words so wanting in sharpness and distinctness of outline, that you may shade them off on one side or the other into almost anything that you like. It has been often said, that no business is done so well as that which is left to do itself; and no public document, perhaps, is better explained than that which is left to explain itself—not by words, but by practical results. Much must necessarily be left to the operation of Time and the revolution of Circumstance; much to the discretion of those upon whom devolves the duty of giving practical exposition to the ambiguous words of the written document. Nothing in the world is so embarrassing as a definition—embarrassing to the individual, and often mischievous in the extreme to the community. Public men and public interests have ere now been sacrificed to a word. Clinging, for consistency's sake, to a meaning not to be escaped or evaded, men have gone wrong, in defiance of experience and regardless of results, damaging themselves and injuring others; and at last “perishing in their pride,” rather than retract honestly an unlucky word, or confess that they used it without thinking of its meaning.

We have written this wholly without design; but it is not altogether of the nature of a digression. We do not know, indeed, any more fitting introduction to a commentary upon such a document as the great Indian Proclamation of November 1st, 1858—a document which, within the space of a single page of this journal, sets forth the policy of her Majesty Queen Victoria, not only

with reference to the present conjuncture of affairs, but to the circumstances of all time—the passing and the permanent—the particular and the general—policy of the Government of Great Britain towards the subject races of Hindostan. So few the words and so great the argument! In so small a space it was not possible to set forth so wide a scheme of policy with any accompaniments of definition and explanation. So much the better. The least said, the soonest mended. He is not the least wise statesman, who, in such a case, mindful of the conflict of opinion on many of the great questions to be glanced at, reverses the aphorism of the Roman satirist, and takes for his motto, not *Brevis esse laboro—Obscurus fio*; but *Brevis fio; Obscurus esse laboro*. It is good generalship to fight with one's words in front, and to keep one's meanings in reserve.

But it is time that we cease from these prolegomena, and take up the proclamation itself. We purpose to consider *seriatim* the great questions which it involves—the great principles which it enunciates—with the practical solution and application of these questions and principles. After the usual titular preamble, in which, according to the copy of the Proclamation now before us, her Majesty announces herself as Defender of the Faith of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its several dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia,* Victoria Beatrix goes on to observe that, “whereas for divers weighty reasons, we have resolved, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, to take upon ourselves the government of the territories in India, heretofore administered for us in trust by the Honourable East India Company.” To that Company, as we have already said, a just tribute might have been paid. It ought not to have been thus *sarf-kar’d*, or

cleared away, without a word of honourable mention.

The announcement of the act then follows the announcement of the resolution. “We have taken upon ourselves the said government.” And this done, all her Majesty’s subjects within her Indian territories are called upon to be faithful to Queen Victoria, to her heirs and successors, and to submit themselves to the authority of those whom she may appoint to rule over them.

Having appointed her Viceroy, the Queen confirms in their several offices all persons previously employed in the service of the East India Company, and accepts all the treaties or engagements made under the authority of the said Company. In these respects the Proclamation only follows the Act of Parliament under which India is now governed. But we come now to the pith and marrow of the document, contained in the next four clauses. The first of these runs thus: “We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own; and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.” Of this it is impossible to speak otherwise than in words of highest commendation. But is it the enunciation of any new policy—does it in any way indicate the inauguration of a new era? Is it, indeed, anything more than the traditional policy of the East India Company? If at any time since the Company began to govern, it had been asked to declare the principles upon which it regulated its conduct towards the native states of India, it would have enunciated its policy in language probably more emphatic than the above.

* We use the text of the *Friend of India*—the only copies of the Proclamation, indeed, before the public, having been received from India. We assume their authenticity. In the copy before us the words are, “VICTORIA, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND OF THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES THEREOF IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA AMERICA, AND AUSTRALASIA, Queen, Defender of the Faith.”

When the East India Company existed as a company of merchants, its cry ever was, not for territory, but for trade. There was no crime which a Governor-general could commit less venial in its eyes than the extension of empire. In later days, the acquisition of new territory was either forced upon the Company by the aggression of its neighbours, or assented to upon the recommendation of Indian statesmen, when no principles were to be violated, and no rights to be swept away by the act of annexation. The assent may, in some cases, have been too readily yielded; but in no case was the usurpation one which the Company might not have justified with reference to such a declaration of policy as that quoted above. "We admit," the Company might have said, "no aggression upon our dominions to be committed with impunity; therefore we took the Punjab. We respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own; but no native prince has a right to misgovern and oppress his people; and he who does misgovern and oppress has neither dignity nor honour; therefore we took Oude. We desire that the natives of the country should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government; therefore, again we say, we took Oude, which, in the hands of its native princes, could have enjoyed neither prosperity nor social advancement." Looking, therefore, at the practice of the East India Company, it is to be justified by a reference to the doctrines of the Proclamation; and as to its declared principles (whenever the Company has taken the trouble to declare them at all), they have not been a title less pure or less elevated than those enunciated by the Crown.

With the exception of one, on which we shall presently comment, we do not know a word susceptible of greater latitude of interpretation than that word "Rights." We pledge ourselves to respect the rights of the native princes of India. But what are those rights? Is

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong"

henceforth to be one of them? The

rule of the paramount State has hitherto been, it must be acknowledged, somewhat arbitrary in this case. So also has it been in respect of another very important "right"—what is called sometimes the right (properly the *rite*) of adoption. There is perhaps no one single point on which there are greater varieties of opinion. Is this son-making—this king-making—henceforth to be suffered without restriction? Doctors differ with respect to interpretations of Hindoo and Mohammedan law. But it is not very clear that when a knotty question arises, the power of solution ought to be vested in an interested party, who may settle the matter to his own advantage. We have always ourselves felt disposed to accept the dictum of Lord Metcalfe, "that where the paramount State has itself conferred, by an act of grace, the sovereignty upon a native prince, it may, in default of genuine heirship, resume the title and the territories it bestowed, but in no other case. That which it gave, it may take away. But even under such circumstances, though the right be established, we confess that we would rather not see it exercised. And we hope that among the rights which are henceforth to be respected, the right of adoption will be one. Great care, however, must be taken to guard against possible—we may say probable—fraud. The adoption must be clear and distinct—testified upon undoubted authority—during the lifetime of the adopter, whilst in the full possession of his faculties; and so far as the fact can be ascertained, it must be an act of unbiassed will. There is often, on the part of widows or interested state-servants, an attempt to make out a case of constructive adoption after the death of the prince or chief. Such, doubtless was attempted by the Nagpore Ranees—a weak case altogether in the hands of the grievance-monger; firstly, because there was no adoption during the lifetime of the Bonselah; and, secondly, because the defunct prince, on whose behalf a *post-mortem* adoption was attempted, was one of those who, having derived their title and their power from the British Government, had, according to the doctrine of

Lord Metcalfe cited above, no valid right to name an heir without the consent of that Government. We should not, however, have felt disposed, had the adoption taken place, to scan too nicely our right to concede or to refuse it. It is better policy, on the whole, to err on the side of generosity; and we repeat, therefore, our hope that among the rights of the native princes henceforth never to be violated, the ancient and dearly-cherished right of adoption will be one.

Although we have ever had a deep, and, under the progress of time and the enlargement of our experience, a deepening conviction that the people of India are happier and more prosperous under British than under native rule, we have never been of the number of those who have insisted, therefore, upon the duty of neglecting no plausible opportunity for the assertion of the right of the paramount State to act the part of appropriator-general in cases of lapse, or of forfeiture by misconduct. The out-and-out annexation policy of some thorough-going writers, with one or two notable exceptions of the anonymous class, we have ever held to be scarcely less foolish than wicked. But recent events have given some new and peculiar aspects to the question. It has become more clearly and unmistakably our duty—it has become more clearly and unmistakably our policy—to maintain in their integrity the few remaining native states of India. That which has made the one, has clearly demonstrated the other. We are now bound to the native states of India alike by gratitude and by self-interest. They stood by us in the hour of need, and to turn against them in the day of our restored prosperity, would be as fatal to our empire as to our reputation. Humanly speaking, that empire was saved by the fidelity of the native states of India. Had the total annexationists had their way some years ago, the English in India, in that great crisis from which we have scarcely yet recovered, would have been swept into the sea.

There are some great lessons to be learned from this. Look, for example, at the conduct, throughout the crisis, of the *Maharajah* of Puteelah,

and the *Rajahs* of Jheend and Nabha, the principal chiefs of the *Uis-Sutlej*—or, as they were formerly called, the “Protected” Sikh states. Fifty years ago, those states were on the verge of being swallowed up by the voracious maw of Runjeet Singh, then in an early stage of his career of conquest and usurpation. The British power in India would not suffer the absorption of these petty states; and so they survived, and in increasing prosperity, under the protection of the Company’s government, until the great rebellion in Upper India found them with resources at their command which they were eager to employ in the support of their old protector. They gave all that they could give, unstintingly; they did all that they could do, unflinchingly. They furnished us with men, with munitions of war, with money, with supplies, with the means of transport. For half a century we had thought little of these chiefs but as humble clients and protégés. They were invariably associated in our minds and in our discourses with the word “petty.” But the lion was in the toils; and the “petty” animal, which he might any day have crushed with one blow of his paw, was in a crisis “mighty to save.” Our policy from the beginning, towards these Sikh states, was undeniably right. We do not say that it was anything more than policy. We claim for the conduct of the British Government half a century ago no higher motive than that of self-interest. But our duty and our policy were in accord; and the states which we protected, well satisfied with the fact, did not trouble themselves about the motive. They found themselves, indeed, bound to the British Government by common ties of self-interest; and what ties, as this world unhappily goes, are more enduring? We are not to suppose that these Sikh or Jat chieftains have any pure abstract love for the British Government. They knew that if, at any time during the last half-century, the Government had been swept away, they would have been swept away with it. They knew that their security, their very existence, depended upon the permanence of Brit-

ish rule; and they looked upon any calamity that could shake our power as the heaviest blow that could fall upon themselves. They rejoiced in our strength, and were true to us because we had been true to them. They knew that we had no thought of absorbing them ourselves, and that, if they were threatened by others, they could rely upon our protection. Doing their best to save us, they knew that they were putting forth all their strength to save themselves. And this is the feeling—not even now peculiar, be it said, to these petty states—that we should henceforth do all in our power to keep alive in the breasts of all the remaining princes and chiefs of India.

To engender this feeling of security the Proclamation is designed. That it has not hitherto universally existed, we are bound to admit. Every now and then the native courts have been thrown into paroxysms of restlessness and fever by vague reports, perhaps ignorantly, perhaps maliciously circulated, of new annexations. It was reported at one time that the British Government intended to absorb the dominions of the Guicowar; at another, that they intended to annex the ancient Rajpoot states. These reports were very rife after the annexation of Oude; and it is wonderful, all things considered, that the native states have been so true to us in the hour of peril. Holkar, Scindiah, the Nizam, and the Guicowar, have all, to the best of their ability, and with more or less success, supported the British Government. The great Rajpoot chiefs have been true to their allegiance. The time is coming—nay, is now come—when we should testify our national gratitude by substantial rewards to our allies. Fortunately, we have the means of doing this without giving back to the native princes territory which has been for any time, or at least for any length of time, under British rule. We have qualified the expression, because it might be advisable to give Jhansi to Scindiah. The defection of the ruler of Jhujjur and other small chiefships in Upper India has opportunely afforded the means of rewarding the

princes of Putcealah, of Jheend, and of Nabha. It is no secret that the reward which the Guicowar most covets is the remission of the annual payment of three lakhs of rupees for the support of the Guzerat Irregular Horse; and it is believed that this will not be grudged to him. What is to be done for the Nizam, it is less easy to determine. We owe everything to his Highness's able and right-minded minister, Salar Jung. But for his exertions the Nizam himself would in all probability have been led astray by evil counsellors, and cast in his lot with the enemy. But Salar Jung is only a servant; and a substantial proof of the gratitude of the British Government would excite jealousies which in all probability would tend to his downfall. To be rewarded to his advantage, he must, in some way or other, be rewarded through the Nizam. We do not believe that he is an ambitious or self-seeking man, but that, on the contrary, his wishes are very much bound up with the public interests; and that anything contributing to advance the welfare and dignity of the State would be a greater boon to him than any personal advancement. The existing arrangements with respect to the "Hyderabad assigned districts" are known to be a source of continual vexation to the minister, and nothing, it is believed, is so near his heart as some modification or re-adjustment of them that will place them on a footing more honourable to the Nizam. The unconditional restoration of the districts is not, we believe, sought; neither, if sought, are we, in the present state of our information, prepared to counsel it; but it is possible that some new arrangement might be made with respect to them, which, whilst not tending to weaken our administrative tenure of the districts, would give to the Nizam something more of a nominal sovereignty over them, and so render the compact less obnoxious to himself, and less degrading to him in the eyes of others.

We have neither time nor space in which to pursue the subject; nor, indeed, have we the necessary amount of information. We have abundant faith, however, in the generous inten-

tions of the Secretary of State for India in council, and we feel assured that the claims of not one of the princes and chiefs who have rendered us good service in the day of our trouble will be eventually disregarded. In the fulfilment of the promises of the Proclamation will be their ulterior reward. The words of the manifesto may be vague; but of the spirit which animates it there can be no doubt. Virtually, indeed, there is an end of annexation. Events, as we have said, have proved it to be our policy, and have made it our duty, to maintain the independence of those states who have rendered us such good service against a powerful internal enemy; nay, who, humanly speaking, have been the salvation of our empire. Henceforth we are bound to each other by community of interests; the safety of each is dependent on the maintenance of the other.

We have dwelt upon the subject of the Native States at greater length than we had intended, or than, we fear, is consistent with the more general requirements of such a commentary as this, but still in a manner incommensurate with its importance. We must turn now to the other prominent topics of the Proclamation. "We hold ourselves bound," says the Queen, "to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of Duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil." Unless the paragraph next in order is intended to explain and to qualify this, it must be taken as a more general profession of the benevolent designs of VICTORIA BEATRIX. It is not to be scanned too nicely, or too strictly interpreted, without raising a question as to whether a Christian sovereign is bound by "the same obligations of duty" to her Christian and to her heathen subjects. Is it not one of the first duties of a Christian sovereign to provide religious instruction for the people of a Christian country, according to the popular faith? And is it not held that the same obligation exists with regard to those subjects who quit the mother country to reside in the distant colo-

nies and dependencies of the Crown? For the Christian residents in India, indeed, the Queen is bound to provide places of worship and ministers of religion; and the obligation is practically admitted. But is she bound to the natives of her Indian territories to provide them with places of worship and ministers of religion according to their popular faith? What she conceives that she is bound to do is set forth in the next clause of the Proclamation. "Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure." There is no passage in the Proclamation which has been more discussed, or which is still likely to be more discussed, than that which contains the above important words.

In framing this part of the Proclamation, her Majesty's Government, aware of the existence of a mighty conflict of opinion agitating the educated classes of English society, had no common difficulties to grapple with—no common task to perform. They had, in the selection of words to be employed, to reconcile, as far as possible, widely discordant sentiments; and, if not to win general consent to the declaration of policy, at all events to avoid giving such offence to any party as would elicit strong expressions of disapprobation. And we cannot help thinking that they have shown very great sagacity in the selection of the words of the Proclamation. These words are sufficiently distinct for the purpose, and yet they leave much room for private interpretation. Knotty questions may, at some future time, arise, as to the practical application of some of these words; but there

can be no doubt of the spirit in which the entire passage is conceived. What we have said in the early part of this article, about the advantage, in such State papers, of a certain studied vagueness of expression, is peculiarly applicable to this passage. As it stands, whatever a man's opinions may be, he need not possess a very elastic conscience to reconcile him to the declaration. There is nothing more in it than has, time after time, been declared and enjoined by the East India Company. The doctrine is that of an open, fearless manifestation of our own Christianity, with the fullest toleration of the different religions of the country. It has long been a settled point that we may openly assert our own religion, without offence to the natives, or danger to ourselves. At one time we were afraid of building churches, of appointing bishops, of licensing missionaries, of distributing Bibles; but all these groundless apprehensions have been worn away by the attrition of experience. Neither Hindoos nor Mohammedans have in any way resented the assertion of our national faith; and if they did, we should be bound to assert it in every way not savouring of aggression. But here the duties of the Christian Government end. They are not called upon—we are glad now to use the words of Mr Baptist Noel, who at all events upon the subject of toleration will be considered an important authority—"They are not called upon to persecute Mohammedans or Hindoos, because it is the will of Christ that His religion should be extended by instruction, reasoning, and persuasion, and because man is answerable for his belief to God alone; so that no man may interfere with another man's creed, as long as he does not violate his neighbour's rights, or offend against public decency. They must not, as Christians, prohibit heathen worship, nor interfere with its advocates when they preach or write in its behalf; because truth is always the strongest, when it is left to contend with falsehood by itself. If error is silenced by authority, its advocates may always say that it would have conquered by fair-

play; but when truth prevails by argument alone, its victory is complete. They are not, therefore, permitted to bribe heathens to profess faith in Christ by the offer of office, or by attaching any honour or emoluments to that profession; for this may create hypocrites, but cannot make men Christians. They should not tax the Hindoos for the purpose of maintaining Christian preachers, because this, by extorting their money for the purpose of destroying their faith, would exasperate them rather than convert them to Christ; nor are they called, as Christians, to pass any laws for the promotion of Christianity, nor to make any grants of money for this object, nor to employ any missionaries; for this work is not their office, nor are they fitted to discharge it. But it is their duty to confess Christ, and to serve him both as individual Christians and as a Government."*

Is this the accepted language of evangelical Christendom? Speaking with no great knowledge of the intricacies of English sectarianism, we should say that Mr Baptist Noel has as good a right to be heard as the mouthpiece of Exeter Hall as any other Christian minister in the country. We devoutly hope that such is the case, and that these really are the views of Exeter Hall; for nothing can be more moderate—nothing, on the whole, more sensible. Expressing, we believe, the sentiments of the majority of educated gentlemen in Great Britain, we should say, however, that Mr Baptist Noel, in giving up altogether, as one of the means of asserting our Christianity in India, the avowed obligation on the part of the State to provide Christian instruction for its Christian subjects, has erred on the side of excessive toleration, and conceded more to the opposite party than would be generally thought necessary or wise. Perhaps the secret of this is to be found in the peculiar views of the writer with respect to ecclesiastical endowments, and the maintenance of a State Church. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the apparent injustice to the natives of

* *England and India: An Essay on the duty of Englishmen towards the Hindoos.* By BAPTIST WHITHESLEY NOEL, M.A. Nisbet, 1859.

India, of "extorting their money for the purpose of destroying their faith." But this is only a part of the gigantic anomaly of Indian government. Do we not extort their money, not by thousands, but by millions, for the purpose of destroying their independence? If the one exasperates them, why not the other? Does not the larger part of the revenues of India go towards the support of the military establishment, which is maintained for the purpose of extinguishing the liberties of the people, and holding them in perpetual subjection to a foreign power? These things will not bear looking at too closely. Meanwhile we may be satisfied with the fact, that the natives of India do not resent the payment of a few thousands a-year for the support of the Christian Church in India; and that, on the whole, the least offensive manner of asserting our Christianity, is by maintaining the dignity of a Government Church Establishment. We might maintain a National Church by national subscription; but the very chapter of Mr Noel's book from which the above passage is taken, is headed "The Confession of Christ by the East Indian Government." But the Government, as a Government, can very inadequately assert its Christianity, if it does not support a Government Church. Nothing makes Christianity in the eyes of the people more respectable than this Government support; and nothing at the same time that can be devised for the same purpose is less calculated to irritate and to harm them.

Whilst we thus proudly assert our own blessed religion, we are, says the Proclamation, to leave the natives of the country in the undisturbed possession of their ancestral faiths; and the servants of the Government are strictly charged and enjoined "to abstain from all interference with the religions, belief, or worship," of any of her Majesty's subjects. The actual meaning of the word "interference," in this manifesto, who knows? But how much better that no one should know. If it were known, or if—for probably not even the writer of the Proclamation knows what was really meant—an *ex post*

facto meaning were attached to it, what a world of contention there would be! As it is, time and circumstance must supply the interpretation. For the present, let every one interpret it in his own way, and be satisfied that the meaning is what he would desire to attach to it. Practically, it will be found that the prohibition extends only to official interference. We know how difficult it is in India to separate the acts of the individual from those of the public functionary; but it must be left for every man to draw, by his own conduct, the line of demarcation; and if he be found wanting in discretion he must answer to Government for the error he has committed. We trust that no servant of Government will ever be denied the common Christian privilege of contributing to the support of efforts for the diffusion of the gospel; and that nothing that he does, in furtherance of this great object, will ever be considered an official offence, so long as he abstains from investing what he does with the prestige of authority, and does nothing to alarm or to irritate the public mind. We are convinced that as soon as such a prohibition is authoritatively issued, a considerable number of the servants of the State—including some of the best and ablest of them—will refuse to serve under so ungodly a Government, and retire, with ruined hopes, into the Christian liberty of private life.

But it does not appear to us that Christianity calls for any active "interference" on the part of the servants of the State, or that any public officer can do violence to his conscience by aiding missionary efforts in a manner only that can give no offence to the Government or to the people of the country. To every man there is an appointed duty; and it is not the duty of the judge of a district, or the colonel of a regiment, to take any active part in the evangelisation of Mohammedans or Hindoos. We may feel perfectly assured that, if money is abundant, labour will not be wanting. Let the judge or the colonel give his money—the more freely the better—and leave the work to be done by the missionary. If, however, either judge or colonel feel that he is especially called to gird

himself up for the work of his Master in heaven, and to go forth and preach the gospel to the gentiles, let him do so: he will have his reward—but he must first cease to serve Mammon. Fortunately, there can be no mistake upon this point. A man who, for conscience' sake, sacrifices his worldly prospects, and emancipates himself from the thralldom of worldly obligations, cannot, so far, be wrong; but he may be very wrong if, whilst he admits the authority of the temporal government by wearing its livery and receiving its pay, he knowingly disobeys its orders, in accordance with the precepts of what he rightly calls higher authority, but which authority is never more unmistakably declared than in the mandate to submit one's-self to the ordinances of the law and the decrees of the temporal government. Moreover, if the great end sought be the diffusion of the gospel, why, out of pure self-will and presumption, do that which is more likely to retard than to advance its progress? One "missionary" colonel may undo the work of fifty missionaries. This, in itself, ought to settle the question. But, in reality, whatever vagueness there may be about that word interference, every man's conscience, we believe, and every man's intelligence, will enable him to supply the right meaning. That meaning is rather to be felt than described; and something, doubtless, must be left to time and circumstance. But, in the meanwhile, no servant of the State can err by scrupulously abstaining from all *active* interference in missionary affairs. The missionary will always be ready to receive his money—and, sometimes, his information and advice; but he will not ask for his authority or for his ministry. He would rather do the work by himself.

Practically, indeed, the whole question of the duty of the Christian State towards its un-Christian subjects remains where it was before. All that we have gained is the solemn proclamation of the Christianity of the Queen of England; and from this we derive a distant impression that the British Government designs henceforth, manfully and proudly, to assert the Christianity of the nation. But were we not doing this when

India was suddenly thrown into convulsions? Had we turned our back upon our national Christianity? Were we not, indeed, increasing our Church Establishment and building churches everywhere? The Punjab had been but a little time under British rule, and yet, in 1856, seventeen churches or chapels had been constructed, or were in course of construction, in that province alone. Is the magnificent cathedral erected on the great plain of Calcutta any sign of the practical negation of our Christianity? The fact, indeed, is, that the declaration of our State Christianity was positive and unmistakable. It is equally a fact that the declared policy of the Company's government was adverse in the extreme to any kind of authoritative "interference with the religious belief and worship" of the natives of the country, and that, if there was such interference on the part of any servants of the State, it was in defiance of the orders of Government. The Christianity of the State was, and is (according to the Proclamation), self-asserting and unaggressive; and so we trust that it will ever remain.

This toleration of all creeds is further expressed in the next paragraph of the Proclamation: "And it is our further will," it is said, "that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race and creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge." In this her Majesty announces only what Parliament decreed a quarter of a century ago. The Act of 1833, under which India was governed during the subsequent twenty years, distinctly declared that no one, by reason of his country, his colour, or his creed, was to be precluded from any office under the Company's government which he was otherwise qualified to hold. That practically this provision has been inoperative, inasmuch as that Hindoos and Mohammedans have been excluded from the covenanted service of the Company, we admit. But we do not hear complaints on this score so much as on that of the exclusion of native Christians from the more

subordinate offices under the British Government. We never heard, however, until very recently, that native Christians had not received, in proportion to their numbers, a fair share of Government patronage; and we now believe that, if they have not a fair numerical share of the loaves and fishes of the State, it is because they are not as well qualified by "education, ability, and integrity" as the Hindoo and Mohammedan candidates for office who have competed with them. We certainly never heard of a competent person being excluded from office on the ground of his being a native Christian. Mr Montgomery's "Circular," in which he declares the fact of the exclusion of native Christians from office in the Punjab, has been considerably discussed. It appears to us, whatever the fact, to have been quite uncalled for. If, practically, the native Christians were excluded from office in the Punjab, whose fault was it? And in whose hands did the remedy lie? In those of Mr Montgomery and his colleagues. There being legally and theoretically no exclusion of any particular class, the high functionaries in the Punjab might have appointed as many Christians to office as they pleased; and if they did not, it may be presumed that the omission resulted from the conviction that the Hindoo and Mohammedan candidates for office would make better public servants than their Christian competitors. As there was no prohibition—no disability—we do not see that such a manifesto as the famous "Punjab Circular" was in any way called for by the exigencies of the case. If practically an injustice had been done to the native Christians, the remedy lay in the hands of those who had committed it, and the more quietly it was applied the better.

The next paragraph of the Proclamation relates to the tenure of land. "We know and respect," says the Queen in Council, "the feeling of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors; and we desire to protect them in all their rights connected therewith, subject to the equitable demands of the State; and we will that generally, in framing and administering the

law, due regard be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India." On the first part of this clause we need not comment, we have so recently expressed our opinion on the subject of proprietary rights in the soil. The latter half, we confess, errs somewhat on the side of vagueness—serviceable as that vagueness often may be. If the law generally is to be framed with due regard to the ancient usages and customs of India, there is an end to those humanising and civilising effects which are the glory of the British government in India. The words, indeed, would seem to indicate a retrograde policy, for which we were not by any means prepared, and which we do not believe to be the intention of Her Majesty's Government. But for the word "generally," we might believe that the reference was merely to laws relating to the tenure of land. But we apprehend that the passage is intended to have a much wider signification, and, in this sense, we fear that it may be misunderstood. The meaning, doubtless, is, that the ancient usages and customs of India are to be regarded in the framing of the laws so far as they are consistent with humanity and morality, and are not at variance with the declared intentions of Her Majesty, as expressed in other parts of the Proclamation. The ancient usages and customs of the country sanction Suttee and other abominations; they sanction penal provisions against seceders from their ancestral faith. If no one is to be "molested or disquieted by reason of his religious faith," the ancient usages and customs of Hindooism must assuredly be disregarded. A little more specification might have been serviceable here; for there are some, doubtless, who will inveigh against the words of the passage, as prohibitory measures for the advancement of humanity and civilisation.

This clause is the last, with the exception of the concluding one, that is addressed to all time. What follows has especial relation to the present. In the six next paragraphs the existing rebellion is considered, and the terms of the amnesty are declared. We give them *seriatim* as they stand in the copy before us:—

"We deeply lament the evils and misery which have been brought upon India by the acts of ambitious men, who have deceived their countrymen by false reports and led them into open rebellion. Our power has been shown by the suppression of that rebellion in the field; we desire to show our mercy, by pardoning the offences of those who have been thus misled, but who desire to return to the path of duty.

"Already in one province, with a view to stop the further effusion of blood, and to hasten the pacification of our Indian dominions, our viceroy and governor-general has held out the expectation of pardon, on certain terms, to the great majority of those who, in the late unhappy disturbances, have been guilty of offences against our Government, and has declared the punishment which will be inflicted on those whose crimes place them beyond the reach of forgiveness. We approve and confirm the said act of our viceroy and governor-general, and do further announce and proclaim as follows:—

"Our clemency will be extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been, or shall be, convicted of having directly taken part in the murder of British subjects. With regard to such, the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy.

"To those who have willingly given asylum to murderers, knowing them to be such, or who may have acted as leaders or instigators in revolt, their lives alone can be guaranteed; but in apportioning the penalty due to such persons, full consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they have been induced to throw off their allegiance, and large indulgence will be shown to those whose crimes may appear to have originated in too credulous acceptance of the false reports circulated by designing men.

"To all others in arms against the Government, we hereby promise unconditional pardon, amnesty, and oblivion of all offence against ourselves, our crown and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits.

"It is our royal pleasure that these terms of grace and amnesty should be extended to all those who comply with their conditions before the first day of January next."

In all of this we entirely concur. The terms of the amnesty are substantially those which have already been laid down and acted upon, with the exception of the specification at the close. It is not, we presume,

intended that any very literal interpretation should be given to these orders, or that the terms should be very stringently enforced. There are so many different shades of guilt, even when the offences committed may be described by the same words, that considerable discretion must be given to the local officers. Extenuating circumstances will, doubtless, be taken into consideration; and a strong line of demarcation drawn between those who have been betrayed into hostility, or complicity in hostile acts, and those who have been moved to deeds of violence by their own active malignity. The mere harbouring of murderers may in some cases indicate a very minor degree of guilt. Many have, perhaps, had no choice between harbouring murderers and being murdered themselves. Others may have been compelled by ties of kindred to receive the worst offenders into their houses, not knowing, perhaps, the extent to which their guests have committed themselves. You may give shelter and succour to a murderer, not knowing him to be a murderer; and it may be difficult to prove the absence of all guilty knowledge. The degree of guilt, it is true, may, in some cases, be ascertained by judicial investigation. But we do not see how the solemnity of a judicial trial can be accorded to any but the principal offenders. We cannot try culprits by thousands. In practice, therefore, although the spirit of the Proclamation will doubtless animate all the measures of the local government, its terms cannot be acted upon with much precision; and this, doubtless, was expected and desired. A wide discretion, indeed, must be vested in the Executive. We are not afraid that it will be misused. To all but actual murderers, whom it would be a crime to forgive, the utmost clemency will, we doubt not, be extended. All that we have now to pray for is, that the message may be suffered to be in fact, as in spirit, a message of peace and love; and that the misguided men who have so long defied the British Government, may be moved by the appeal to lay down their arms and become peaceful subjects of the Queen.

Peaceful subjects of the Queen—

and with the promise of a happy future before them. "When, by the blessing of Providence," says the Queen, in the concluding passage of the Proclamation, "internal tranquillity shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer its government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength; in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward: And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people." Right noble sentiments right nobly uttered. This, then, is the future of India. What that country may become if strength is given to Christian men to carry out these royal aspirations, the imagination can scarcely conjecture. The strength that is most needed at the outset is "the strength of love." "Happy," it has been said, "are they who have not the blood of kindred to avenge." We feel, when we counsel forgiveness—nay, indeed, compassion for our enemies—that too many who read these pages will ask us if *we* have the blood of kindred to avenge. We know that it is very hard to forgive those who have dyed their hands in the blood of our kindred—nay, indeed, of our countrymen and our countrywomen, and the little ones of whom God's kingdom is made—very hard to love the comrades and countrymen of those who have done such things; *we* know that it needs such strength as can only be derived from above. But there can be no happy future for India if Victoria's noble message of peace does not find an echo in every English heart. There was a time when we were filled with apprehension lest a common feeling of unextinguishable hatred should take possession of the white man's breast, and every dark face be regarded for ever as the face of a foe. We *hope*—we believe indeed—that this animosity (only rightly, perhaps, to be understood and appreciated on

the spot) is now dying out. It may be long before the old feeling of confidence is restored. Confidence, under any circumstances, is "a plant of slow growth." Very slow its revival when it has once been torn up by the roots. But, with God's help, forgiveness, may come quickly—and with forgiveness, compassion. We may think profitably whether we have done all that we might have done to dispose the hearts of the natives of India towards us—whether we have in all respects treated them as men and brethren, and fairly entitled ourselves to their gratitude and affection. We must look humbly at the past—hopefully into the future; turning the terrible lessons of the last two years to profitable account. If individual men will not now look, in a spirit of toleration and forbearance, at their responsibilities, Parliament will have legislated in vain—the Queen will have proclaimed in vain—the new Imperial Government will labour in vain. Truly was it said the other day by Lord Stanley, at Addiscombe, that our rule in India depends more upon the personal character of the few Europeans who constitute the dominant race there, than on anything in the world beside. If in that personal character, hatred and pride—not love and reverence—are principal ingredients, alas for the reign of Victoria Beatrix! The people of India are not fiends, or wild beasts, or men devoid of noble feelings and generous emotions. Even these recent miserable events, which have filled so many homes with mourning, have prominently elicited the good qualities of the Indian races, and the good deeds of which they are capable. They who have risen against us are but the few; they who have disgraced their manhood by foul deeds are very few. They have been signally chastised—fearfully punished. Already the white man has had his revenge. Let us think no more, then, of that part of the story, but with one great hymn of forgiveness inaugurate the new era—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good-will towards men."

